May 14, 1932

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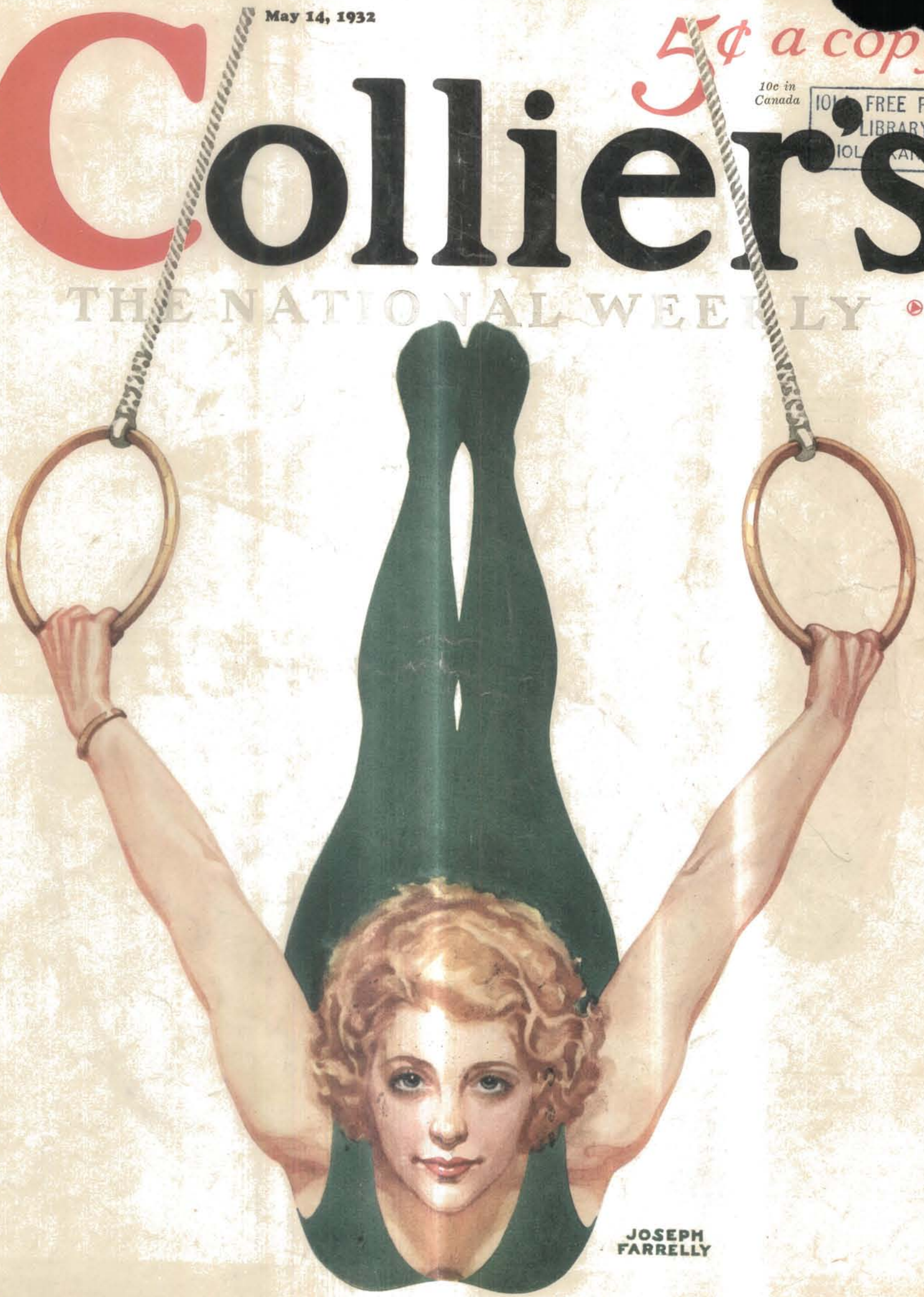
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



JOSEPH FARRELLY

Octavus Roy Cohen – Sax Rohmer – Alan LeMay
Elmer Davis – Owen P. White – Clinton W. Gilbert

May 14, 1932

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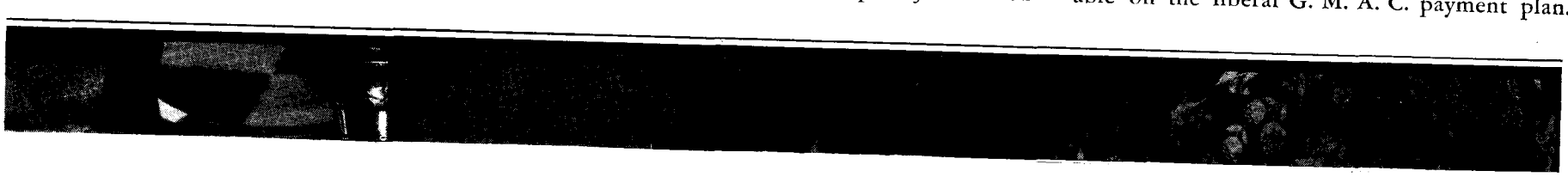
You have only to examine Buick's big, luxurious Straight Eight sedan, $995, f. o. b. Flint, to know why thousands of people who formerly owned smaller cars now are turning to Buick. It's a great 3500-pound sedan—a BUICK through and through—built to give 150,000 miles and more of extra-fine, extra-dependable performance. It has a superb Body by Fisher, Buick's new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine, Torque Tube Drive and Wizard Control—including Automatic Clutch, Controlled Free Wheeling and Silent-Second Syncro-Mesh. It provides that *extra quality* which enables Buick to win more than half of all sales of the fourteen eights in its price range. Don't miss the opportunity to drive this splendid car. You'll find it well worth while to study the 26 Buick models—eight of them priced as low as $935 to $1155, f. o. b. Flint—all available on the liberal G. M. A. C. payment plan.



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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STEADY AHEAD!

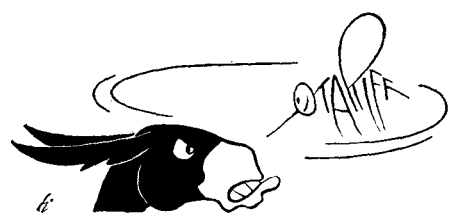
Next Week

P. G. WODEHOUSE has a way with people. He holds all records for number of friends and speed in acquiring them. And many of his friends are Americans.

We mention this in explanation of his ability to create American characters who move briskly under their own steam. And for proof we refer you to the lads and lasses who gambol through his new serial, "Hot Water."

From J. Wellington Gedge, unhappy candidate for the post of Ambassador to France, to Packy Franklyn, reluctant fiancé of Lady Beatrice Bracken, you will find your countrymen (and women) behaving in almost abnormally lifelike fashion.

And when you get the lowdown about events at Château Blissac you will agree that there is only one thing funnier than Mr. Wodehouse's last novel—and this is it.



EVERYBODY in business is wondering what the Democrats will do about the tariff if they get into power next fall. And so, from the one place where the tariff policy of any party is made—the House of Representatives—we bring you the words of the Democratic floor leader and tariff expert, Henry T. Rainey. Just what the policy of foreign countries means to you, the effect—in dollars and cents—of "most favored nation" treaties and the way out suggested by the Democrats is reported to you by John T. Flynn in "The Trap That Jack Built."

—

DISTRESSING possibilities are suggested by the action of Marcia Fleurday. Not content with selecting her fiancé's ties, she decided to pick out a new nose for him—and did. Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells you about this unfortunate triumph of plastic surgery in "The Prestwick Nose."

—

W. B. COURTNEY reports a famous lie that was, happily, taken at its face value and resulted in the founding of San Francisco, romantic and colorful guardian of the Golden Gate.

—

BACK in '96 when the sheriffs of five counties succeeded in convicting him, Charlie Boss was a young man but an accomplished bandit. When he got out of jail in 1932 he was no longer young but still a bandit—only the profession had changed. He found his new associates equipped with machine guns and devoid of all compunction. Charlie considered them no better than coyotes—and said so. The showdown was "An Affair of Honor." In it Courtney Ryley Cooper has written a story that will stay with you.

—

ROARK BRADFORD, Grantland Rice, Dana Burnet and others contribute stories and articles. To an accompaniment of eerie wails Sax Rohmer traces the footsteps of Dr. Fu Manchu. Even we are amazed.

Any Week

WE SHOULD have kept count of the vast number of overnight economists we've met during this business hiatus or whatever it is. Even our favorite conductor with whom we commute mornings has turned economist. We find ourselves doing it now and then. It took a letter from Mr. Joseph Brister Kuhn of Louisville, Kentucky, to yank us out of it. Mr. Kuhn cites that neglected philosopher, Josh Billings.

"It ain't so much people's ignorance that makes so much trouble," said Mr. Billings, "it's their knowing so damn' much that ain't so."

—

TRY as we will, we just can't be everywhere. Too bad, too. For example, we'd like to be in Nebraska when they vote for Land Commissioner. The candidates are N. J. Ludi of Wahoo, Democrat, and George W. Kline of Lincoln, Republican. Both pledge themselves to abolish the office immediately upon election and both contend that the job is "a snap, a graft and obsolete for twenty years."

—

AMONG the several champions of the current administration is Mr. Roger Conlin of Westfield, Massachusetts, who contends that we "will have to admit that it is the only one that has taught us to live without working, which has, up to now, been just a universal longing."

—

"HOW would it do," suggests Mr. John Lodge of San Diego, California, "to compel anybody proposing a new law to include the invalidation of two obsolete ones?"

—

AND Mr. Oscar Willumsen of Ocean Park, California, would set up a government lottery, tickets in which would be distributed gratis by all merchants to all purchasers of ten dollars' worth of goods.

—

JUST as we were wondering where all the single taxers were during this budget-balancing brawl, comes a letter from Mr. Bolton Hall of New York, liberal apostle of the late Henry George, prophet of the physiocrats.

"The wealth of the United States," writes Mr. Hall, "is estimated in the census as about four hundred billions. At least half of that is land value—say two hundred billion. The rent of that at five per cent would be ten billions. Tax it fifty per cent and take half of it instead of other taxes. Then no one can say he is taxed."

ANONYMOUSLY *someone sends us the* withering news that the famous conscience fund in the United States Treasury has gone static. During this past year just one solitary dollar has been added to it. Our correspondent explains that the people just can't afford to have a conscience in times like these.

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THESE 2 LARGE RUBBER COMPANIES

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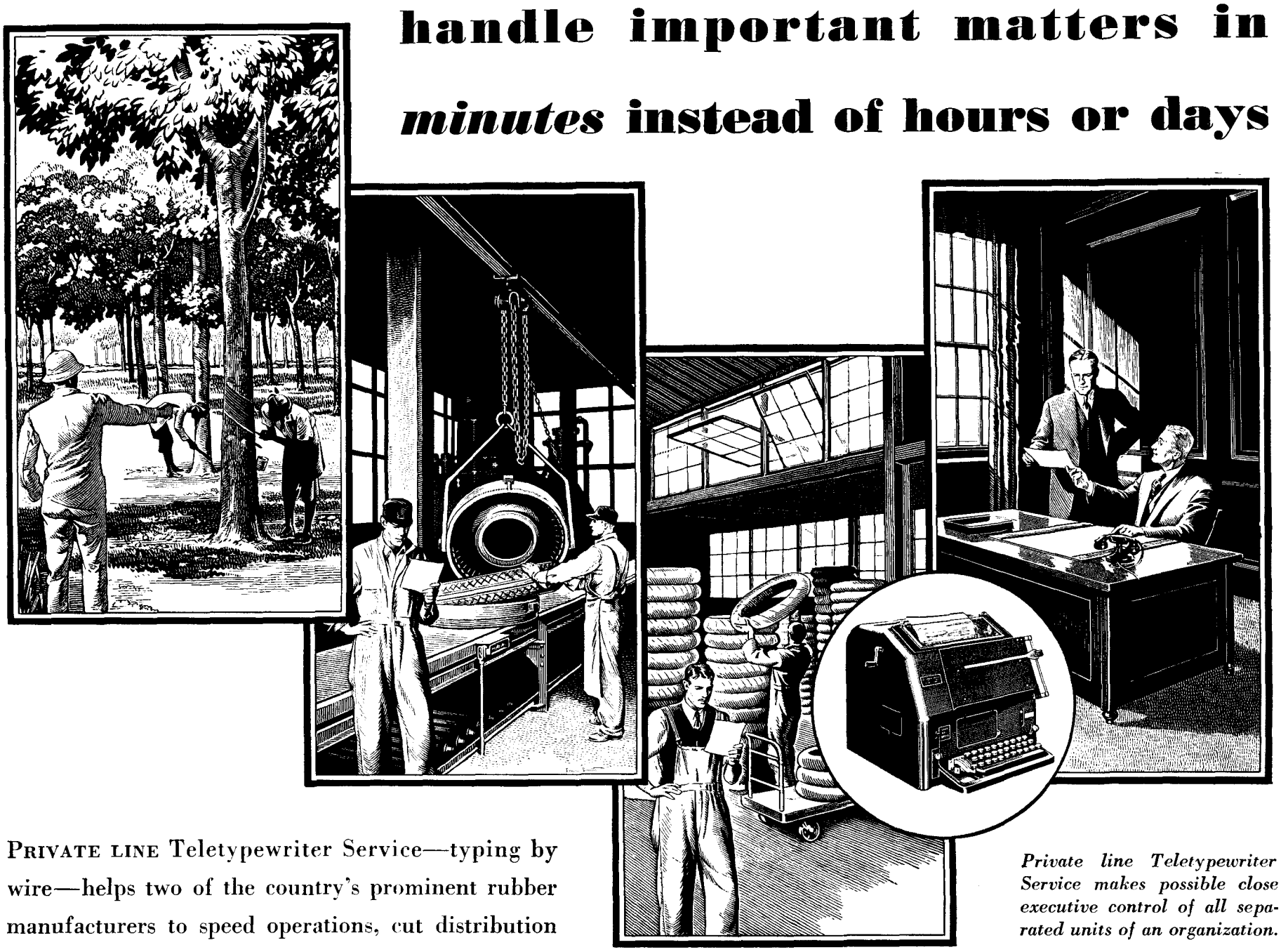

Private line Teletypewriter Service makes possible close executive control of all separated units of an organization.

PRIVATE LINE Teletypewriter Service—typing by wire—helps two of the country's prominent rubber manufacturers to speed operations, cut distribution and production costs.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company uses it to connect its general offices and main factory in Akron with New York and Chicago branches. Messages from Akron for thousands of national and foreign markets are sent by Teletypewriter to either New York or Chicago and then relayed to their destinations.

"This modern service permits transaction of business to a conclusion within a few minutes," says an official, "where previously several days or weeks were necessary." Economies in some operations, made possible by Teletypewriter Service, are estimated as high as 40 per cent.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company links its general offices in New York with the Cumberland, Md., factory. The service is used by practically all departments: production, traffic, sales, accounting, export, import and executive. An officer says: "It gives us systematic control of all operations."

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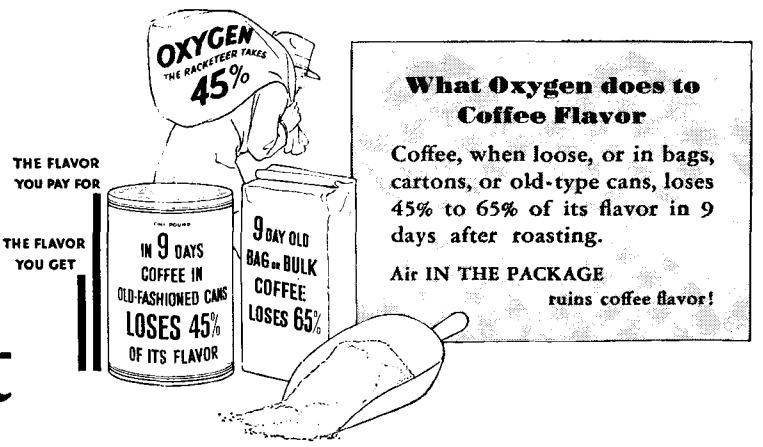
OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45%
THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR
THE FLAVOR YOU GET
IN 9 DAYS COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS LOSES 45% OF ITS FLAVOR
9 DAY OLD BAG OR BULK COFFEE LOSES 65%
What Oxygen does to Coffee Flavor
Coffee, when loose, or in bags, cartons, or old-type cans, loses 45% to 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.
Air IN THE PACKAGE ruins coffee flavor!

If you want full flavor . . . *watch out for Oxygen* when you buy Coffee

"This is the first cup of clear coffee I've ever really enjoyed. Do you mind if I ask what kind it is?"
"It's Maxwell House. Since they brought out that Vita-Fresh Process, the flavor has a richness and delicacy beyond anything I ever found in coffee before."
FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
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NOW
THREE TIMES A WEEK—
COLUMBIA NETWORK
Hear Lanny Ross—Don Voorhees and his Maxwell House Orchestra—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. See your newspaper for local time

Only Maxwell House is completely protected against Oxygen, the flavor racketeer . . . by the VITA-FRESH *Process*

OXYGEN is the relentless foe of coffee flavor. The very minute coffee comes from the roasting oven, Oxygen, in the air, begins to steal away its flavor.

So, whether you buy coffee in paper bags, cartons, moisture-proof wrappings, old-fashioned cans or vacuum, remember this important question if you want the full flavor you pay for:

IS THERE AIR INSIDE THE PACKAGE?

If there is—coffee deteriorates, loses flavor.

If there isn't—coffee keeps its full flavor indefinitely.

There is only ONE coffee that contains no Oxygen. Only one coffee that reaches you with its full flavor always completely protected—because all trace of Oxygen is removed and excluded from the sealed can.

That coffee is Maxwell House—packed by the new Vita-Fresh Process.

The finest coffee blend achieves a new deliciousness

Imagine this famous Southern blend as it comes from the roasting ovens saturated with delicious fragrance, aroma, and flavor. Then imagine it whisked by some instant magic directly to your kitchen. That, in its results, is what the Vita-Fresh Process accomplishes. It adds a new deliciousness to the most delectable of all coffees.

Ask your grocer today for a pound of Maxwell House. Serve it for dinner tonight, then listen for the little chorus of surprise and delight that is sure to greet its smooth, full-flavored perfection.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

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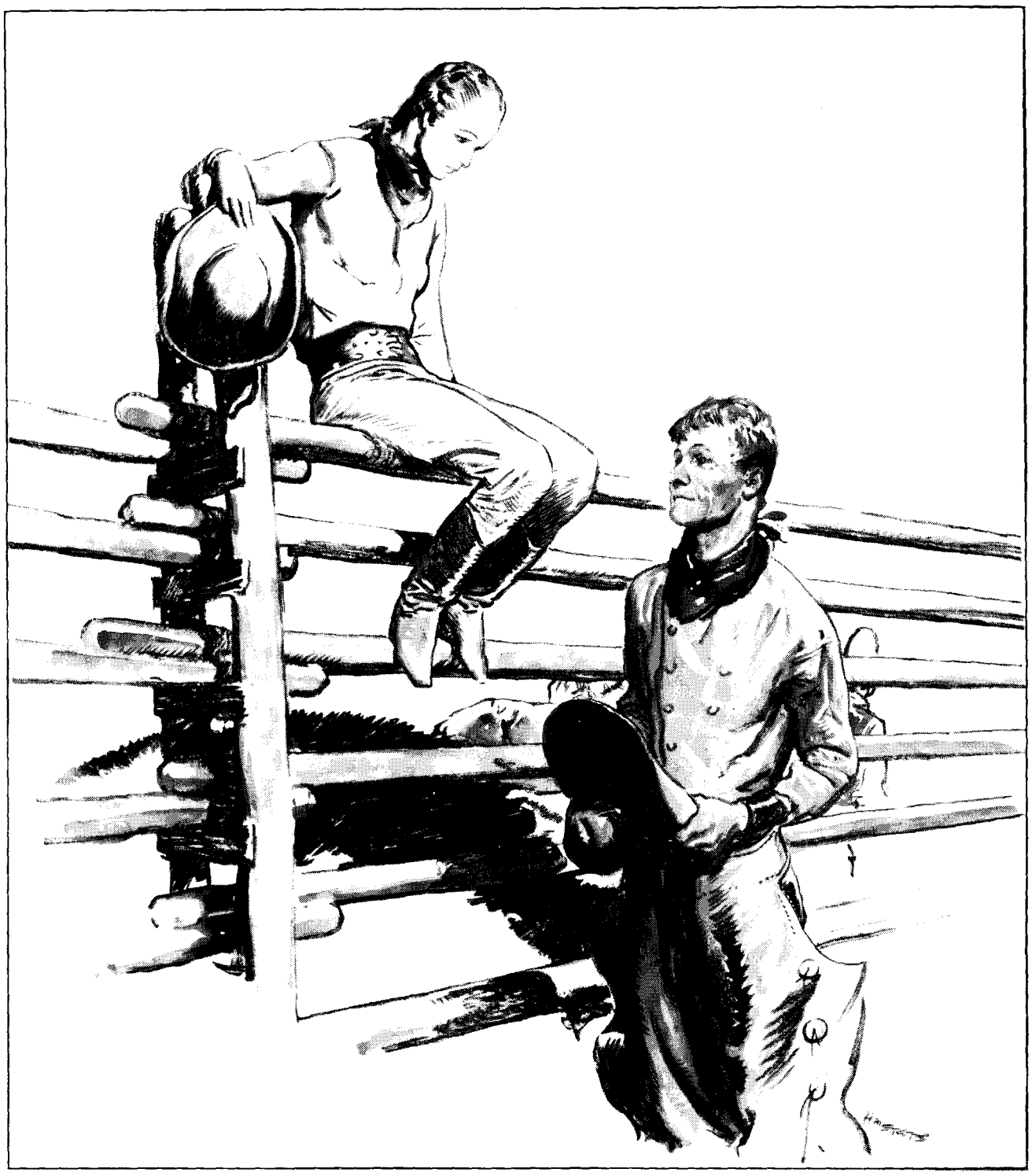

"Sure have missed you," he said. "You aim to ride tomorrow, Polly?"

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

Bronc Fighter's Girl

There are times when it takes more courage to quit than to carry on. But who'd expect a girl to think of that?

By Alan LeMay

POLLY COLLINS sat on a corral fence in Las Cruces, looking at the rodeo stock; and many a young bronc rider found it hard not to stare at her discreditably. Her soft silver-dust hair, setting off her deep olive tan, and her dark, restless eyes always made the riders highly aware of her, whenever she had been among them. But just now she was happy—not blithely, but tremulously and uncertainly; and the new, gentle, entirely wistful radiance this gave her transformed her into something very lovely, so that they thought they must have forgotten what a honey she was, in the year that she had been away.

Polly herself could hardly believe it was really a year since she had last come out of these same saddling chutes raking a contest bucker, with the roar of the crowd curiously distant in her ears. Just now, on the eve of tomorrow's rodeo opening, the big grand stand was empty, and the arena was a deserted twenty acres; but around the cattle pens and the horse corrals was gathered a high-spirited bunch of thirty or forty people who would contest tomorrow—bronc men, bulldoggers, crack ropers, all living by their occasional ability to win a year's pay in one day's ride. These she had known in many contests, in all parts of the West; Polly herself had ridden often against the half-dozen girl riders who were there. No one had forgotten her; they waved hats at her, whooped greetings, sought her out to ask where she had hidden herself. It was like coming home.

She had come to Las Cruces on a last moment's impulse, and partly against her will. But now that she no longer concealed from herself why she had

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come, every remembered voice took on a new meaning, and became peculiarly stirring. She knew that Lee Macklin was somewhere here. Presently he would seek her out, as inevitably as dust settles to dust. And then the long, unhappy emptiness of the year in which they had been separated would be ended—perhaps.

FOR now she was ready to admit to herself—to him, too, if he asked it—that the barrier which she had raised between them was a foolish and trivial thing compared to her need for him and his need for her. A year ago, when she had finally turned back Lee Macklin's headlong love-making, she had had a stubborn belief in the fairness of her side of their quarrel. That belief was gone now, lost somewhere in the dreary vacancies of the empty year. The surrender was responsible for that new and unexpected happiness—a happiness made almost tearfully unsteady by the fact that she did not quite know whether or not she was wanted any more.

Lee Macklin, completely reckless, utterly carefree, living strictly in the moment, always gave the effect of having the world by the tail and making the world like it. He was a lean, long-legged, blue-eyed humorist; his loose, lazy half-swagger concealed the muscular cordings of the rough-string horseman. You could hardly think of Lee Macklin separated from broncs. Leather and dust, and broncs and cows; those things had set the pace of his life—almost were Lee Macklin himself. If ever they wanted to put up a statue of the spirit of bronc fighting, it would have to be a statue of Lee Macklin.

These were things Polly Collins had tried to forget. Now, with the smells and sights and noises which represented Lee all around her, she knew completely, once for all, that the effort had been a foredoomed folly. Tears were very near her eyes, just from the knowledge that he was somewhere near; but she didn't care.

A hoarse whoop went up immediately below her and big old Rowdy Kate Hutchinson hauled Polly off the fence to half crush her in an enthusiastic embrace. Old Rowdy Kate, big and clean and rough-handed, was the nearest thing to a mother most of the rodeo girls had. When Kate's own riding days had ended she had stayed in touch with the rodeo game by marrying Jake Hutchinson, owner of bronc strings; and no rodeo seemed the real thing without Rowdy Kate's familiar whoop and bawl.

"GLORY be, child! I thought you'd lost yourself! You just got in, huh? I didn't see your name checked in at the hotel. Say—know where you're going to sleep?"

"I don't, Kate. Las Cruces is sure full up."

"Uh-huh. Well—I was splitting a room with Rose Moran, but she run out on me. So I guess that fixes you up. Don't thank me! 'S'pleasure! Seen Lee Macklin yet?"

"Well, no, Kate."

"That's funny. Still, of course, you just now got in. You all set to do them gals out of first money?"

"I'm not even going to ride. No—" as Kate's laughter boomed—"I mean it, Kate."

"Well, child, it's all right with me; there ain't many of your age has twisted as many cayuses as you have. How old are you, honey? Going on twenty-two? Uh-huh. And how many first moneys did I hear you had—ten in three years, was it? I'd give something to know why you quit the game!"

"I don't know, Kate. It looked to me for a while there as if bronc fighting was just a racket for wasting good cow folks. The boys that start in are the cream of the crop; then pretty soon they slip, and get punk—and they're all through."

"Like Lee Macklin," said Kate, looking at her.

Polly Collins' eyes were dreaming into the dust that drifted through the poles of the bronc corrals. If she had been looking at Kate perhaps she would have got more out of that last remark. But she nodded. "The cream of the crop."

Rowdy Kate grunted and looked at Polly curiously. "Well, I'll say one thing for him—he ain't so much as looked at another girl since you gave him the gate."

"Kate," said Polly, "are you—you wouldn't tell me that if it wasn't so?"

Rowdy Kate studied her. "Oh, that much of it's O. K. Well, say; most likely he'd come over here and answer the rest of the questions himself, if I'd flog out of the picture."

Polly said in a weak voice, "Kate, is he—is he here?"

"Heck, don't you even know him when you see him? He's right over there talking to Jake."

Polly Collins turned and followed Kate's glance. And the year which she had let slip out of their lives turned on her and took its revenge, cruelly, all in a moment for which she was unprepared.

YOU could hardly say, first off, just how Lee Macklin had changed. He was still tall and lean and careless-looking; and though he had not shaved that day, that was true of half the cowboys there. Some might not even have seen the difference in him at first. But Polly saw instantly, in that first glance, and her breath held still for a moment, exactly as if the head of a rearing horse had struck between her eyes. Something was missing, so that the whole picture of the man had a different meaning. She had looked for a swaggering youngster who had the world by the tail; and, instead, she saw a man who was tired, unhopeful and—licked.

For a moment she could not even believe that this was Lee. She turned to where Rowdy Kate had stood. "Kate! That isn't—"

Then Lee Macklin turned and caught her eye; he hesitated, then came across the corral to her slowly, not swaggering, but with a sort of hitch in his walk that might have been the ghost of his swagger.

"Hello, Polly."

She heard herself answer, "Hello, Lee"; and her voice sounded even and natural. But she felt faint and dizzy, as if she might possibly be going to fall off the fence. This was not Lee Macklin. This man that looked like Lee and answered to Lee's name was just another lanky, unshaved cowboy, reminiscent of what used to be called the malaria school. And though he grinned at her slowly, as he used to do, no trace of the old irrepressible humor was there.

He met her gaze steadily; and his eyes were the eyes of a man who looks at something fine—which he has long ago got used to thinking will never be his. "Sure have missed you from the pitchings," he said. "You aim to ride tomorrow, Polly?"

"No; I hadn't figured to ride."

"Well, you're wise, I guess; not much in it these days, taking it all around. I—well—I'll be seeing you around." He grinned again, without humor, not meeting her eyes this time; then crawled through the fence and moved on.

He had come, and he had gone. He left her with a swelling lump in her throat, and a dazed bewilderment before her eyes. Polly climbed off the fence, and found her car, and drove back to town, not radiant any more.

She was waiting for Kate in the room which Kate had offered to share with her when Kate came in at half past eleven that night.

"Why wasn't you over at the dance, child? You sick? You look like the wrath of God!"

"Kate—what's happened to Lee Macklin?"

"Who? Oh, him."

"Kate! You've got to tell me! Something has—"

"Easy, honey. Sit down quiet, here on the bed. What's got into you?"

"What's happened to Lee Macklin?"

"Him? Why, he's had a kind of a bum year, I guess. What do you care?"

"What do I care? I care a lot."

"He's just proved out you were right, that's all."

"That I was right?"

"You sure knew what you was doing

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when you wouldn't tie yourself up to no common bronc fighter. Short hoss, soon curried. That's the average bronc rider, all right. And that's Lee Macklin."

"But how—how could—"

"WELL, while you was away from things, Lee went down here to Tucson and got himself bucked down by a new hoss, name of Black Powder; and that was about all from *him*. He hasn't amounted to a hoot since."

"Do you mean—he was smashed up and can't—"

Kate's voice rose in an end of patience. "I mean he went yellow, that's what I mean! What's left of a bronc rider when he loses his guts? Nothing!"

Polly Collins' eyes blazed. "I don't believe it!"

"You don't believe what?"

"No such thing could happen," Polly said furiously. "Lee never quit in his life—he couldn't quit, he doesn't know how—not if they killed him!"

"Don't take my word for it, honey. Take a look!"

"I *will* take a look. And he'll show you you're wrong! Lee—"

"All right, honey, all right." Kate stood up and stretched. "They'll be drawing for their hosses pretty soon here. You feel good enough to come see them draw?"

Polly snapped to her feet. "You bet your life I'm coming to see them draw. And I'm praying to heaven that Lee Macklin gets a good tough horse. If he does, you'll see him make fools of them all!"

Rowdy Kate sighed and looked sad. "All right, honey."

At Las Cruces the rodeo runs three days; the bronc men draw for their qualifying horses at midnight, on the eve of the first day. Polly Collins had taken part in such midnight drawings over and over again; but not even the first drawing she had ever made had seemed more important to her than this drawing tonight, as she waited to see what horse would fall to Lee Macklin. On this horse he would make the first ride she had seen him make in a year.

The forty or fifty crack contest hands lounged about the big room in disorderly bunches. Polly Collins glanced over them, her eyes avoiding those which always sought her face. She located Lee Macklin, standing against the wall, talking to Bob Kennedy. After that she prevented herself from looking at him again.

JAKE HUTCHINSON, his big leather-seamed face genially ugly, got up to sit sideways on the edge of a table and shout at the buckaroos: "Hey, listen, you bronc fighters! The Matagordas buckskin is off the contest list. Some of you seen him kill Dutch Iverson here last year. Matagordas ain't been in a chute since. But there's twenty-five bucks extra for anybody that wants to ride him for a special exhibition!"

For a moment a touch of cool chill took Polly Collins' mind away from the reason she was there. Dutch Iverson had turned and grinned at her just before Matagordas had bawled and come out, beginning Ivérson's last ride. The buckskin was a killer, a tromper; it had been a terrible thing to see Dutch die under the crazed beast's hoofs. Though it was partly coincidence that she had not ridden since, the death of Dutch had been the last straw, the last word in her case against bronc riding as a profession.

She forgot that, though, as the drawing began. By twos and threes the bronc twisters slouched up to Jake Hutchinson's table to draw from the hat. Polly waited, hardly patient; she was hoping with all her heart that Lee Macklin would get a horse that no one else could ride, a horse on which he could show them all. Perhaps there was desperation in that hope, she so wanted to believe that what she had heard was not true.

Because he had entered late, Lee Macklin drew almost the last of all; but he strolled forward at last. For a moment or two, when Lee had drawn, there was a confused muddle around Jake's table, so that she called out to Jake, "Is this a private drawing? Sing out, will you!"

"Lee Macklin draws Black Powder!"

It seemed to Polly that the Matagordas buckskin was not made of flesh and bone; nothing but steel—under the drive of steam—could achieve this savagery

A fierce thrill momentarily possessed Polly Collins; the same thrill she had always known whenever she had watched Lee draw a hard-fighting horse—one that could win for him.

THE new horse, Black Powder, had been ridden only once this season—and it was his first season. And it was Black Powder that had bucked down Lee Macklin himself at Tucson. Not everyone would have wanted Black Powder, but Lee Macklin would want him. She knew he would want him!

And then—she saw Lee Macklin quit. Casually, without expression, as he might have thrown in a poker hand, he turned in his slip and withdrew from the contest.

From the back of the room, near the door, Polly stared at him; but he did not meet her eye, and she could not read his face. Then she got out of there, and made her way back to the hotel through the ruin of a world.

She found Rowdy Kate Hutchinson in their room.

"Kate—it's true! He *has* gone yellow! He drew Black Powder, and he folded up and quit like—like—"

"Uh-huh—I know. Poor child! Don't stand there staring like you was out on your feet. Sit down!" Kate forcibly removed Polly from her position against the wall and planted her in a chair. "Gosh, child, I never realized you was so plumb batty. Why, you must actually *love* that guy!"

"I suppose—I'll always love him."

"Well, he was certainly nuts about you. How come you to get split up so?"

"I don't know, Kate. I—I wanted him to quit bronc riding; I didn't see any future in it. I wanted him to make something of himself."

"And he allowed he'd decide them things himself?"

"It kind of seemed that way. But I think now—Kate, I think he would have quit the contests in a second, knowing the way I felt."

"Then why didn't he?"

"I DIDN'T understand it then. But I think now that he just felt that that was a commercial kind of thing for me to be specifying, in a love affair. I know that he would have wanted me, even if I insisted on spending my life as—as a sheep shearer. And I think it kind of hurt him that I didn't seem to feel the same way about him. And then I got stubborn."

"Well, it's too bad. But he's sure proved you was right."

"But to see him fold up and quit—Kate, it seems like it's more than I can bear."

Kate snorted cigarette smoke. "Well, it's over with now. There's nothing you can do and you might as well—"

"No, it isn't over with. I can snap him out of it yet. I'll snap him out of it if it's the last—"

"And how," said Kate cynically, "is this to be done?"

"I'll show you how it's to be done! I'll do it, and you'll help me. Kate, I'm going to ride Black Powder!"

Kate stared at her without comprehension. "Who, you? When is this? *You* can't ride Black Powder!"

"Kate, you're going to fix it—for tomorrow, as a special exhibition. You run Jake and Jake runs the broncs. Don't tell me you can't fix it! You can—"

Rowdy Kate looked flabbergasted. "And what if I could? You think I want you killed? That hoss is green apples! This isn't the old Powder. This is the new black, right in his first prime, an' boy, he smashes 'em down in a cloud of dust!"

Polly's eyes burned with a dogged

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You'd Never Know Me Now

By Rob Wagner

Loretta Young as Toya in The Hatchet Man. Inset: Invisible gauze strips give Miss Young's eyes a convincing Oriental slant

The movie actress has to please a one-eyed, color-blind critic—the camera. For it she makes her lips a dirty brown and smears her face with grease paint. And the result is the familiar glamour of the screen. If she has any defect of figure or feature (and there's only one perfect face in Hollywood) she can do things about that. Here Mr. Wagner tells you just what things and why

FOR whom does the blind man's wife paint her face?" asks the Arab proverb-maker. Well, if she's in American motion pictures she does it for "Mr. Pankrum" (the studio name for panchromatic film)—or she doesn't get to first base.

And when she starts out to allure Mr. Pankrum she must forswear all other lovers. If she painted her face for you or me—or even her employer—she would no doubt whiten her skin, rouge her cheeks and crimson her lips. But Mr. Pankrum is absolutely color-blind and sees only in terms of black and white, so that the blind man's wife must put on make-up that will not only translate her natural beauty into an agreeable monotone, but she must use colors that will rectify the camera's inaccuracies and Nature's mistakes.

Are her cheeks sunken? A little blue will fill them out. Has she an undershot jaw? Lighten the forehead and redden the chin. Has she a nose that looks like a melting ice-cream cone? It can be given a firm bridge by the deft use of color.

Or, is she, on the other hand, naturally beautiful but camera-cruel? Then she must use artifice to retain her gifts of the gods. For it must be remembered while you are reading this article that there are certain film girls, like Carole Lombard and Jeanette MacDonald, who are a whole lot prettier than they photograph.

One day I met Anna May Wong walking by Stage Four on the Paramount lot, and as she came close I saw that her face was painted up like a totem pole. "Isn't it awful?" she smiled guiltily. "I'm going over for a test." And wasn't Mr. Pankrum pleased! Perhaps you noted the little Chinese girl's exotic beauty in The Return of Fu Manchu.

Time was when each film girl made up her face to please her own taste, or according to what experience with lights and camera angles had taught her was best to put over her particular kind of beauty. Not any more. With the general use of super-sensitive panchromatic film a whole new technique has come into use, the demands of which are so scientifically exacting that every company now has a make-up artist who passes upon the facial calcimining of each member of the troupe. Yes, even the "quickies" that cut expenses to the bone do not dare go before the camera without the assistance of this important functionary.

The Twilight of the Movie Gods

The growth in power of the make-up artist dates from those fateful two years immediately following the change from silent to talking pictures, a time now generally known as The Slaughter of the Innocents, during which some of the greatest stars went into total eclipse—Norma and Constance Talmadge, Charles Ray, Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor, May McAvoy, Louise Brooks, Colleen Moore and others.

True, some of the casualties may have been scheduled for the cinema toboggan, but the talkies no doubt hastened their end. On the other hand, it was not only the bad sound-recording of those first pictures that disappointed the fans. Added to the shock of hearing their elusive goddesses of the silent screen speak for the first time and in anything but pleasant tones, the real disappointment came in the collapse of their beauty. Everything—lights, camera, and direction—was sacrificed to the new god—Sound.

Motion pictures in their well-known infancy were a mechanical device that became an art only after twenty years of experiment. With the introduction of sound they reverted to their mechanical childhood, with engineers superseding artists in command of production. So mysterious were the mechanics of sound reproduction that the poor old director had to sit pop-eyed while the "monitor" or "mixer" told him what to do.

Nor was it only arrogance on the part of the mixer that compelled the sidestepping of beauty in favor of sound; it was because of the equipment itself. So sensitive was the recording that all extraneous noises had to be eliminated from the set.

This necessitated placing the cameras in sound-proof, hot and stuffy booths, so cumbersome that, instead of pushing them about, there were often several booths, each containing one or more cameras shooting from different directions and photographing long and close shots, the latter with telescopic lenses, at one and the same time.

In the silent days the cameraman could play around with lights until his star shone at her pulchritudinous best; now the set had to be flooded with a perfectly flat light with the result that the long shots and close-ups—always requiring different densities of light—didn't match, and the favorable lighting of the particular star was utterly sacrificed. She could speak—wonderful!—but oh, how she looked while doing so!

I recall how the girls envied little May McAvoy when she was cast in one of the first Warner pictures. After hearing and seeing her, however, most of the girls took the veil on sound pictures until they were further advanced.

Something had to be done. Sound pictures were an instantaneous success but the producers who had built up stars at colossal expense saw them going one by one into oblivion. Sound had come to stay but beauty must not be lost.

A Land of Swift Changes

Make-up men to the rescue! Suddenly these hitherto lowly fellows became important. If the camera was "frozen" and the lighting bad, *they* must compensate by their art for the sacrifice of beauty to science. Heroically they managed to save a few stars but some of them were beyond their greatest endeavors. But things move fast in Movieland. So fast indeed that within three years the mechanics of sound reproduction were so improved that

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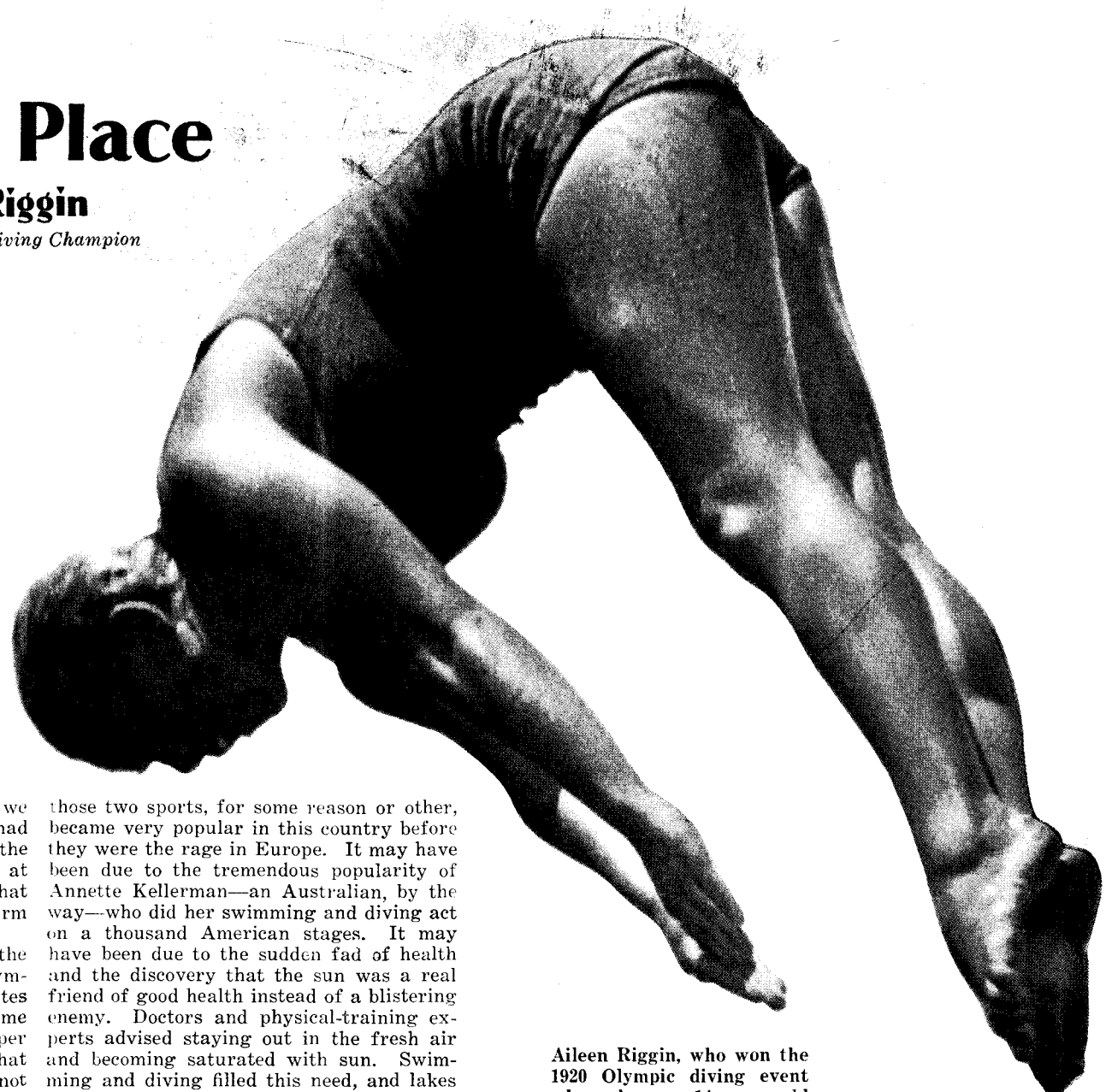
Woman's Place

By Aileen Riggin

Former Olympic Fancy Diving Champion



Aileen Riggin, who won the 1920 Olympic diving event when she was 14 years old

Twenty years ago a few daring females left home long enough to compete in the Olympic Games. Somehow the world survived the shock, and this summer we shall have more than one hundred girls from this country alone running and jumping and swimming at Los Angeles. A former Olympic champion tells you here what chance they have to bring home the bacon

THE Greeks had a word for it which we still use. In fact, the Greeks had three words for it. They called the festival held every fourth year at Olympia the Olympic games, and under that title athletes of all countries will perform this summer at Los Angeles.

When the Greeks gathered near the Temple of Hera to watch those early Olympics, they saw only the greatest men athletes of the day. Woman's place was in the home then, and although it was considered proper for Helen of Troy to wear a face that launched a thousand ships, women were not allowed to do anything more strenuous than that. They were allowed to watch the Olympic games as spectators. Thus the fair ladies of Elis, Pisatis and Sparta played only an ornamental part in those early games, confining their activities to drawn-out sighs of admiration for the mighty feats of the victors. It took about twenty-five centuries to get the girls out of the grandstands and put them on the field but finally it was accomplished and this summer more than one hundred girls will compete in the 1932 Olympiad.

The Olympic games came to an abrupt end about 393 A. D. when the Romans, who by now were guest entries, were accused of professionalism by their Greek hosts. The Romans retaliated by burning a few Grecian temples, killing a few Greek citizens and in general making themselves quite annoying.

It was not until 1894 that a Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, addressed a circular to every sport-governing body in the world asking that they coöperate in reviving the Olympic games. His plea was successful.

No woman competed in the 1896 games. That naughty mauve decade was just about to die, however, and woman was to emerge as a person and not as a mere bit of scenery. The emancipation of woman became the cry and, almost before anyone realized it, women were voting, swimming and really living for the first time.

It was only natural that the Olympic games should be one of the many goals toward which the erstwhile weaker sex was striving. It was not, however, until 1912 that women actually competed in the games, and it was not until 1920 that American girls were entered. Now the girls' events are an integral part of the games.

American women have been quite successful in previous Olympic games. This is especially true of swimming and diving, for those two sports, for some reason or other, became very popular in this country before they were the rage in Europe. It may have been due to the tremendous popularity of Annette Kellerman—an Australian, by the way—who did her swimming and diving act on a thousand American stages. It may have been due to the sudden fad of health and the discovery that the sun was a real friend of good health instead of a blistering enemy. Doctors and physical-training experts advised staying out in the fresh air and becoming saturated with sun. Swimming and diving filled this need, and lakes and ocean resorts all over the country did a booming business.

Girls found swimming so attractive in the summer that they resolved to keep it up during the winter, and organizations like the famous Women's Swimming Association of New York were formed and great swimming coaches like Leo B. Handley became interested in developing speed swimmers.

The first American delegation to the Olympics consisted of seventeen girl swimmers and divers. This summer there will be a team of forty swimmers and divers, in addition to the track and fencing stars. Those seventeen girls made a great record, completely sweeping the diving events and fairly monopolizing the swimming races.

Track events, hockey and fencing were more or less confined to colleges and we lagged behind the European countries in those sports. All this had a direct reaction on our showing in the Olympic games in 1924 and 1928.

This summer? Let's look the field over and speculate upon the way our girl athletes will come out.

Betty Robinson was the bright American star in the track events of 1928. She is the same Betty who was so seriously injured in an automobile accident last summer and who so miraculously recovered. She doesn't know yet whether she will be available for the games this summer but everyone is hoping that she will be.

Betty won the one-hundred-meter run in the last Olympic in the remarkable time of twelve and one-fifth seconds. Percy Williams won this same event for men. His time was ten and four-fifths seconds, not so much faster than the record set by Betty. Gradually the girls are approaching the records set by men runners.

This year America will be represented at Los Angeles by the speediest girl ever to don a pair of spiked shoes. Stella Walsh was born in Poland but she came to this country when she was very young. Her family settled in Chicago and it was there that she attracted attention because of her uncanny speed. She never "learned" to run. She just ran.

When a youngster she played with other girls in the public playgrounds. They played all sorts of games and one day someone decided to hold a set of running races. Stella, not quite knowing what it was all about, was persuaded to enter. And in the first race she crossed the finish line before many of the girls had arisen from their crouching positions at the start. She was a sensation from the very beginning.

No one who attended them can ever forget the Millrose games at Madison Square Garden when Stella made her first Eastern appearance. Her first event was the hundred-yard dash, and in the finals she was opposed by five other girls. They made something like fifteen false starts and poor Johnny McHugh, the starter, was in despair. He was too kind-hearted to set the girls back a yard each time they started ahead of the gun and anyway there would not have been enough room in the Garden if the girls had been so penalized.

During all this excitement, with twenty thousand spectators howling with laughter and the girls pale and nervous, Stella maintained an inscrutable calm. She had not "broken" once. Finally the race was started, and at the fifty-yard mark Stella led by fifteen feet. She finished just within sight of the girl who was second and established a new world record. Later in the evening she won the two-twenty-yard run just as she pleased.

I never heard greater enthusiasm in the

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Water Hazard

Papa Clayton plays golf and his daughter plays a game which, authorities agree, is infinitely more exciting

By Talbert Josselyn

AS THE short December day was drawing to a close, the good-looking young woman in the tonneau of the big touring car settled back relaxingly. In another hour the transcontinental journey would be over, and the dubious distinction of accompanying a father who was compounded of one part sixty years and two parts temper would again be a thing of the past. From evening on, for the rest of the winter, La Esmeralda Inn would have the liberty of exerting all of its well-known and high-priced tact upon a guest easily capable of bearing the label, "Dynamite!"

So Miss Barbara Clayton relaxed—and on ahead, down the highway, her eye caught a sign.

There was nothing bashful about that sign. From afar it made proclamation:

"Golf!" it shouted in letters the height of a man. "Golf Every Day—Or Your Board Free. Free!"

Having so shouted, it then lowered its voice and made supplementary statement, in smaller letters, as though talking out of the corner of its mouth—"Happy Valley Springs Hotel. Tom Barry, Proprietor"—like some old-time bus runner giving confidential addenda. And it ended up with a finger pointing along a road leading from the highway—a finger that had the manner of confidentially nudging one in the ribs.

A sinking sensation came over the good-looking young Miss Clayton. Golf, and a readiness to fight about it, was her father's main existence. . . . "Golf Every Day—Or Your Board Free" . . . and a recollection of storms but recently passed through, where, to have played golf every day, it would have been necessary to use a rowboat.

She glanced swiftly at him. Red-faced old Randolph Clayton had not as yet seen the sign. She held her breath. They were almost past it. They were . . .

And then the Clayton parent turned his head. Turned . . . and saw. Just got a glimpse, but that was enough.

"Hi!" he yelled. And added: "Stop!"

The car, doing its fifty miles, now tried its best to do nothing. It finally came to a halt.

"Did you see that?" demanded Randolph Clayton of his daughter.

She strove to temporize. "See what . . . where?"

"Back up, Adkins!" came command from the tonneau. Adkins backed.

"There!" said old Randolph, and pointed accusing finger.

"OH," SAID Barbara. She half shut her eyes; made study. "A sign. Umm. . . . A rather nicely lettered sign, now that you call my attention to it. . . . It's a pleasure, isn't it, to see a sign that hasn't got the N's upside down and the S's backward and—"

"No!" shouted her father. "I'm not talking about the lettering. Read what it says . . . what it *says!*"

"Oh, yes, of course." Barbara read aloud, slowly: "'Golf! . . . Golf . . . Every . . . Day . . . Or . . . Your . . . Board . . . Free . . . Free!' . . . Umm, I'm afraid that I don't quite . . ."

Her parent eyed her sharply. Whereupon she gave understanding intake of breath.

"Oh, now I see! It sounds like some sort of a catch sign, doesn't it?"

"You bet it does!" Randolph Clayton nodded triumphantly. "Beastly fraud! Golf every day! And free board if—"

"Probably some horrid little deadfall that wants people to put up overnight just to stay and see," she interpreted.

"Exactly! Well, we *won't*," decided her father.

"That's good," said Barbara with a sigh of relief. "La Esmeralda Inn can't be more than an hour away and . . ."

But her parent continued to glower at the sign. "Hanged if they ought to get away with stuff like that!" Then he roused, as though just hearing her. "La Esmeralda an hour away? I'll bet it's two or three, or more. Yes, and night's coming on—"

His eyes, roving, stopped above the tall hills rising on the western side of the green valley. A wall of gray cloud was driving over them. A rainstorm was on its way.

"Look!" cried old Randolph. "Storm coming. Can't go on now. Going to pour. . . . Top down, and everything. We'll have to go to this Happy Valley Hotel for the night, whether we want to or not. Probably pour for a couple days. So," and here his voice took on a triumphant note, "we'll just see how far this false-alarm gets with his golf every day . . . and if he tries anything funny I'll nail his hide to the door so quick that . . . Drive up this road to where the arrow points, Adkins!"

Beamingly he sat back, life once more at its best.

Barbara Clayton did not beam; neither did she sit back. The journey within hand's reach of being over, with only minor explosions en route, and now . . . Well, this hotel owner, Tom Barry, whoever he was, had let himself in for something, and she found herself resentfully hoping that he had. People who went around asking for trouble usually got it, and Randolph Clayton had a way of accommodating them.

The first drops of rain were plopping down as the big car swung into an oval driveway bordered by great pepper trees thrashing in the wind, behind which loomed a long building topped by a multitude of cupolas and chimneys done in the free-handed style of half a century ago. But the travelers had scant time to observe the architectural eighties at their best, or worst, as they hastily descended from the car and made their way onto the covered porch, with a hotel attendant whisking luggage out of the car as the rain began to come down in earnest.

"Golf tomorrow, hah!" said old Randolph, shaking water from his cap as his eyes shook sparks; and then they were within a high-ceilinged, old-fashioned lobby, and a young man was bowing "Good evening" from behind the office desk.

He got an ice-and-gimlet glare from old Randolph. Barbara's glance was cool and casual; that is, it began that way, but somehow it ended as a level-gazed scrutiny. Here wasn't any ordinary hotel greeter; nothing of the super-

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Illustrated by Leslie Benson

"Out of my head nothing!" roared old Randolph. "Tried to drown me to leave no evidence!"

groomed, latest thing in cravats and handkerchiefs; no hand-rubbing, no genuflections.

Just a tall, everyday young man, giving an everyday "Good evening," and looking like someone who had stepped behind the desk from out of doors, and who would step back again as soon as he got the opportunity. Suddenly the girl found herself wondering how he would bear up under the oncoming fire.

The fire came.

"You the clerk?" demanded old Randolph, after having stared the lobby into fragments.

"I . . . I rate as one," said the young man. He smiled; a smile that could have been called a grin . . . a small boy's grin.

The Clayton voice instantly went up a notch. "If that's the case, you better get me the manager, or the owner, if there is such a thing!"

THE other slightly bowed, and although his grin had gone, its presence still seemed there.

"I'm afraid that I'm both of them, sort of rolled into one. I'm Mr. Barry—Tom Barry."

At which old Randolph took time out for three seconds in which to pump up steam, then freely launched himself.

"Oh, y'are, hey? Well! . . . Coming along the highway we saw your sign—not that it made any difference to us, since we'd been planning to go on to La Esmeralda Inn—but . . ."

"A fine inn, the Esmeralda," agreed young Mr. Barry.

"Say, you aren't telling me anything new, bub!" cried old Randolph. "But what about that sign of yours?"

"That sign"—young Mr. Barry's gaze was level—"means exactly what it says. It was put up to try and get some business, with a readiness to pay if the gamble went against me. People are at liberty to test it out, or to do otherwise, just as they see fit."

He stopped. Without there having been the slightest gesture, it was as though he had given wide-sweeping indication of the hotel register and the front door.

There was silence on both sides of the desk for a few moments. And then Randolph Clayton was signing his and his daughter's name.

Barbara did not see the young man again until after dinner. A dinner that had brought bewilderment and a tight waistband to her honored parent; a meal which, he had informed her as they entered the dining-room, would be made up of canned goods and floor sweepings. "Listen," he told her; "this fellow Barry hasn't fooled me for one minute. What he'll try and serve us will be . . ." But it hadn't been, and at each course the bewilderment had increased and the waistband had tightened. All that he had been able to do at the dinner's conclusion was to mutter feebly: "There's a catch somewhere. I'll run it down . . . later," and to sink into the nearest couch in the lobby.

WHICH permitted his daughter to cross to where young Mr. Barry was standing.

His eyes lighted upon seeing her; once more the boy's grin was about him.

"You have dined?" he asked.

There was nothing halfway about Barbara Clayton when she willed it.

"Both of the animals have been fed. Father has just collapsed upon a couch. You must have been in the hotel business for generations."

He beamed. "Just the opposite. Only a few months."

"Then you must be a magician."

"No. Mining man."

"Mining man? And yet you know about setting a table like . . ."

Once more he smiled. "Unless you've been in a mining camp you don't know what poor food is like. All my life I've lived in one, and had the poor food, and I swore that if ever I was put where I had to provide people with meals, I'd try and make up for all the horrors I've seen and tasted. Only," and here humor faded from his voice, "I never thought I'd have it come on me so sudden-like."

He paused. To the listening girl it was obvious that he wanted to say more. She waited. As he was about to resume, a member of the hotel force approached.

"Pardon me, Mr. Barry, but long distance is calling; the call that you've been expecting, from the city."

"Thank you."

She saw a kindling look come into his eyes and lift him; saw its opposite come in and try to bear him down. He set his jaw.

"If you will pardon me," he said.

WITHOUT realizing that she was waiting, for a while she waited, then smiled at herself for having done so and strolled toward the front door. It opened, and an old mossback of a guest came in from the long covered porch, his manner in keeping with the Happy Valley Hotel's name. His face was radiant. Before closing the door he looked once more upon the wet, splattering night. From a lobby couch a red-faced man, sitting in food-stuffed beatitude, made inquiry:

"Is it still raining?"

"Pouring!"

Whereupon both burst into chuckles.

"Looks like tomorrow is going to be a good day for ducks," said the red-faced man.

At which they went into cackles. And swiftly, unreasoningly, devastatingly, the fierce hope came to Barbara Clayton that neither of them—that not one of all those in the Happy Valley Hotel—would get a single ounce of free board . . . and her father least of all.

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Job Lottery

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

That's what we've had in this country—a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can way of dealing with employment, as though we were a small agricultural community. And when periods of unemployment come, it's just too bad. We wring our hands. But so far we haven't done much about it. Europe has the jump on us there. Seventeen countries have organized unemployment insurance systems. They've made mistakes, of course, but mistakes that we can profit by

THE presence of millions of unemployed workers in the United States is a challenge to somebody. But to whom? In President Hoover's recent message to Congress he said, just as if he were industry's attorney presenting a plea, that the sad state of this nation is due to the condition of the rest of the world.

Obviously that is true, but on the other hand it is equally obvious that our contribution toward the creation of the world condition of which Mr. Hoover complains has been as great as, if not actually greater than, that of all other industrialized nations combined. A glance at the balance sheet proves the correctness of this statement. The rest of the world owes us the almost inconceivable sum of twenty-four billion dollars, about half of which, silly as it may seem, was advanced to the other nations so that they might indulge in an orgy of overexpansion similar to our own and thereby place themselves in a position to compete with one another and also with us. They did that and, as the outgrowth of the cutthroat competition which immediately developed, the world's capacity for production was rapidly stepped up beyond any conceivable consumption capacity.

This condition, coupled of course with the fact that the rest of the competing nations followed our hysterical example and, in a burst of nationalism tending to foster an almost war-time animosity, erected tariff barriers around themselves, produced the only effect that it could possibly have been expected to produce. Industry stagnated and unemployment resulted. Thus, without having to go into a lot of intricate detail, we can at once conclude that the challenge of the idle is one that is hurled directly into the teeth of American industry and the American government.

Having led the world in creating for it its problem of unemployment, it should be the duty of the industrialists and the government of the United States to lead the world in finding a solution for that problem, but along that line what have we done? Absolutely nothing that is of any value or of any account. In fact, our record seems to be even worse than that, because, in addition to not having done anything in regard to the unemployment situation, it is today becoming apparent that our industrial and political leaders have not even studied the subject sufficiently to know a great deal about it.

As a result, now when we are confronted not so much with the solution of the problem itself as with the necessity of facing the crisis created by it, we are forced to turn for guidance to a contemplation of the recorded experiences of the "backward" countries of Europe. But those countries, as we shall see further on, are not backward. We just think they are, as a very capable economist recently remarked to me, because of our national unwillingness to admit that any other people can be any more farseeing or any smarter than we are.

Now the opinion of the above-mentioned economist, coupled with that of some other distinguished thinkers associated with him, is of great value to us for reasons which will become apparent in what follows.

About a year ago a group of men, consisting of the late Dr. Lee K. Frankel, second vice president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, James D. Craig, actuary, and Roderic Olzendam, research director, went to Europe for the sole purpose of making an unprejudiced study of social or state insurance as it is related to the problems of unemployment. Needless to say, these men did not sail away from these shores, as a certain senator who went abroad for the same alleged purpose is said to have done, with their report already made out according to instructions.

On the contrary, these men went with open minds, stayed in Europe for four months, visited seventeen countries, interviewed hundreds and hundreds of government officials, employers, employees, trade union leaders, doctors, nurses and idle men and women, with the result that when they came back they brought with them, in addition to thousands of pages of carefully compiled information, a very interesting net conclusion. Here it is, the italics being mine:

A Responsibility of Industry

"It seems clear from a study of *compulsory* social insurance in Europe that that entire system abroad is in as great a state of flux as are the social insurance experiments now being carried on in this country.

"The adoption of a universal scheme substitutes one set of problems for another. Once unsound principles are established, they are eliminated only with the greatest difficulty. The experience abroad brings out clearly the difficulties involved when the *state* mingles in business. It has helped to emphasize to students from this country that there are certain problems which *employers and employees must solve jointly*, and that there are others which are *clearly and logically the business of the state*. It has shown that there is a very *fundamental duty falling upon the state* for the care of the unfortunates of society who are unable to provide for themselves. It has demonstrated that there is a *responsibility resting upon industry* to devise an efficient mechanism *on its own initiative* for the provision of security against the major risks of life *rather than to wait until the state is forced to step in*.

"This responsibility of industry can be briefly stated. Reserves must be built up out of contributions of employers, or employees, or both, which shall be readily available for distribution to those employees, or their dependents, who meet with adversity through unemployment, illness, accident, old age or death."

But what condition is it that exists in Europe that has caused this group of trained thinkers to tell us that it is our *duty* to adopt a course directly at variance with the amateurish charity-dole system which we have been following for two wasted years?

To be frank about it, the thing that places Europe so far in advance of the United States seems to be not nearly so much its condition as its state of mind. Twenty years ago Europe began to think in terms of humanity and not dollars, so that as far back as 1908 we find Sir William Beveridge asserting that in England "there has been a steady, if gradual, growth of the *sense of public responsibility* for the case of the unemployed," and in 1931, twenty-three years later, Sir William again tells us that "the problem of unemployment—this is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasized—is unsolvable by any mere expenditure of public money. It represents not a want to be satisfied but a disease to be eradicated. It needs not money so much as thought and organization, and how much harder it is to change men's habits and open their minds than to slit their purses—how much harder and how much more important!"

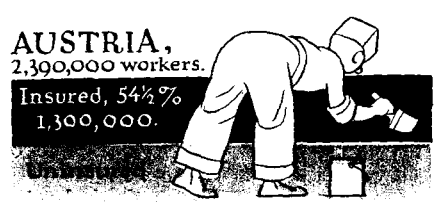
Concisely wrapped up in those remarks is to be found a fundamental thought. It is this: We must change our habit of thought by doing a mental flip-flop which will make us realize that our boasted idea of rugged American individualism is a totally collapsed theory—just a flat tire on the wheel of Progress. In other words, Europe has discovered that in this new world in which we live—a world which is now a machine-controlled and not a man-controlled affair—it is almost impossible for the individual to be an economic unit.

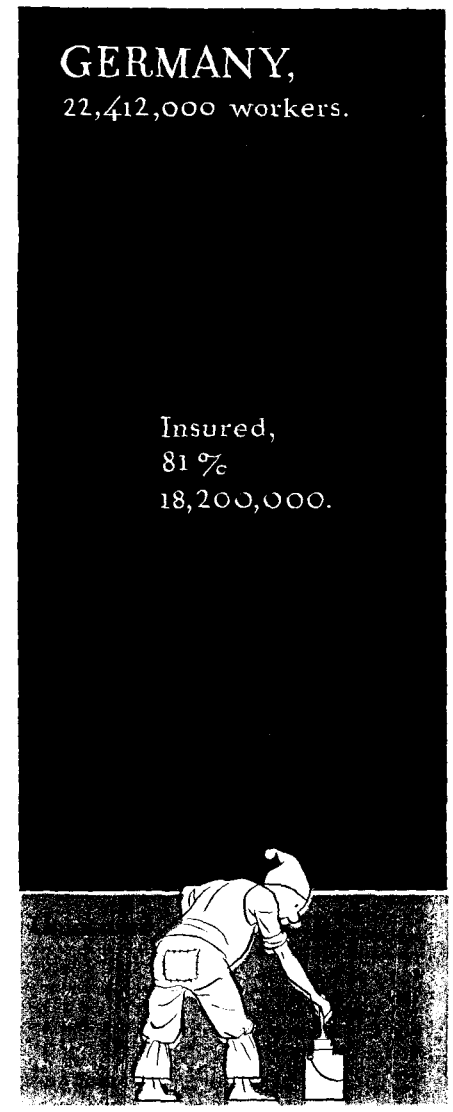
In a state of society where practically every man in it is dependent for the necessities of life upon his ability to work in some capacity for somebody else, it naturally follows that throughout all the long chain of production we are all interdependent. Couple this condition, which Europe has been thinking about for a long time, with our now well-demonstrated ability to produce far more than we can consume of everything from wheat to whisky and from safety-pins to skyscrapers, thereby automatically creating unemployment, and we have achieved a result the seriousness of which the "backward" countries across the Atlantic forecast years ago but to which we, with our political blinkers on, are just beginning to open our eyes.

Europe Looks Toward a Solution

Europe, however, has not merely devoted thought to the problems of unemployment and made forecasts. On the contrary, the countries over there have acted. Seventeen of them as their partial solution of the unemployment problem have adopted systems of social insurance and, as we mass together the figures which the economists have brought back with them, we find ourselves facing an interesting situation.

Of the seventeen systems referred to, eight are compulsory and nine voluntary. Under the compulsory systems, including England and Germany, 35,-





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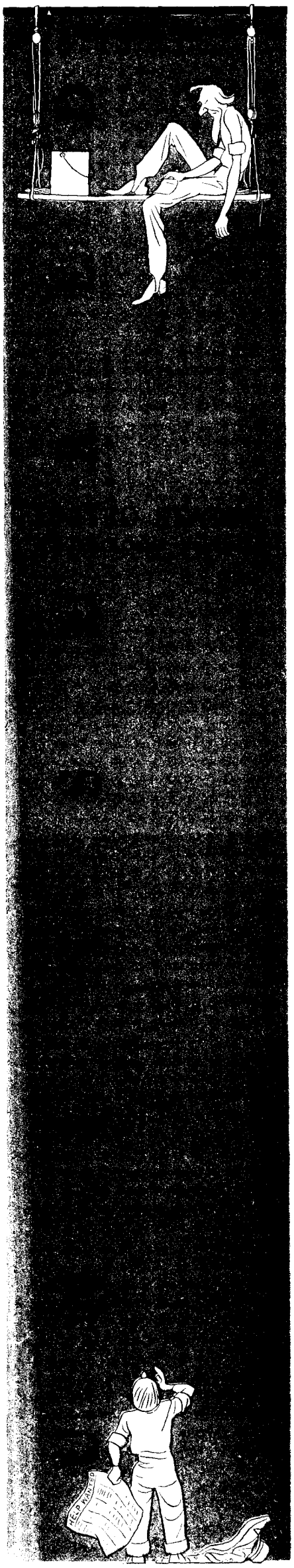


698,000 wage earners, or one-sixth of the *total population* of the eight countries represented, are insured against unemployment. Under the voluntary system, which embraces along with France eight of the smaller countries on the Continent, in which the various governments subsidize the funds contributed by the employers and employees in amounts varying from twenty-five to one hundred per cent, the number of workers protected is 3,037,000, or approximately 3¾ per cent of the total population.

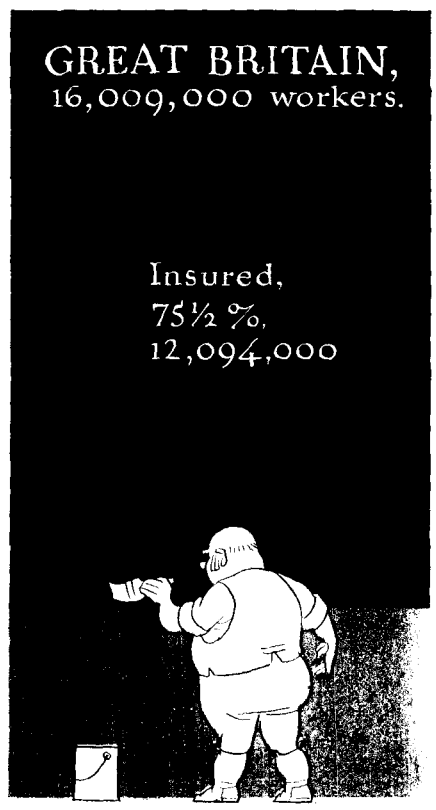
Now look at the United States, and for the sake of the contrast let's compare it with poor little Denmark. The result is pathetic, but not for Denmark. Denmark, which admits that it is a poor country, has a total population less than one-half as large as the army of unemployed now tramping the streets of the richest nation on earth and yet, under its form of voluntary social insurance in which all workers from sixteen to sixty, even agricultural workers, can participate, it provides self-respecting protection for more individuals than we do.

Here are the actual figures: With a population of around 3,500,000, and without causing a single one of its citizens to stand in a bread line or come cringingly forward to accept charity, Denmark protects 270,000 workers, whereas here in the tremendously powerful United States we have no recognized, legalized form of unemployment insurance that will care for anybody.

America on the Dole

To be sure, we have got a record along that line, but as it is one that we should be heartily ashamed of I hesitate to mention it. However, as it shows just how much of a help we Americans can be to one another under our theory of rugged individualism, I will set it down. Through a few scattered attempts made by wage earners, labor unions, and a bare half-dozen industries, unemployment reserves calculated to protect a mere handful of workers—in round numbers, 250,000 out of 48,000,000—are now being set aside!

"But," I hear a good many people who may be reading this article remark to themselves, "but just look at Europe. It's on the dole and Heaven knows we don't want to get ourselves in that kind of a fix." Bosh! The answer to that objection is manifestly threefold. In the first place, those who advance it are the victims, innocently perhaps, of the flood of political propaganda against social insurance which has been inundating this country for several years; secondly, we are already on the dole and nothing else but the dole; while, thirdly, the only way for us to get off it is to profit as far as possible by Europe's example, and also its mistakes, and establish for ourselves some scientific arrangement whereby the burden of unemployment can be taken off the shoulders of charity and placed where it belongs: upon the state on the one hand and industry on the other.



Making Better Workmen

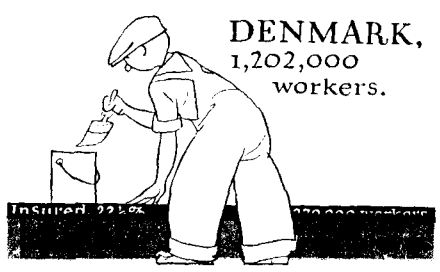
Looking at the problem from that angle, then, our economic experts discovered that some years ago Europe's employers came to the conclusion that turning out good products is not nearly as basic a function of industry as turning out good workmen. Think that idea over and see how fundamentally sound it is. All right. That is exactly what the European employers did. They thought that idea over; they arrived at exactly the same conclusion you have arrived at, and forthwith, knowing that with better workmen better production would take care of itself, they set out to formulate plans to make workmen better.

"Now what is it," they asked themselves, "in an age like the present—an age wherein it will soon be impossible for any man to be wholly independent—that every individual is entitled to and must constantly strive to attain?" Again the answer was fundamental: Economic security. Safety. Give that to a group of workmen and you have made better workmen out of every one of them. Having taken away from before their eyes the haunting picture of their families in want, you have taken away from them the most oppressive emotion known to man, that of fear, and have transformed them into capable and efficient members of society.

Basing their action on the knowledge that unemployment is recurrent, and on the common-sense idea that the time to prepare for a catastrophe is before the catastrophe arrives, seventeen countries in Europe have made an honest effort along the above-mentioned lines, and therefore, regardless of the mistakes due to inexperience which they may have made, that effort stands forth as a great one which farseeing men have made to do justice to all by bringing about an equitable distribution of the necessities of life.

Take England as an example—and England is mentioned because it, more than any country, is held up to us as a horrible example of what social insurance will bring us to—and if we will only be reasonable in our judgments we will see that on the whole the experience that the right little, tight little isle has had with its unemployment problem is not disheartening.

Briefly, here is what has happened in England: In 1911, as the first country in the world legally to recognize the obligation of society to care for its unemployed, Great Britain created a compulsory unemployment insurance fund into which contributions from certain insured trades became payable in July, 1912, and out of which benefits were to be distributed, if needed, six months later. During the first years the act was in operation no financial difficulties were encountered, and at the beginning of the war there was a substantial cash balance on hand. After the war, even down to 1922, the fund still remained solvent; in fact it showed a surplus of $100,000,000 in 1920.



But between the close of the war and 1922, in handling a new problem Great Britain got pretty well mixed up. When its demobilized soldiers, especially in 1920, began to seek work and could find none the government began the distribution of what was called the out-of-work donation: a straight gift from the treasury which was not drawn from any previously purposely accumulated reserve fund. As the payment of the taxpayers' obligation with the taxpayers' money, this was all right until the government, finding that the out-of-work donations would have to continue for an indefinite period, violated all sound insurance principles of the original unemployment act by incorporating *all* unemployment under it.

This was a mistake of the first magnitude. It was the mistake that has created all the confusion in England, and for us to profit by it through understanding why *all* unemployment relief cannot come under an insurance plan as well as why, as already indicated by our experts' conclusions, the state must assume one burden while industry must voluntarily assume another, we have only to look at what those same experts have to tell us regarding insurance.

"Insurance is simply a redistribution of a man's income. In life insurance a man reserves part of his income to provide for his family after his death; in health insurance part is reserved for the contingency of illness, while in old-age pensions part is reserved for the later years of life."

That is all there is to insurance, and therefore it is immediately apparent that redistribution of incomes can only be applied to those who normally have incomes. Thus the problem of caring for the unemployed automatically divides itself under two heads: Those who normally have incomes are insurable; and therefore, provided the right of all able-bodied men to enjoy economic security is a recognized right, it becomes the duty of the employer who provides them with those incomes also to provide them with insurance against periods of enforced idleness.

Profiting by British Errors

The logic here is very simple. A human being is certainly worth more than a cow. When, due to "cyclical fluctuation," a dairyman's cows go dry does he turn them out to starve until such time as they become productive again? Of course not. He avoids being haled into court by the Humane Society by cutting down on the animals' feed and bearing the expense of the upkeep, knowing that when the turn comes he'll get his money back.

The normally employed workman, then, like the cow, is entitled to protection by his employer; whereas the other class, the class which has no normal income, is a problem which society at large must deal with and which it cannot attempt to pass on to any insurance scheme. This much, as a matter of theory, we have learned from England and now, as a practical matter, with England paying for all its mistakes, let us see what the application of the theory of compulsory unemployment relief has cost the country and what results have been achieved.

First, the result of England's organized effort at unemployment relief—

(Continued on page 41)

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE Place of the Great Magician, near Afghanistan, Sir Lionel Barton, *world-famous Orientalist, makes the greatest*—and most dangerous—find of his career: the long-lost tomb of El Mokanna, the Veiled Prophet of Khorassân. He rifles the tomb and destroys it. Then, carrying with him a heavy iron casket—a green box containing the Prophet's sword (known as "The Sword of God"), his gold-graven "New Creed," and his mask of gold (worn to conceal his hideous features)—Sir Lionel journeys to Ispahân.

El Mokanna has been dead eleven centuries. But he still has fanatical followers. Sir Lionel soon learns he is in peril. . . . At Ispahân, the party—including Dr. van Berg, an archæologist to whom the box is entrusted, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's beautiful niece, and Rima's fiancé, Shan Greville, who tells the story—takes a house. Across the street is an ancient edifice—the "Ghost Mosque." From it weird screams emanate nightly.

Awakened by one of the screams, *in the house*, early one morning, Rima arouses Greville. They rush to van Berg's room. He is there—dead. Someone—*or something*—has entered his window, thirty feet above the street, and stabbed him to death! The box, however, has not been stolen. . . . While discussing the situation with Captain Woodville, a British army officer employed in secret service work, Shan sees—or *thinks* he sees—mysterious green eyes peering at him through a window. Then—

"The Prophet's followers believe he has been reborn. They long to spread his 'New Creed' through the East. All they need is a fanatic to lead them with the 'Sword of God.' We have reason to fear they have found such a leader—that he wants what you have in that box, and *will stick at nothing to get it.*"

II

SOMEONE to see you, Greville Effendîm."

I raised my eyes from the notes which I had been studying but did not look around. Through the open window in front of the table at which I had been working I could see on the opposite side of the narrow street the sun-bathed wall of that deserted mosque of unpleasant history.

A window almost on a level with that through which I was looking was heavily outlined on one side and at the top by dense shadows. Only that morning I had explored the mosque—penetrating to the gallery behind that window. What I had hoped to find I really don't know. Actually, I had found nothing.

"Show him in, Ali Mahmoud."

I pushed the notes aside, and turned, as footsteps on the landing outside told me that my visitor had arrived.

Then I sprang swiftly to my feet. . . . Something I had vaguely prayed for, something I had not dared to expect, had actually happened! A tall, lean man, with clean-shaven face so sun-baked as to resemble that of an Arab, stood in the doorway.

"Sir Denis! Sir Denis!" I cried. "This is almost *too* wonderful!"

It was Sir Denis Nayland Smith, Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard, one of my chief's oldest friends, and the one man in the world whom I would have chosen to be with us now. But the mystery of his appearance had knocked me sideways; and as he grasped my hand that lean, tired face relaxed in the boyish smile that I knew, and loved; and:

"A surprise?" he snapped in his queer, staccato fashion. "It was a surprise to me too, Greville. If anybody had offered to take a hundred to one, three days ago, that I should be in Ispahân now, I should have made the bet."

"But . . ." I looked him up and down.

He wore a leather overcoat over a very dilapidated flannel suit, and, since he was hatless, I saw that his crisp, wavy hair, more heavily silvered in the interval since our last meeting, was disordered.

"But where does Scotland Yard come in?"

"It doesn't come in at all," he returned. "I resigned from Scotland Yard six months ago, Greville. I have been on a sort of secret mission to southern India. I came back via Basra, intending to return overland and by air. There is no time to waste, you understand. But at Basra I had news."

"News of what?" I asked, my brain in somewhat of a whirl.

"NEWS that changed my plans," he returned gravely, and his piercing glance fixed me for a moment. "Excuse me if I seem eccentric, but would you mind stepping around the table, Greville, and looking out of the window? I should be glad to know if there is anyone in the street."

Too surprised to reply, I did as he asked. The narrow street was empty as far as I could see it to the left. To the right, where it lay in deep shadow and climbed upward under the lee of the deserted mosque, I could not be so sure that someone, or something, a vague figure, was not lurking. However, after watching for some moments, I determined that the figure existed only in my imagination.

"Nobody," I reported.

"Ah! I hope you're right—but I doubt it."

Nayland Smith had shed his leather coat and was engaged in loading one of those large, cracked briers that I had known so well with the peculiar cross-cut mixture which he favored, and which he kept in a pouch at least as dilapidated as his pipe.

The room, which we used as an office, was in better order than during poor van Berg's time. The bed in which our late colleague had slept had been removed, and I had reduced the place to something like order.

I went to a side table, pouring out a drink. Nayland Smith's eyes were more than normally bright, and his features, I thought, looked almost haggard. He had dropped into an armchair. He took the glass which I handed to him but set it down on the armrest, its contents untasted, and:

"Greville," he said, "the hand of destiny may clearly be seen in all this. Where is Barton?"

"I expected him back by now," I replied. "Rima is with him. Do you know what's happened, Sir Denis? Is that why you're here?"

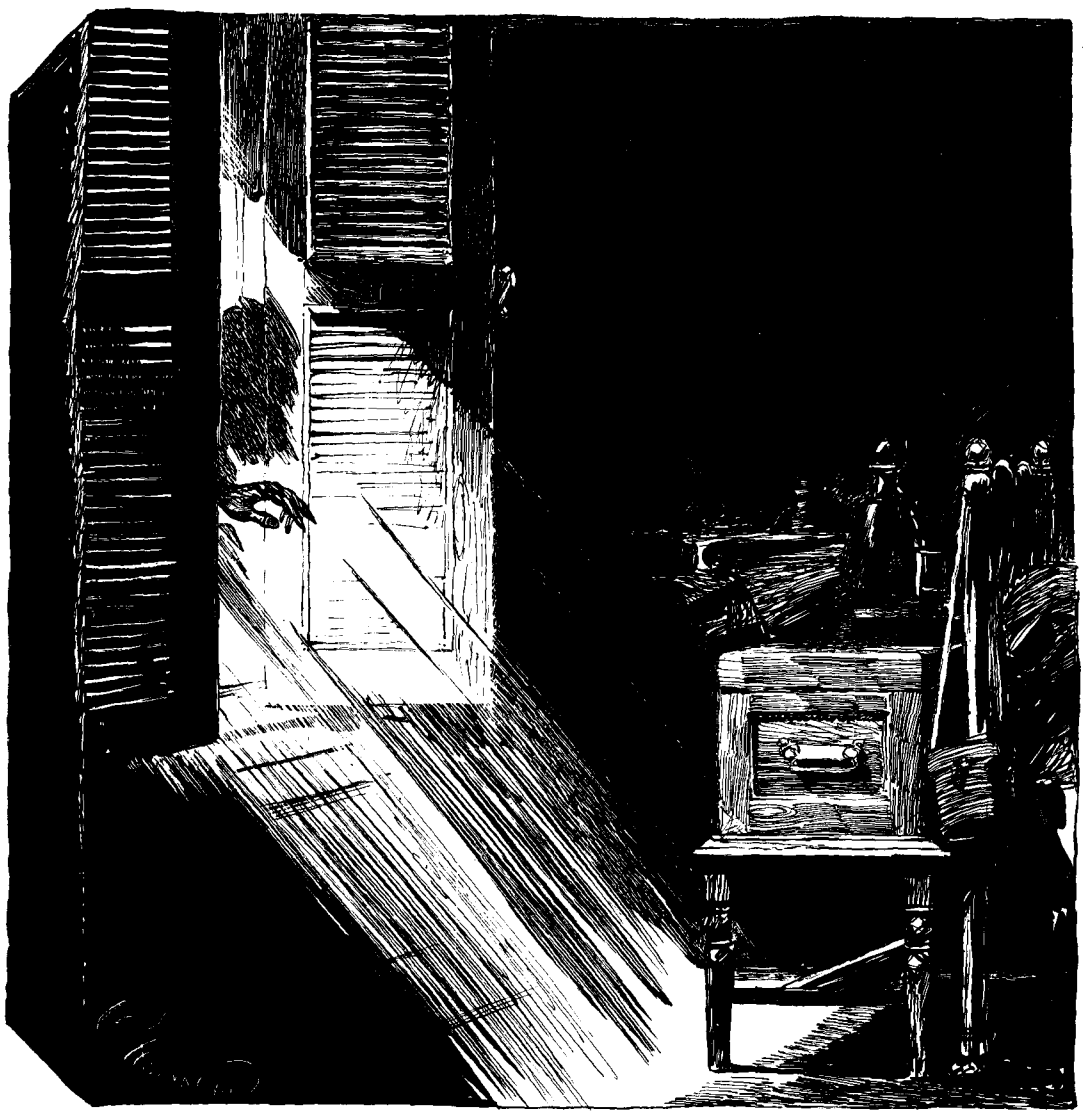
"I know that Dr. van Berg has been *murdered*," *he returned grimly.* "But that isn't why I'm here."

He lighted his pipe, absent-mindedly, three matches being used before he was satisfied; then:

"I am here," he went on, "because there is a dangerous movement on the Afghan border; one creeping south, day by day. Definite orders reached me at Basra. That's why I'm here, Greville. Heaven knows we had enough trouble before, but now that the tribes are rising in response to a mad rumor that El Mokanna, the Masked Prophet, has come out of his tomb to lead them, I don't know where my duty lies."

He had picked up his glass, but he set it down again, and fixed me with a steady glance of his steel-gray eyes.

"I suspect that it lies *here!*" he snapped. "Some madness of Barton's is at the bottom of this superstitious rumor, which by now has swept all over the East—Near and Far."



Beyond a faint straining of woodwork, no

I sustained that stare with great difficulty, and presently:

"You are right, Sir Denis," I admitted. "The truth of the matter I don't know, and I don't think the chief knows it—but I have every reason to believe that poor van Berg met his death at the hands of some fanatic inspired by this rumor. He died in this room. And the manner of his death remains a mystery to this present hour."

"BARTON is mad," said Nayland Smith definitely. "His investigations have caused nearly as much trouble as the zeal of the most earnest missionaries."

He stood up and began to pace the long, narrow room in his restless fashion. In this trick, which betrayed the intense, pent-up vitality of the man, he reminded me of the chief. Together, the pair of them emitted almost visible sparks of force.

"Be as brief as you can," he directed. "The clue to the trouble lies here—obscured by now, probably. I have Captain Woodville's report—but it omits almost every essential point. Give me your own story of the death of van Berg." *He stared at me intently.* "The peace of the world, Greville, may rest upon your accuracy."

"Poor van Berg," I explained, "slept in this room, which throughout the time that we have been in Ispahân we have used as an office. All the records are kept here and, up to the time of the tragedy, the most valuable record of all was here—a strong iron box, which the chief almost invariably carried with him, and in which it was his custom to deposit valuable finds."

"At the time of van Berg's death," Nayland Smith said sharply, "what did this box contain?"

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

sound whatever was occasioned by the intruder

"It contained," I replied, "to the best of my knowledge, fifteen plates of thin gold, upon which were engraved the articles of the New Creed; the Sword of God, a very beautiful piece; and a grotesque golden mask—all that remained of El Mokanna, the prophet of Khorassân."

Nayland Smith nodded.

"Van Berg was definitely uneasy from the time that we entered into occupancy of this house. It belongs to a Persian friend of Sir Lionel's—for the chief has friends everywhere; and he arranged in some way that it should be our headquarters in Ispahân. In certain respects it suited us well enough. But as you can see, it's in a queer district and it lies actually in the shadow of the so-called Ghost Mosque."

"Ghost Mosque!" Nayland Smith echoed. "I don't want to interrupt—but explain more fully what you mean."

"I WILL do my best. It appears that years ago—I am rather shaky as to dates—an imâm of the mosque opposite, who happened to be related to the Grand Sherîf of Ispahân, conceived a passion for the favorite wife of the then heir-apparent, who formerly had a house near by. They were detected together—so the story goes—inside the gallery of the minaret. The exact details of their fate at the hands of the eunuchs are more lurid than pleasant. But the guilty pair were finally thrown from the gallery to the street below. The mosque has never been used since that day; and the death cries of the victims are supposed to be heard from time to time. . . ."

Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe of his ear irritably, but made no comment; and:

"This circumstance, no doubt," I added, "accounts for the ease with which Sir Lionel obtained possession of so large a house at such short notice. It was shut up on our arrival, and musty from long disuse. I give these details, Sir Denis, first, because you asked for them, and, second, because they have a curious bearing on the death of van Berg."

"I quite understand."

"The chief related this story with tremendous gusto when we took up our residence here. You know his bloodthirsty sense of humor? But the effect on Rima was dreadful. She's as fit as any man to cope with actual danger and hardship, but this bogey business got completely on her nerves. Personally, I treated it as what it really is—a piece of native superstition. I was altogether more worried about the real purpose of our long delay in Ispahân. I don't know to this present hour why Sir Lionel hung on here. But my skepticism about the Ghost Mosque got rather a jar."

"In what way?"

"Last Thursday night—that is, two nights before his death—van Berg aroused me. He said that he had been awakened by a sound which resembled that of a huge bird alighting upon the balcony outside his window."

"*This* window?" Nayland Smith interrupted, and pointed.

"This window. The shutters were closed, but not latched, and this sound, so he told me, aroused him. He sprang out of bed, switched on the flashlight which lay beside him, and ran across to the shutters. As he did so, he heard a low, moaning sound which rose to a wail and then died away. When he threw the shutters open and looked out into the street, there was nobody there."

"Did he examine the woodwork?"

"He didn't say so."

Nayland Smith snapped his fingers and nodded to me to go on.

"Imagine my feelings, Sir Denis, when Rima awakened me on Saturday night, saying that she had heard a cry from van Berg's room, almost immediately above her own (that is, the room in which we are now), followed, as she crept out of her door to awaken me, by a moaning sound outside the house and high up in the air!"

"Where is your room?"

"At the farther end of the same corridor below."

"I must inspect this corridor. Go on."

"Rima woke me up—I had been fast asleep. I won't disguise, Sir Denis, the fact that our possession of these relics had become somewhat of a nightmare. When I learned of the disturbance in van Berg's room above, followed by that strange cry, which I could only suppose to be the same that he himself had heard, I feared the worst . . . and I was right."

"Did Rima more particularly describe this cry?" Nayland Smith asked impatiently.

"No. But I can do so."

"What?"

"I heard it later myself as I went along the corridor past her room."

"Was the moon up?'

"Yes."

"Was her door open?"

"Wide open."

"Was there any light in her room?"

"Yes—she had opened her shutters, and was listening, so I understand, for further sounds from van Berg's room above."

"WAS that when she heard the sound?"

"No. She heard it as she opened her door and came along to me."

"Is there a window facing the door of her room?"

"Yes, almost immediately opposite; in fact, just below where I am standing."

"Good!" rapped Nayland Smith. "Go on."

I stared at him for a moment. I detected something like a glint of satisfaction in the steely gray eyes, and began to wonder if he had already seen light where all was darkness to the rest of us.

"I had just reached Rima's door," I went on, "when I myself heard the extraordinary sound for the first time."

"It was not the cry of a dacoit?"

"It was not."

"Give me some idea of it. Can you imitate it?"

"I fear that's impossible."

"Was it a sound made by a human being? By an animal? By some kind of musical instrument?"

"Frankly, I dare not venture to say. It began with a sort of whistling note, which rose to a shriek and died away in a kind of wail."

Nayland Smith, who had been pacing up and down throughout the whole time that I had been speaking, accelerated his step and began tugging at the lobe of his left ear, in a state of furious irritation or deep reflection—I could not determine which. Until, since I had paused:

"Go on!" he snapped.

"Quite frankly, I was scared out of my wits. I called very softly to Rima to go down to the lobby and wake Ali Mahmoud, and I went on upstairs to the corridor outside this door."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes; a vague, scuffling sound. I stepped forward to the door and called van Berg. The scuffling continued, but there was no reply. I opened the door."

"It was not locked, then?"

"No. Van Berg had no occasion to lock his door, since his room, so far as we knew, was inaccessible except by means of the street entrance—and Ali Mahmoud slept in the lobby. I saw that the shutters—those before you—were half open. Two Caspian kittens, pets of the chief, which are now locked in an adjoining room, were in here. Van Berg was very fond of animals, and I imagine that they had been sleeping at the foot of his bed at the time he was aroused."

"YOU need not tell me where he lay," said Nayland Smith grimly; "the stain is still on the floor. Where was the iron box?"

"He lay across it," I said, and my voice was rather shaky, "clutching the two handles. He had been stabbed from behind with a long, narrow blade, which had pierced right through to his heart. But there was not a soul in the room, and the street below was deserted. Apart from which, this window is thirty feet above the ground."

"Did you examine the ledge and the shutters?"

"No."

"Has *anyone* examined them?"

"Not to my knowledge."

Sir Denis stood with his back to me for several moments; then, turning:

"Go on!" he cried. "You must have derived some other impressions. Had the bed definitely been slept in, for instance?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Was van Berg armed?"

"No. His revolver—a heavy service type—was on a table beside his bed. His flashlight was still under his pillow."

"Was he a heavy drinker?"

I stared, uncomprehendingly.

"On the contrary."

Nayland Smith gave me a steely glance.

"H'm!" he snapped. "Amazing! A man, already apprehensive of attack, a man of some experience, wakes to the certain knowledge that there's an intruder in his room—and what does he do? He springs out of bed, unarmed, in semi-darkness—although a flashlight and a revolver lie under his hand—and throws himself across the iron box. Really, Greville! Reconstruct the scene for yourself. Was van Berg's behavior, as you indicate it, *normal?*"

"No, Sir Denis," I admitted. "Now

(Continued on page 26)

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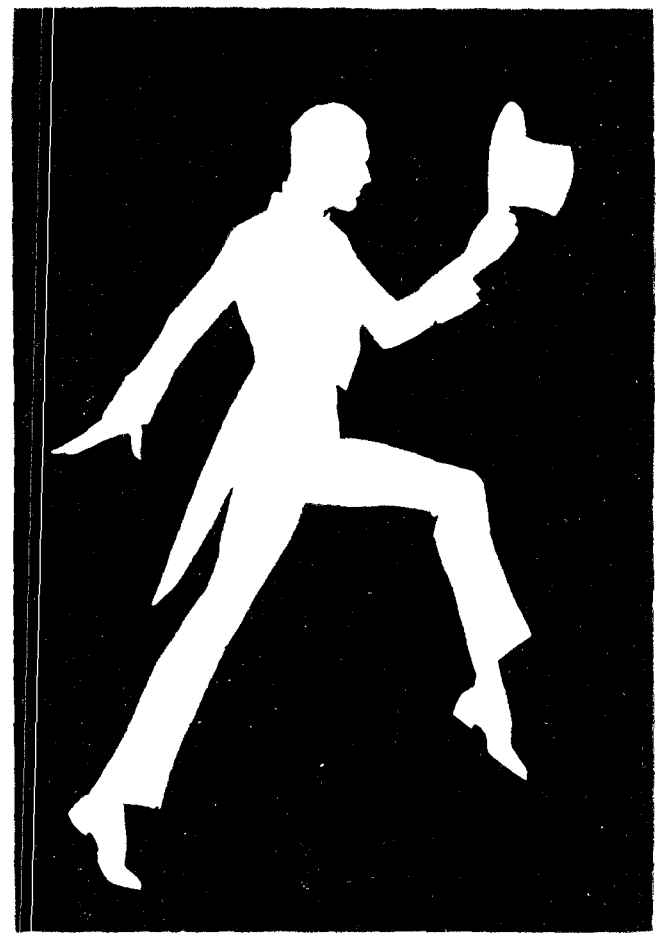
The Wife of the Party

The harrowing adventure of a gentleman of genius—whose spouse had the proper slant on him

By Octavus Roy Cohen



FOR goodness' sake, Joe Doyle—stop fidgeting!"

"Who's fidgeting?"

"You are." The wifely eyes narrowed. "What's wrong?"

"I never said nothing was wrong."

"It is, though. I can tell. I can tell something is wrong by the way you fidget."

"You ought to of gone in the mystic business instead of on the vaudeville stage. Here you are, telling me something is wrong when I haven't said a word."

"Where've you been all afternoon?"

Joe Doyle, of Joe Doyle & Co., lighted a cigarette and struggled to appear nonchalant. "I been talking to Eddie Stokes."

"The booker?"

"Yeah—him. We been having a long talk."

Mabel frowned. "So that's what's wrong, is it? He's been trying to cut our salary."

"No."

"You don't mean to say he's having trouble routing us?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, what's wrong, then? And don't tell me you haven't said anything was wrong, because you just the same as have. Is it the act?"

"Sort of!"

"I wouldn't stand for it. That's the way with you, Joe Doyle—you're the best nut comedian in the business; you got a rep from coast to coast; you're always giving them a new act on account you have got such a good line of fresh wise-cracks—and here you let a booker ride you."

"He wasn't riding me."

"What did he say?"

Joe was frightened. "Remember, it was him that said it; not me."

"Said what?" Grimly.

"About the act."

"Hmm!" She waited, and Mr. Doyle became no more at ease. "Spill it."

"Well, Eddie kinda talked around and talked around—"

"Like you're doing now."

"—and he was sorta hinting that something was wrong with the act."

"He would! After you played three weeks at the Palace last season and panicked 'em. I suppose he says you're slipping and that your stuff ain't new."

"No, honey—he didn't say nothing like that. Believe me, I wouldn't stand for no such crack. Ain't you the one that fixes our material? Don't you feed me just the kind of new lines that I can think up smart comebacks for? Ain't our act always *different*? I told him that myself, Mabel—I says to him: 'Eddie,' I says, 'our act is new and fresh and different, and while we got an act all wrote out that we can fall back on when we need it, you know good and well, Eddie, that we're always giving 'em new laughs. Always,' I says."

SHE gazed searchingly at the unhappy gentleman.

"Then it was me."

"What was you?"

"That he was talking about."

"Aw, honey! You know I wouldn't let no bozo talk about you. Much."

"What did he say?"

"Let's not talk about it."

"Joe Doyle! Tell me right this minute what Eddie said."

Mr. Doyle fervently wished himself elsewhere. "I didn't agree with him, but he books the act, Mabel, and what he says carries weight, see?"

"Go ahead."

"Well . . ." Joe took a fresh grip on his courage. "He was sort of hinting around that maybe our act needed a little prettying up."

"He took a crack at me?"

"He did not," denied Joe indignantly. "Do you suppose I'd leave any bird take cracks at you? He was just talking professionally, and he said you was a swell dame—one of the best he ever met—but he sort of hinted that you ain't got the figure you used to have."

"He did, did he? And what else?"

"Well, he says to me, he says: 'Joe, you know I'm crazy about Mabel, but she's all washed up. What your act needs is a dame who has got youth and looks and a figure, and who maybe can hoof a little. Mabel is getting along,' he says, 'and she don't realize it's time for her to quit. Her walking out in sights,' he says, 'ain't even funny no more.' Honest, Mabel, that's all he said."

"You're sure that's all?"

"Positive. Except he *did say* maybe I could work single, but I told him he knew better than that, because I get lost when I'm on alone. And he says, 'Well, if you're gonna keep on working double, get yourself a dame that don't look like no Civil War veteran.'"

"He said that, did he?"

"Uh-huh! Just exactly that."

"Eddie sort of didn't leave you in no doubt about what he was driving at, did he?"

"He sure didn't. Eddie always was a clear explainer."

"You agreed with him?"

"Certainly not! But, I said I'd look over one dame he has in mind. She's working in a night club in the West Fifties and he says she's a darb, and cheap. I told him I'd speak to you—"

"You have. And how!"

"You ain't sore, are you, honey?"

"Of course I ain't sore. I'm complimented! And I appreciate how you stood up for me when Eddie was telling you what a washout I am."

"He didn't say no such thing. He only explained that business is business. He said you was fine, only that audiences was getting tired of looking at you, and I'm going with him tonight to give this new dame the up and down."

"BABE is a knockout," enthused Joe. "When did you start calling her Babe?"

"Long time ago."

"A long time you call it. We only been out of New York three weeks."

"Aw, Mabel—listen: You know good and well that's her name. Her name is Babe Martin."

"Says she!"

"Well, she don't have to get a baptism certificate to prove it, does she? And besides, what difference does it make to the act? It's still Joe Doyle & Co., and all the public can see is that now I have got a classy-looking feeder."

"Go ahead. Rub it in!"

"I *ain't rubbing nothing in. I'm just* telling you. This Babe Martin is a looker, and she's built like nobody's business. She can do a neat tap routine and she feeds me them lines swell. Why, last night when she started off on that new line about the depression I was knocked off my feet. Them lines of hers come to me framed so it was a cinch to send her a lot of funny comebacks, and it was a riot. Not knockin' you, hon—but she had me clickin' as good as you ever did."

"Queer, ain't it? Well, listen to me, Thick Skull—I wrote them lines. I worked with her three days drilling her how to say them and when."

Joe shook his head admiringly. "You're a swell little wife. And brainy! Yes, sir, no matter what time has done to your looks, it sure ain't hurt your bean any."

"Thanks, Joe. You always did have a knack for paying compliments."

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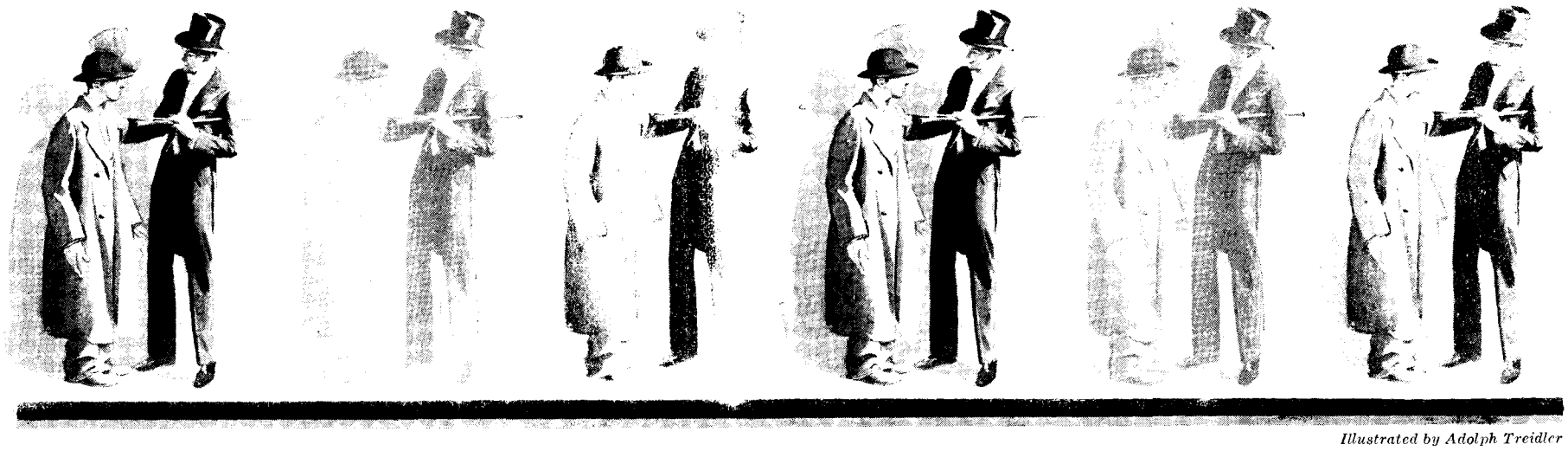

Illustrated by Adolph Treidler

"You ain't jealous, are you?"

"Jealous? Me? That's a laugh."

"Say, listen: I ain't so bad as all that. And this dame likes me."

"Did she say so?"

"Sure."

"I suppose she told you that's why she went with you at half the salary she was getting at that night club, eh?"

"No!" Joe looked about the room and then lowered his voice: "She told me why, Mabel. It's a secret."

"Fine. Let's have it."

"You won't let on I told you?"

"Not a chirp."

"She come with the act," explained Joe, "to get away from a gangster who was hounding her."

"Yeah? Well, I bet she hounds easy."

"Listen, hon—this is on the level. He was a gangster that used to hang around that night club. After her, see? Well, she ain't that kind of a girl, and so when she got a chance to go on the road, she grabbed it, because then it would get her away from this bird. Ain't that reasonable?"

"Sure it is. Sure! You're a smart lad, Joe."

"You ain't jealous!"

She laughed lightly. "Not yet, Joe. But there's always hope."

"And that," he snapped, "is crazy talk."

Babe Martin, clad in tights, turned the full power of her round blue eyes upon Joe Doyle. They stood in the wings awaiting their music cue.

"Mr. Doyle," she cooed, "I've got to see you tonight."

"Ain't you seeing me now?"

"Sure I am. But I mean after the show, alone."

"Aw, g'wan!"

She produced a blush. "Oh! I don't mean anything personal, Mr. Doyle. I want to talk to you about something important."

MR. DOYLE was pleased. A marvelous eccentric comedian, he had never found himself unduly attractive to women, and Babe's eagerness was flattering. He shrugged and announced that it was kayo with him—then shambled on-stage and disclosed to a delighted audience what was known from coast to coast as the deadest pan in vaudeville.

The act clicked amazingly well that night at both shows, and following the last one Joe Doyle broke the news to Mabel.

"Hon, I gotta date."

"With Babe?"

He assumed a pained expression. "There you go—always thinking something."

"Is it with her?"

"What right have you got thinking it is?"

"I asked you."

"Well, she's in a jam and wants to talk to me. I told her she could."

"Imagine that! She didn't happen to invite me, too, did she?"

"I guess she just forgot."

"Getting good, ain't you, Joe?"

"Can I go?"

"I got too much sense to say no, but I'm blessed if I'll say yes."

"That's fine, sugar. I knew you'd see it the right way."

SHE gazed at him with some amazement. "If you wasn't so dumb, Joe Doyle, I'd think you was clever."

Feeling slightly guilty, Mr. Doyle left the theater with Babe Martin. At her suggestion, they taxied out to a little night club on the outskirts of the city. Mr. Doyle felt virtuous but excited.

"What's eating on you, Babe?"

She blinked rapidly and effectively. "I got troubles."

"Yeah?"

"I have, Mr. Doyle. I've had them for almost two weeks and I thought maybe they'd pass off. I thought I'd better speak to you about them."

"Let's have it."

"About ten days ago, Mr. Doyle, I happened to look down in the audience, and who should I see there but Nick."

"All right. Who should you?"

"I'm serious. It *was* Nick."

"Who is Nick?"

"That man I told you I took this job because of."

"Good Lord! The gangster?"

"He ain't a gangster. He's a racketeer."

"That's a gangster."

"No, it ain't. He just bootlegs slightly, but he doesn't gang."

"He's chasing you? Following you around?"

"Uh-huh. Every matinée and night he's in the house. He says he's eaten up with jealousy and he doesn't know what he'll do if I don't marry him."

Mr. Doyle was aghast. "And you bring me out here with you! If he seen us, he'd get jealous and put me on the spot."

"He don't put on spots, Mr. Doyle; he isn't a gangster. Just a cheap bootlegger."

"I know better. He'd rub me out in a minute if he caught us together."

"YOU don't understand. He ain't that kind of a feller. Wait till you see him. He's little; a heap smaller than you."

"Guns make all men equal."

"But he don't do that way. He's gentle and kind—"

"I know. Says 'Excuse me!' when he bumps somebody off. Well, I don't crave to have him apologizing to me. And I don't see why you dragged me out here, where if he found us—"

"I need your help, Mr. Doyle. You've got to help me get rid of him."

"Me? Help you get rid of him? Girl, you're goofy. I wouldn't go near that bird for a million bucks. I ain't got any use for gangsters and don't want to mess up with them."

"But I can't hardly work—seeing him there in the audience. And he says he ain't going back to New York unless I go with him."

"Go ahead, then."

"You wouldn't want me to marry a man like that?"

"Says you I wouldn't. I'd want you to do anything to get that bimbo off my neck."

"But he ain't on your neck. I gave up a good job to get away from him, and I ain't gonna quit this one. I just thought there might be something you could do about it."

"There is. I can worry like heck."

"I thought that maybe if you had a talk with him . . ."

"Well, I ain't going to. Not now—or ever. And if I ever see him coming, I'm going to depart quick. I'm tellin' you, Babe, you get loose from that guy—and quick. I'm scared of him, and now that I know he's in the audience, I'm gonna be lousy on the stage, expecting every minute to hear a gat go off—"

"I told you," she explained patiently, "that he ain't a gangster. Only just a racketeer—"

"All the same thing. I know. We're goin' back to town, Babe—and we're goin' in separate cabs."

"You can't do that!"

"Can't I? You watch. I'll have my cab trail you in, but I think too much of myself to risk getting out of a cab with you and have that bloodthirsty gangster—"

"He ain't a gangster. He's just—"

"I don't care if he's a ribbon clerk; I'm scared of any gunman. Now—let's go!"

MABEL seemed strangely unsympathetic. "Swell dame, this Babe. She's got a shape, good looks, a neat pair of gams and a gunman."

"Did I know that?"

"Did you ever know anything?"

"It wasn't my idea. Eddie Stokes was the one. He says to me—"

"I know. He told you that your wife was getting faded and losing them nice outlines, and so for ten minutes you and him agreed about how right he was. Well, you got what you wanted, with a wild man thrown in."

Joe Doyle paced the room and mopped his forehead.

"I could fire Babe—"

"No. You got a contract with her. And if you did she'd most likely get sore at you, make up with this Nick—and he'd fill you full of daylight."

"Mmm! That's one thing I love about you, Mabel—you're always making me feel better and better."

"I got a brain, Joe—even if my shape has thickened out."

Joe brightened. "I got an idea, hon. You talk to him!"

"Me? Have it out with Nick?"

"Yeah. Gangsters don't shoot women in cold blood."

"He might not be so cold."

"I thought you said this wasn't no time for kidding."

"Maybe not. But I ain't talking to any gangster, either."

"Then what can I do about it, Mabel? I'm worried."

"Tire him out. We got thirty weeks left. He won't be able to stand it that long. He'll go back to New York—or else—"

(Continued on page 41)

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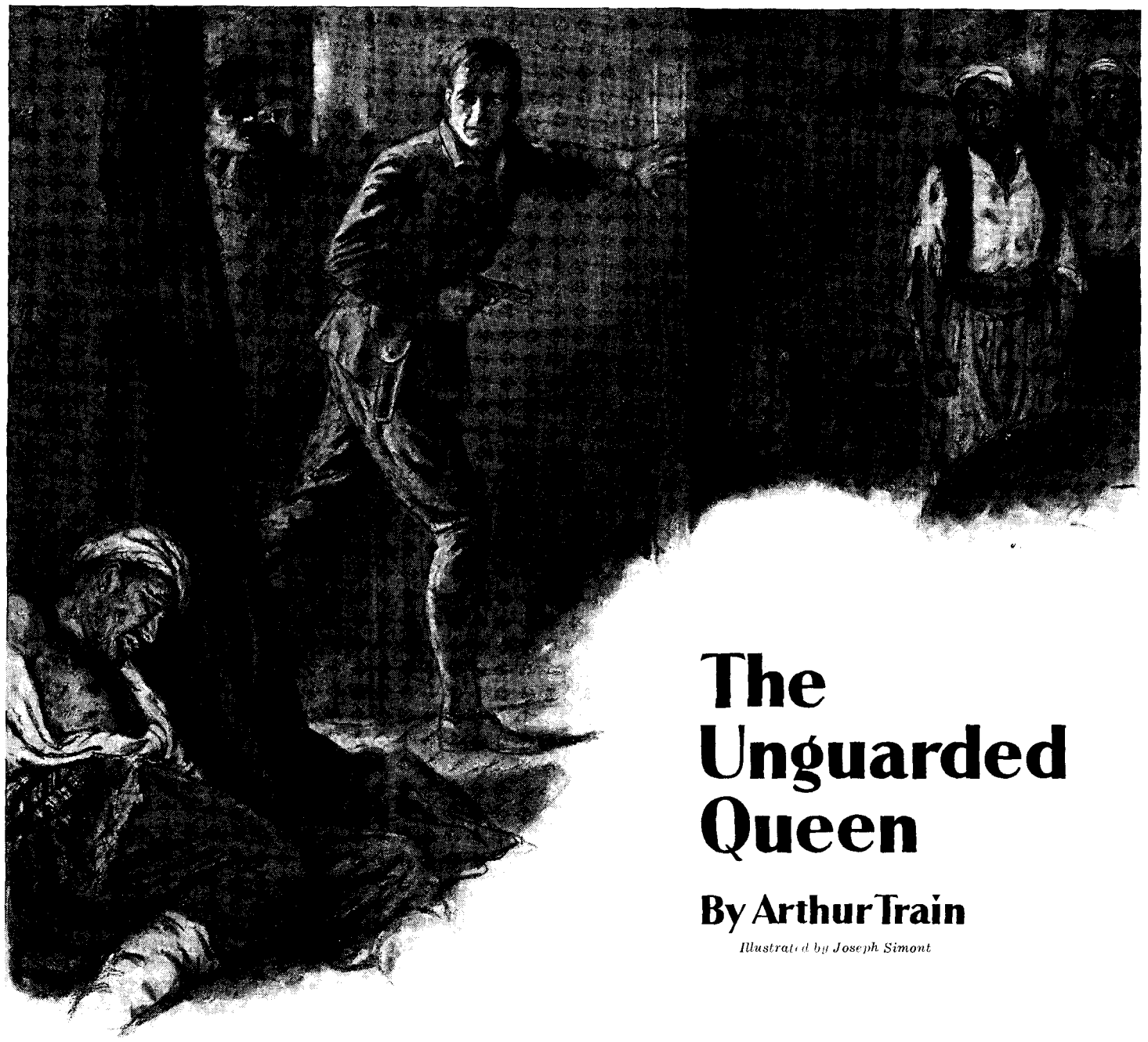

Brent walked rapidly from room to room without finding any trace of Milan

The Unguarded Queen

By Arthur Train

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

The Story Thus Far:

ALL Illyria is in a turmoil. King Stephan Stephanovitch is dead! It was his wish, and the wish of General Michael Kosovo, that Helen Stevens, now the Princess Stephanie Stephanovitch—daughter of the late Crown Prince Dushan, who renounced his right to the throne to marry an American girl—should succeed him as monarch of Illyria.

The present Crown Prince, Milan—a scoundrel and son of King Stephan's second wife—is backed by Italy in his claim to the throne because Italy hopes, through him, to gain control of the famous Tokar oil field. Prince Marko, another aspirant to the throne—who had been betrothed to Helen against her will—has been murdered in the room of Ezra Sloat, the crooked representative of the Consolidated Petroleum Company of New York.

This company, suspicious of Sloat, has sent John Brent to Illyria to check up on him. Brent, a friend of General Kosovo's, discovers Sloat's plans to get the oil field for himself by putting Marko on the throne. Brent is in love with Helen, whom he met on the boat crossing from the United States, knowing her only as the beautiful American tennis player.

Helen, just as the King died, was taken to the mountain stronghold of the robber baron, Paolo Radescu. Radescu had been duped by Milan into perpetrating this outrage, but when Brent, in a plane, finds Helen and explains to Radescu—an old friend—the bandit immediately joins Helen's party.

On their return the capital city, Zeta, is thrown into an uproar. Troops of both factions are in the city and battle is inevitable.

Helen's reappearance disrupts Milan's plan to claim the throne. He decides to resort to force before Kosovo and Brent can bring loyal troops to the capital. Fighting begins immediately, with many casualties, and the defenders are forced to retire from the palace, which Milan prepares to occupy.

Brent, with a few troops, volunteers to dislodge Milan before his position becomes impregnable.

Conclusion

BRENT, collecting the first men he met, descended to the colonnade and formed them in columns of fours. Protected by the bulwark of planks and sandbags between the arches, he led them to the cafés opposite the cathedral where six or seven hundred of the little iron tables were stacked, one on top of the other, in long rows.

"When I give the word," he told them, "let each man take a table and, using the top as a shield, follow me."

"Good idea, Jack!" said the familiar voice of Shepard at his elbow. "You evidently remember your Roman history. Cæsar used the same *testudo* formation, if I recall, at Pharsalia."

"What are you doing here?" demanded Brent. "I told you to look after Her Royal Highness."

"'Her Majesty,' you mean, don't you? I have a feeling I'll see more action and get fuller details if I stick by you."

The whole upper end of the piazza was now thick with smoke shot through with long spears of reddish bronze and gold by the sinking sun. Volley after volley echoed from the parade ground, intermingled with cheers and yells.

"They're coming out!" cried Shepard, as a column of Moslems emerged from the main door of the palace and started on a run down the steps. The machine guns on the roof withheld their fire until several hundred were crowded about the gate and then let loose a withering storm of bullets. The crowd reeled and many of them dropped, but the multitude of men pouring from the exits and even from the windows was so great that the majority were able to leap over the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades and get into the square. Coincidently the firing from the roof slackened and then stopped.

"THE ammunition has given out!" cried Shepard. "Better beat it back to the War Office."

"Come on, boys!" yelled Brent, and dashed for the tables. Seizing one by the wire legs and bending his body, he covered his face and breast with the circular top.

"You're crazy!" shouted Shepard, but he, too, grabbed up a table and took his stand beside his friend. Protecting themselves after the manner of the ancient Romans, Brent and his men fired a volley at the oncoming throng of Moslems and then charged. Instantly it became a mêlée. The riflemen in the windows dared not shoot for fear of killing their own men. Each combatant singled out some adversary and made it a personal matter. Brent saw a tall mountaineer attack Shepard ferociously and jab his bayonet through the little hole in the latter's table top, hoping, no doubt, to disable the correspondent's hand, but the latter by forcing the table downward rendered his opponent helpless and put a bullet through his head. They were, however, outnumbered three to one and the Moslems were fighting like madmen. Brent shot one who was on the point of bayoneting him and had turned just in time to save himself from another when he heard a cheer and saw a column of Tsernagorans led by Radescu streaming into the piazza out of the alley between the Law Courts and the Chamber of Nobles. These at once attacked Milan's men upon the flank and the latter, seeing themselves overwhelmed, broke and ran toward the palace with the Tsernagorans at their heels. Radescu came running up and seized Brent by the hand.

"HAIL, Cæsar!" he laughed.

"How did you get here?" panted Brent.

"Through the old goat hole in the wall. I've used it many a time before, but not for precisely such a purpose as this. Dravitch is shooting up the place from behind. Shall we go and clean 'em up?"

Together, with Shepard close behind them, they raced up the steps. The Tsernagorans had, however, already done the work and the Moslems, who had given up any hope of holding the palace, were throwing down their rifles on every hand and begging for quarter. The fight was over. The rooms were littered with bodies, the air thick with smoke.

"We must find Milan before he can escape," shouted Brent. "He is probably above."

Pistols in hand, they ascended the staircase.

"Milan could never get by the pickets," declared Radescu. "They'd know his ugly mug even if he were disguised as a mule driver."

Suddenly the electric lights came on, revealing anew all the ghastly evidences of what had occurred.

"You know the palace," said Radescu. "Show us where to look."

Brent walked rapidly from room to room without finding any trace of Milan. According to all reports he had been there up to the last moment before the flight from the piazza, although he had not ordered the surrender, which had been spontaneous. Yet no one had seen him go out.

They had examined the closets in the various private suites and were crossing the royal bathroom to search the late King's apartment when they came upon the pride of the palace—Stephan's "beautiful bathtub." A dirty rug hung cater-cornered across it, draping one side. Radescu whipped it off.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

COWERING on all fours upon the bottom of the tub was a man—a short, fat man with an egg-like head. Brent took one look at him.

"That," he said, "is the filthiest piece of human carrion on earth."

"What is its name?" Radescu fingered his pistol.

"Sloat."

The egg-like head raised itself a few inches.

"For God's sake, don't kill me!" he whimpered. "I'm a non-combatant! Milan made me come here!"

(Continued on page 54)

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Love at Short Sight

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

DILWORTH was lost. He must have been swimming half an hour before the fog settled down. You never expected fog in Florida. . . . Vainly he peered into the blur about him; he couldn't see much at best without his glasses, and he could see nothing now. A maze of low-lying mangrove islands lay between him and the shore; no use trying to find his way back — and no use getting nervous, either.

Then he sniffed, startled; through the salt air came the aroma of cigarette smoke. He called out and was answered, uncertainly, by a woman's voice. He swam toward it; a blur of green and brown in the fog resolved itself into a sun-tanned girl in a green bathing suit, seated on a sand bank that barely cleared the water. She regarded him with an understandable uneasiness as he climbed out and sat down beside her.

"I beg your pardon!" he said. "Sorry to intrude, but I'm lost."

"Where do you come from? I haven't seen you around the hotel."

"I got in on the morning train. A business trip. I was tied up till after lunch." She smiled, reassured by his voice and manner.

"I'm afraid we're both lost," she said. "I haven't seen a fog like this all winter. But it will lift sometime, and I was lucky enough to have some cigarettes in my waterproof pocket. . . . Like one? Only you'll have to light it from mine; I've used my last match."

HE TOOK a cigarette between finger and thumb, her lighted stub between two other fingers; a single swift gesture and he had his light.

"What a queer trick!" she said. "Most people use both hands."

"It's a habit I got into while holding the telephone. Some of my clients are rather long-winded," he explained with a grin.

"Clients? So you're the lawyer old Mr. Borden was expecting from New York. . . . We all get to know one another's business at the hotel," she apologized. "At least all of us who are here for the winter."

"For the winter? . . . I've got to take the morning train back home tomorrow," he said. "I wish I could stay here all season."

He wished it still more, after they had talked a while. He supposed he ought to be embarrassed; it was years since he'd been so close to a woman. He'd kept his nose to the grindstone, neglected women, grown afraid of them. And now he was shut off in the fog, in bathing undress, with a woman he'd never seen before; and he felt as much at ease as if she were somebody he'd known all his life.

THEY talked, as the fog shrouded them, about everything; surprised sometimes at their instant sympathy, sometimes differing, arguing with an inexplicable excitement. He'd never met a girl he liked so much, or so instantly. . . .

Not that he was quite so much at ease, now; she was disturbing. Without his glasses he couldn't tell much about the face under her bathing cap; but he could appreciate her perfect figure, the smooth loveliness of sun-tanned legs and back. He felt an angry resentment when at last the sun pierced the thinning fog.

"Nearly sunset!" she gasped. "We've been here for hours!"

"And it doesn't seem five minutes," he told her. She flushed.

"I know. . . . But we'll see each other in the hotel this evening."

"But I'm going back in the morning and you're staying all winter!"

Her eyes met his (he wished he could be sure of their color) and his heart began thumping. Unsteady, he looked away.

"What's the matter?" she asked softly. He shook his head. "Tell me!" she insisted. He faced her, crimson.

"I— You'll think I'm crazy. . . . I— It isn't fair. . . . I want to kiss you!" he burst out. "But out here, where you can't get away—"

"Oh. . . . You might see if I'd try to get away," she suggested.

They swam ashore, paused in the bathers' entrance of the hotel.

"I've got to see Mr. Borden again," he muttered. "But tonight—"

"There's a big dance," she said. "I'll see you on the floor."

"But—do you realize that I don't know your name?"

"I'll tell you—tonight. Run along and get your job done."

SO SHE was the sort of woman who understood that a man had to get his job done. But tonight, when his work was over— He stood staring down the corridor where she had vanished, cursing the sensitiveness of the short-sighted that had kept him from asking the color of her eyes, suddenly aware that she'd never taken off her bathing cap, and that he didn't even know whether she was a blonde or a brunette.

Beside the dance floor, he peered through his glasses at the women who drifted past—blondes, brunettes, one magnificent red-head, one youngish woman with pure white hair. And they all danced past him, intent on the men they were dancing with, giving him only an occasional indifferent glance.

An awful depression came over him. He'd counted on her speaking to him; but—naturally enough—she was waiting for him to speak to her first, and when he didn't speak, she must think he'd decided that he'd made a fool of himself this afternoon. . . . Or perhaps she thought she'd made a fool of herself. That sudden sympathy, mental and physical, that had sprung up when they were marooned on a sand bar in the fog—he had thought it was the beginning of something that might last for all time. But a girl who evidently knew her way around might have reflected, when she got ashore, that she'd better let it end there.

Beside the dance floor, he peered at the women who drifted past

If only he could talk to her— But he couldn't find her, and she had obviously decided not to make the first move. . . . He'd better try to get some sleep; he'd have to get up early to make that morning train.

HE BARELY made it, flinging his suitcase aboard just before it pulled out. Then he went back to the observation car for one last look, as the train rolled away, at the hotel where she was going to stay for the rest of the winter; where she'd certainly meet some other man—

Only two people were on the observation platform—a fat man and the magnificent red-headed girl he had noticed on the dance floor. She looked at him, indifferent; the fat man rose to go back into the car; Dilworth, moving toward the vacated chair, took out a cigarette, felt vainly for a match, addressed the fat man.

"I'm out of matches," said the fat man. "But I'll give you a light."

Dilworth took the lighted stub between thumb and finger, his cigarette between the other two; a single swift gesture and he had his light. The fat man vanished; Dilworth sat down; there was a silence. Suddenly—

"Why didn't you speak to me last night?" asked the red-headed girl.

"What?" he cried. "You! . . . Look here, my dear—" He told her everything; it was easy with her hands in his. "I'm a fool to be so sensitive about my eyes," he finished. "But I thought you'd speak to me; and you must have thought, when I didn't come to you, that I—I wanted to back out of it. I don't blame you; but—I never want to be out of this. . . . But you were going to stay all winter. What are you doing on this train?"

"Well—" She flushed. "I remembered you said you were going to take it; so when I missed you last night I decided to take it too."

"But— If you feel that way," he gasped, "why didn't you speak to me last night? You'd have saved me a lot of worry."

"I didn't recognize you," she confessed, "till you lit that cigarette just now." She adjusted a pair of glasses, looked hard at him. "You see, I'm absolutely lost without them."

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American Representative

And the price we pay for Congress

By Clinton W. Gilbert

ROBERT L. DOUGHTON, representative from the Eighth District of North Carolina, has had his great day in Congress. No one was more surprised than he was to find himself a leader.

He had served twenty years in Congress inconspicuously, a hard worker in the Ways and Means Committee, a man of character, level-headed, exceedingly loyal to the organization, a regular of the regulars, hardly known to the press gallery, when suddenly he found himself the leader of a revolt in the House that attracted the attention of the entire nation, in fact of the world, which began selling American dollars short as his fight on the sales tax quickly enlisted the support of two thirds of the House membership. For it was he who started the revolt against the sales tax.

He is something of a hero in North Carolina; was one, irrespective of his fight on the sales tax. North Carolinians tell me, "He is the one man who could beat anybody else for the senatorship or the governorship or for any other office." "He could lick any other man in the whole North Carolina delegation," said a much younger member of that delegation, Mr. Doughton being sixty-five years old.

So far as I have heard, Mr. Doughton never exhibits this physical prowess, doesn't use his fists in the House, doesn't "step five feet," though he probably can, and took his sudden leadership rather sadly and with some bewilderment, for when he started his fight against the sales tax he had no idea that he was going to shake the whole nation and cause prices to totter in Wall Street. He is nothing of an exhibitionist, is quite content to plant his cabbages.

I ought to describe him. He is more than six feet tall, straight as an oak, without that sagging that usually comes with years. He has great, powerful shoulders and a small head, which appears to have had the hair singed or worn off it. In a word, he looks like Bob Fitzsimmons, the conqueror of Corbett.

He might have been heavyweight champion if he had been vainglorious enough to have inclined to the ring forty years ago. But he isn't and never was vainglorious. He's a God-fearing mountaineer, a Baptist deacon. In the language of North Carolinians, "he's the nearest thing to Zeb Vance that the North State has produced since the immortal Zeb"—about whom, being a Northerner, I know only that his statue stands in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, where I have no doubt it deserves to be.

The North Carolinians speak well of their mountaineers, who have only one fault—they incline to be Republicans, a defect that Bob Doughton has not. "They're the only real Americans, pure-blood English and Scotch." In fact, people who know them always speak well of the mountaineers.

Said a Virginia sheriff, "We don't like the bootleggers here, but the moonshiners up there in the mountains," pointing toward them, "they're all right. They've always been moonshiners and their fathers before them. They believe they've a right to be. They don't make any trouble. Of course, once in a while one of 'em shoots another, but then he comes right down and surrenders."

Obviously square shooters.

And that is what Doughton is. Of course he does not follow the traditional calling of the mountaineers. He's a dry and a conscientious man, a farmer, a cattle raiser, a horse trader, a banker, a land owner on a considerable scale, the leading citizen of the mountains. He lives in Laurel Springs, a place with one house, his, and a country store.

In 1928 he was opposed to the nomination of Governor Smith for President. He knew what trouble it would make. But when Smith was nominated, he turned to and supported him. And so great is his personal influence and so tireless was the energy with which he talked the bigotry out of the voters, one by one, that he not only carried the district for himself but also carried it for Smith. And this district, remember, was always Republican until he himself turned it Democratic. It was a close call, but Doughton is not a man to be daunted.

He is shrewd, too. I've said he was a horse trader. During the war, when the price of horses was high, a livery man and horse dealer in the eastern part of the state wrote Doughton and asked if he had a team to sell. Doughton had. The two had never met but so great was the purchaser's confidence in Doughton's integrity that he was willing to take the team without seeing them on Doughton's guarantee that they were worth the price, $700.

Having got the team the livery man began to write, criticizing the horses, hoping to get the price down. After a while Doughton drove over to the livery man's place and asked if he had a team of horses to sell. Yes, the livery man had, and brought out a team of grays. Doughton allowed that they were good horses but objected a little to their legs and, anyway, he did not like grays.

The livery man brought out the team Doughton had sold him.

"How much?" asked Doughton.

"That team," replied the livery man, "in these times ought to fetch $1,000, but I'll let you have them for $800."

Doughton handed him his card.

The livery man gave Doughton his check for $700.

Bargain-Hunting Voters

The election of Congress this year is going to be more important than the election of the President. This time the voters will vote for candidates for the House and the Senate because of something important those candidates stand for. They will have a keen economic interest in putting the right men in the legislature.

Who is to be the next President doesn't make much difference. But who goes to Congress and what he stands for makes all the difference in the world.

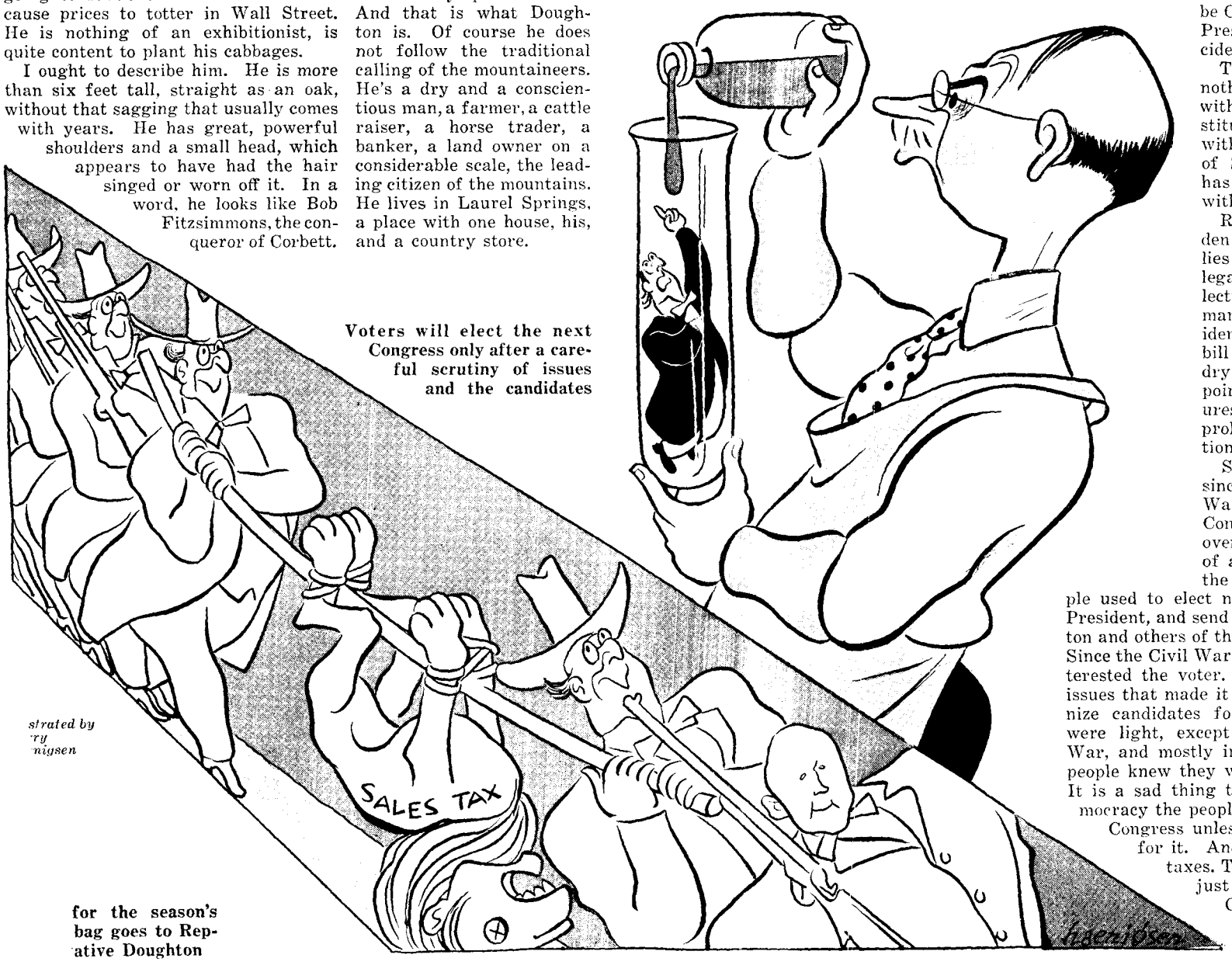
What are the practical issues before the country—the real questions touching the lives of the people that are going to be settled during the next administration? Prohibition and taxation! The election next fall will decide whether an end is to be made of "the noble experiment." And it will decide whether we will continue to pay the high taxes just imposed or have the burden lightened. And it is going to be Congress and not the President who will decide these issues.

The President has nothing whatever to do with amending the Constitution, no more to do with it than the King of Siam has. And he has mighty little to do with taxation.

Relief from the burden of the new taxation lies in the direction of legalizing beer and collecting an excise on its manufacture. The President might veto a beer bill if he should be a dry, but that is the only point at which he figures in the issues of prohibition and taxation.

So for the first time since before the Civil War the election of a Congress is going to overshadow the election of a President. Before the Civil War the people used to elect nobody in particular President, and send Webster, Clay, Benton and others of that rank to Congress. Since the Civil War, Congress hasn't interested the voter. There weren't any issues that made it necessary to scrutinize candidates for Congress. Taxes were light, except during the Great War, and mostly indirect, so that few people knew they were paying any.

It is a sad thing to say that in a democracy the people won't have a good Congress unless they have to pay for it. And they pay for it in taxes. This year they realize just how expensive a Congress is. They will try to get their money's worth.



Voters will elect the next Congress only after a careful scrutiny of issues and the candidates

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nigsen

for the season's bag goes to Representative Doughton

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$32.00 a Week or $20,000 a Year..

They both buy this Tooth Paste *for the same reason . .*

RESULTS

To one man price may be an object. To the other—never. Yet surveys show that rich men buy as much Listerine Tooth Paste as the fellows who have to figure hard to make both ends meet. The same is true of women. What wins them to this dentifrice? Results—nothing else. More than four million people have discarded tooth pastes that cost more, in favor of this modern one at 25¢.

You be the Judge

If you have not tried this tooth paste, do so now. A quarter isn't much to risk. Compare its results, its quality, with any tooth paste you have ever used, regardless of the price. We are willing to stand or fall on your judgment.

New luster and brilliance

Note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans—but how gently. Only the safest of ingredients are used.

See how the modern polishing agents it contains add fresh luster and brilliance to teeth that used to be dull.

Note how quickly these agents remove ugly tartar, unsightly discolorations, disgusting tobacco stains.

After you have used this paste a week, examine your gums. They'll appear healthier. And feel healthier.

And look for that wonderful feeling of exhilaration and mouth cleanliness that follows its use—the delightfully refreshing effect you associate with Listerine itself.

A common sense price

Don't forget that these benefits cost you half of what you would ordinarily pay. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25¢ the large tube—a product as good as the name it bears.

Be sensible. Be thrifty. Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

After tooth brushing

Tooth brushing, with this good paste and a practical tufted brush, will remove much of the debris that contributes to decay. But it will not kill the germs which dental authorities now believe to be a major cause of tooth destruction.

LISTERINE, to kill decay germs

So we say to you, after your tooth brushing, rinse the mouth with Listerine. It kills germs on the teeth and in the mouth, in the fastest time—without injury to tooth structure or the tender tissues of the mouth.

And don't forget that, at the same time, it puts your breath beyond reproach. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) and Listerine simply don't get along together.

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In One Ear

"Have you heard the one about—" is a reliable self-starter for almost any conversation. Here is a collection of anecdotes picked up here and there, far and near, by our expert anecdote hunters

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the policeman

ONE of New York's most prominent vaudevillians tells this one on himself. It was during the lean years of his youth when his engagements were few and far between. He had tramped the streets for days, going from one booking office to another, and couldn't land a job. Finally he hit upon a plan. "I must make 'em see how funny I am just as soon as I walk in the door," he said, "and that'll get 'em." So he went home and practiced up a stunt that he knew would catch the eye of any booking agent. It was this: he would open the door, fall through it, curl over on his neck, rise to his feet, remove his hat, and say: "Why, hello! I just thought I'd drop in this morning and see if there's anything doing." He worked for a week until he was all brushed up and had acquired a perfect technique, and then he called at the office of one of the largest agencies in the city. He got to the door, braced himself for the effort of his life, put his hand on the knob, turned it, fell in, landed on his neck, spun around, rose to his feet—and there wasn't a living soul in the place!

Making a Senator

J. FRED ESSARY, president of the National Press Club at Washington, visited Philadelphia to tell a woman's club how the statesmen make laws. When he had concluded, Mrs. George Horace Lorimer called her car and instructed the chauffeur to take Mr. Essary to the station and to hurry so as to catch a certain train.

With magical skill the chauffeur wormed his way through traffic and landed the distinguished journalist at the station with some few minutes to spare. Mr. Essary dismissed the car and had started into the station when he was accosted by a policeman. His heart sank, for he envisaged himself being taken to court to answer for transgressions of his accommodating attendant.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the policeman.

Mr. Essary thought this was a queer beginning—at least it is not the way Washington police start out with traffic violators—but he said there was nothing he desired.

"Well, let me get your ticket," offered the policeman.

Mr. Essary extended a bill, wondering why all the kindly consideration. A moment later he found out, for the policeman proudly asked in a loud voice for a ticket to Washington for Senator Reed.

A Little Knowledge

C. F. KETTERING of Dayton, Ohio, father of the automobile's self-starter, is always learning something new. Some facts are pleasant; some are not. He shows how this can be by a story:

"We had a convention of household electric plant distributors in Dayton some years ago. Each man was asked to tell how much it cost him to wire a room. Finally one big breezy fellow named Bill, from Texas, got up and said, 'Why, I can wire a room for half of what these fellows are talking about.'

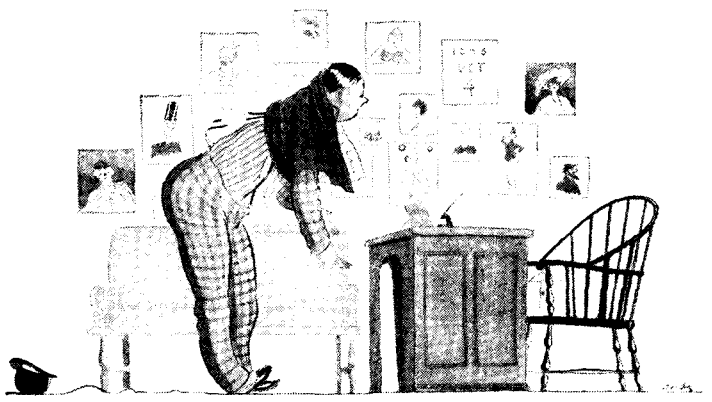
"The next day we took him to a room and told him to wire it his way. To our amazement he merely fastened the wires to the walls with staples.

"'But you can't put up electric wiring that way,' I said to him, when he was done. 'It's against the fire underwriters' code.'

"'What's that?' asked Bill.

"I gave him the code book of the underwriters and told him to study it overnight. The next morning he laid the book on my desk.

"'Don't that beat hell? The more a fellow knows in this country, the less liberty he's got.'"



"I just thought I'd drop in this morning"

Honors Easy

IT HAPPENS that Rupert Hughes and Peter B. Kyne recently made the trip from California to New York together. Soon after arriving, Mr. Kyne met a friend and made moan to him as follows:

"Rupert's one of the finest fellows in the world, but good Lord, what a talker! I couldn't get in a word edgewise."

Only a day or two later the friend met Mr. Hughes and made mention of the fact that he had seen Mr. Kyne.

"Yes," said Rupert. "We came across the country together. Pete's a splendid chap and I love being with him, but how he does *talk!* I never got a chance to open my mouth."

How to Approach Celebrities

WHERE can celebrities eat in a big city without being bothered by the general public? Gene Tunney got an answer to this question one summer evening in New York, recently. He was discussing a place for dinner, with Floyd Gibbons and Bernard Gimbel.

"Let's go to So-and-so's," said Floyd Gibbons, whose patch over his left eye makes him conspicuous. "The food's 100 per cent, but only bootleggers and gangsters hang out there and they know enough to leave you alone."

"Oh, let's go to 'The Blinkety Night Club'," said Tunney. "I know the proprietor and he'll make us a special dinner."

Just as the trio buckled down to dining—a huge youth, with a Harvard accent, in evening clothes, faultless in appearance, left a table of friends and walked over to Tunney.

"Mr. Tunney," he said, most graciously, "I'm six feet three, with a tremendous chest, as you see, and very good muscles. I've boxed all my life. That's why my friends over at the other table bet me $100 that I couldn't come over here and tap you three times on the chin." Before Tunney could reply the young man had laid his huge fist briskly, in short jabs, against Tunney's jaw, swinging the ex-champion's head with each poke.

"Now! Now!" said the young man quickly. "All you have to do, Mr. Tunney, is to tell my friends I've won the bet. The incident will then be closed."

Tunney, trained to self-control, kept his head.

"You win," he said, with a weak smile.

Gibbons, however, rose to push the man away. The man set Gibbons on the floor with a push on the chest.

"Don't be silly," he said. "If I wasn't afraid of Tunney, you don't think I'd be afraid of all three of you, do you?" So the young man went back to his table, a winner.

"People with good manners always know how to approach you," philosophized Gibbons. "People without social assurance leave you alone."

"You also win," answered Tunney.

An Equitable Arrangement

CHARLES M. SCHWAB tells of a southern railroad man who came into the office of the Carnegie Company in Pittsburgh, years ago, to negotiate for steel for his new road.

The price of the rails—$30 per ton—was entirely satisfactory, the quality was taken for granted, and all was well so far. Mr. Schwab knew well, from long experience, what would come next.

"Now in payment, Mr. Schwab, will you take bonds of the new road?"

"Oh, yes," assented Mr. Schwab.

"You will!!!" said the astonished railroad promoter. "On what basis?"

"Fifty-fifty," said Mr. Schwab; "a ton of bonds for a ton of rails."

Great Lawyer Loses Case

A TELEGRAM once came to Newton D. Baker in Cleveland asking him to accept the portfolio of war in the Cabinet of the sender, President Woodrow Wilson.

Talk about bolts from the blue! Mr. Baker had not had the slightest warning of his preferment as a Cabinet member. It was absurd on the face of it. He was an avowed and recognized pacifist. The President must have been misinformed. But he would go to Washington in person and thus make it clear at once that a mistake had been made. So he wired President Wilson he would be in Washington on Tuesday. When Mr. Baker met the President, he laid before him in his most eloquent and convincing advocate style just why he was not the person for the job. Having completed the argument for the defense, he leaned back, merely waiting for a dismissal, when President Wilson asked: "When will you be sworn in?"

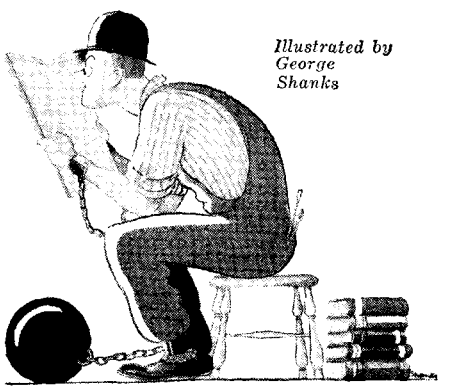
It Appealed to Mr. Wells

WHEN H. G. Wells was attending luncheon at the Dutch Treat Club in New York some time ago, along with Conrado Massaguer, the Cuban caricaturist, the latter was entertaining the others with swift thumb-nail sketches and merry patter. Speaking of his family, Massaguer said:

"My people live in Havana. Eleven of my relatives are in jail there now."

Whereupon Mr. Wells, who was sitting on the other side of the table and had been taking no part in the conversation, pricked up his ears and said:

"Oh, I say! How does one go about getting one's relatives in jail?"



Illustrated by George Shanks

"The more a fellow knows in this country, the less liberty he's got"

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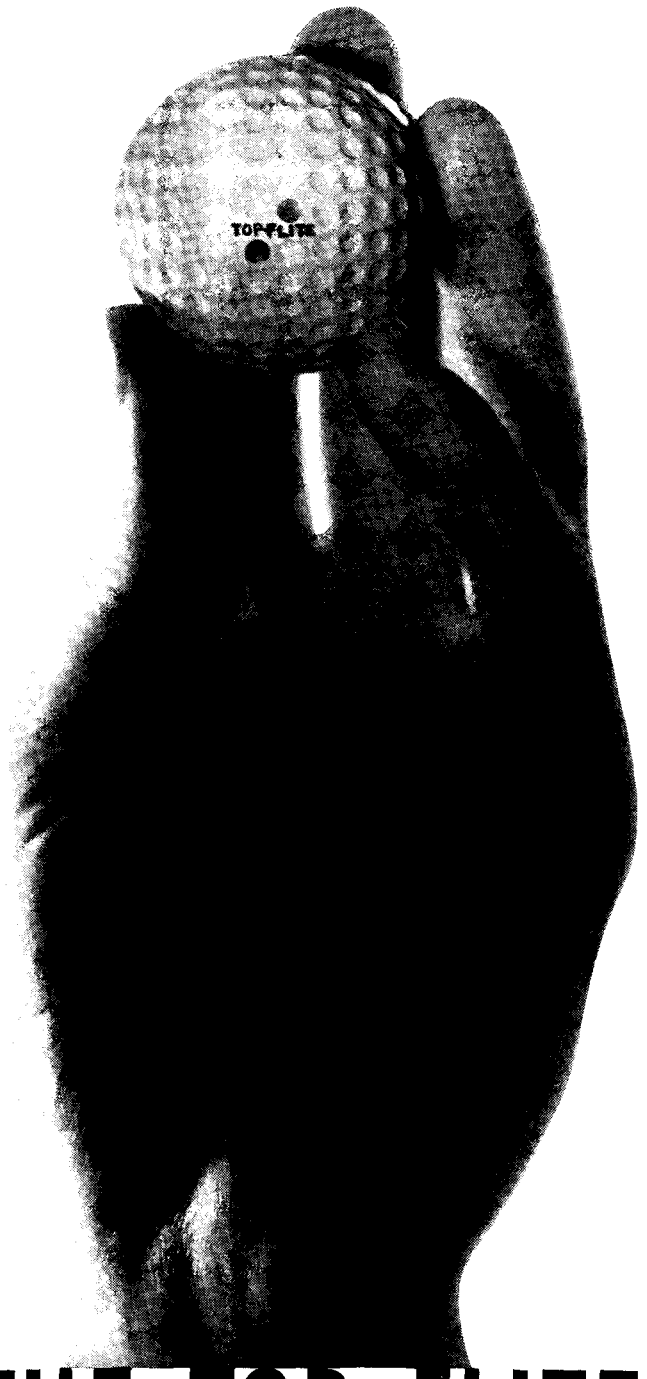
NO PAINT ON IT!



THE TOP-FLITE

Spalding's new ball for low handicap golfers

FOR YEARS, Spalding has made mighty golf balls. Now, Spalding introduces the mightiest of them all—the new Top-Flite—the ball that replaces the famous Spalding ball for championship play!

Top-Flite is Spalding's latest contribution to championship golf. And this great ball has a feature which sets it completely apart from all other golf balls. It is the first ball in the world with a paintless cover. The cover itself is white—pure white—right through to the winding!

The elimination of paint gives you a ball with the marking as true as the mold from which it comes. Is marking important? Vitally! It affects the distance and direction of a golf ball exactly as the rifling in a barrel affects the accuracy of a bullet's flight.

In 25 years of study, Spalding has raised golf-ball ballistics to an exact science. When a Spalding ball comes from a Spalding mold, its marking is absolutely perfect—designed to the ten-thousandth of an inch to give the utmost in distance and in accuracy.

Adding paint to such a ball is tampering with perfection. No matter how accurate the paint-spraying machines may be, microscopical distortion is possible. And, when tests show that a variance of so much as 1-1000 of an inch can cause a variance of 3 to 5 yards in distance or direction, the full import of this newest Spalding feature can be realized!

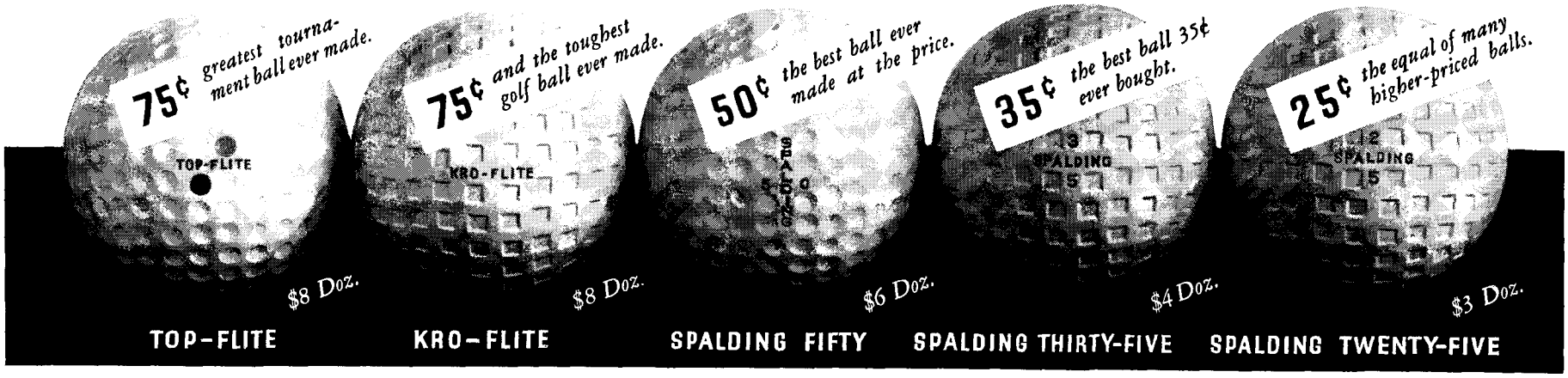
If you are in the chosen group of low-handicap golfers, you should play the Top-Flite. It is *your* ball. Buy it now—75 cents each!

For the average golfer—
the inimitable Kro-Flite

For the average golfer, there's no ball that can be mentioned in the same breath with Kro-Flite. It is, in the new specifications, the toughest of all golf balls. And it is only slightly behind the Top-Flite in distance—which is another way of saying that it's one of the longest golf balls made.

Many have tried to imitate Kro-Flite. None has succeeded. It is the only ball that combines first-grade distance with maximum durability. Try it—meet a ball which will condone your poor shots with its sturdiness, and reward your good shots with distance that will impress even your caddy. 75 cents. © 1932, A. G. S. & BROS.

THIS YEAR SPALDING OFFERS A BALL FOR EVERY POCKETBOOK



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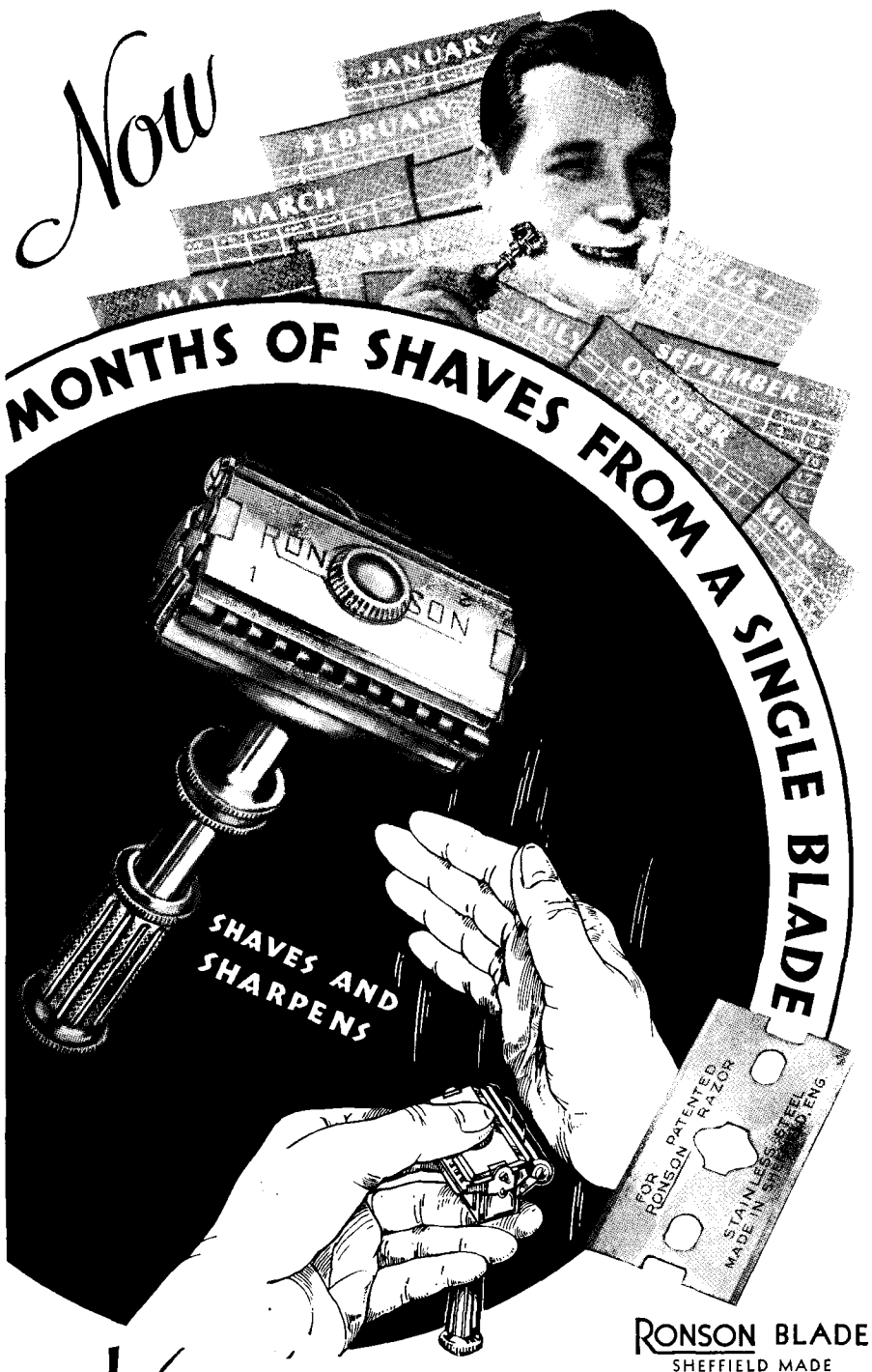


RONSON BLADE
SHEFFIELD MADE
RUSTLESS ▼ STAINLESS

New SELF-SHARPENING
RONSON RAZOR
PATENTED

The never-ending expense of new blades... the never-ending nuisance of dull blades... the never-ending discomfort of poor shaves—the Ronson Self-Sharpening Razor ends them all!

The Ronson is like no razor you ever saw before... razor and sharpener in ONE! Which means...

▼ A freshly-sharpened blade for every shave wherever you are—instantly—without removing blade from razor. *Think of the convenience!*

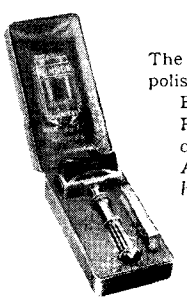
▼ A single Ronson Sheffield Blade—Rustless and Stainless—gives you months of perfect shaves. *Think of the economy—of time—of money!*

▼ A quicker, cleaner, more lasting and far more comfortable shave than you ever believed possible. *Think of the satisfaction!*

▼ ▼ ▼

The Ronson Sheffield Blade is like no other. Rustless and Stainless. Double-thick with reinforced edges. Hand-ground, hand-whetted, hand-stropped, hair-tested. *A single Ronson Blade gives you months of perfect shaves!*

Cheapest per shave—by far!



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The Ronson Self-Sharpening Razor, finished in polished chromium, is stainless throughout. Built for a lifetime of *shaving and saving.* Price in U.S.A. $5.00. In handsome metal case complete with 3 Ronson Sheffield Blades. At your dealer. *Write us for most interesting booklet: "Shaving Through the Ages."*

Cheapest per shave—by far!

"SHAVES AND SHARPENS"
RONSON PRODUCTS, INC., Aronson Square, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 17

that you draw my attention to the curious points, it wasn't. But— Good heavens!"

I raised my hand to my forehead.

"Ah!" said he—"forgotten something else?"

"Yes—I had. The perfume."

"Perfume""

"There was a strange perfume in the room. It resembled mimosa. . . ."

"*Mimosa?*"

"Extraordinarily like it."

"Where was this smell most noticeable?"

"About the bed."

He snapped his fingers and began to walk up and down again.

"Naturally," he murmured. "One small point cleared up . . . but—*mimosa*. . . ."

I watched him in silence, overcome by unhappy recollections.

"Where is the iron box now?" he suddenly demanded.

"It's in my room!" roared a great voice—"and I'm waiting for the swine who murdered van Berg to come and fetch it!"

Sir Denis, in his restless promenade, had reached the window—had been staring out of it, as if considering my statement that it was thirty feet above street level. He turned in a flash—so did I. . . .

Sir Lionel Barton stood in the doorway, and Rima was beside him, a neat, delightful figure in her drill riding kit and tan boots.

If Rima was surprised to learn the identity of the tall man in shabby gray flannels who now turned and confronted her, I can only describe the chief's reaction as that of one half-stunned. He fell back a pace—his deep-set eyes positively glaring; then:

"Smith!" he said huskily—"Nayland Smith! Am I dreaming?"

The grim face of Sir Denis relaxed in that ingenuous smile which stripped him of twenty years.

"By God!" roared the chief, and literally pounced upon him. "If I were anything like a decent Christian I should say that my prayers had been answered!"

DOWN in the little garden of the house, I had a few moments alone with Rima.

At some time this garden had been a charming, secluded spot. Indeed, except for a latticed window above, it was overlooked from only one point; the gallery of the minaret. But neglect had played havoc with the place.

"I don't know what it is about Sir Denis Nayland Smith," said Rima. "But I have never experienced such a sense of relief in my life as when I came

(Continued on page 34)

"And then I says to her, listen Babe, ya take me the way I am, or get yourself somebody else" *Louis Priscilla*

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THE GENERAL MANAGER SAYS

TO THE FACE THAT'S FIT

Count on *her* to keep him on the road to success! She knows the *boost* value of *face* value . . . she knows that tomorrows are brightest for the man who is face-fit today.

And face-fitness is such an easy matter with Williams Shaving Service. Why don't you try it tomorrow morning? First, take that plump tube of Williams Shaving Cream . . . unscrew the cap and swing it back. Squeeze a white ribbon of velvety cream onto your brush; then mask your beard in the mild, moist Williams lather. Your face relaxes; taut muscles let go; your keen blade leaves a path that is clean and smooth. A dash of water—and there you are. Your skin looks fresh and clear—feels comfortably cool. No parched after-feel. No dye, no free alkali, in Williams Shaving Cream.

Then! A generous dash of bracy Aqua Velva on your still-moist face. High up both cheeks; around the throat; on the chin. It tones, freshens, firms the sleepy tissues. Helps to care for the tiny, unseen cuts . . . sends you away from your mirror face-fit for the day.

That's Williams Shaving Service! With the O. K. of millions of face-fit men who turn down all substitutes.

MAIL THIS! *It will show you the way to Face Fitness*

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. C-270
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

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Silk Hats and Shabby Shoes are a Queer Combination!

Modern balloon tires have put such a downy cushion of air between road and rim that you are apt to overlook these most important parts of your car as you roll along at an easy, effortless 60.

You do not realize how much tire-makers have done for your pleasure and protection during the last year or so!

The balloons of yesterday insured your luxury—the punishment-proof tires of 1932 insure your life!

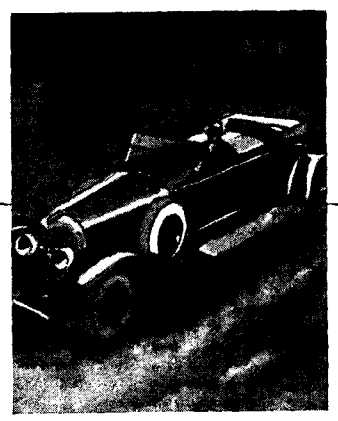
Today skidding is obsolete—blow-outs are behind the times—it is no longer a question of rubber and cord and fabric—Peace of Mind is what you pay for when you purchase tires, comfort has become a matter of course—Safety is what tire-makers have to sell!

Look through the advertising pages of our modern magazines—on every hand tire manufacturers are offering you the cheapest accident insurance in the world.

There is no more excuse for the motorist who waits for his tires to wear out before replacing them than there is for the chap, otherwise well-turned-out, to go about with run-down heels and frazzled trouser ends!

The motor car of today is a gentleman from top to toe—smartly and safely shod at all times as befits a gentleman—

Have you looked at your tires lately?



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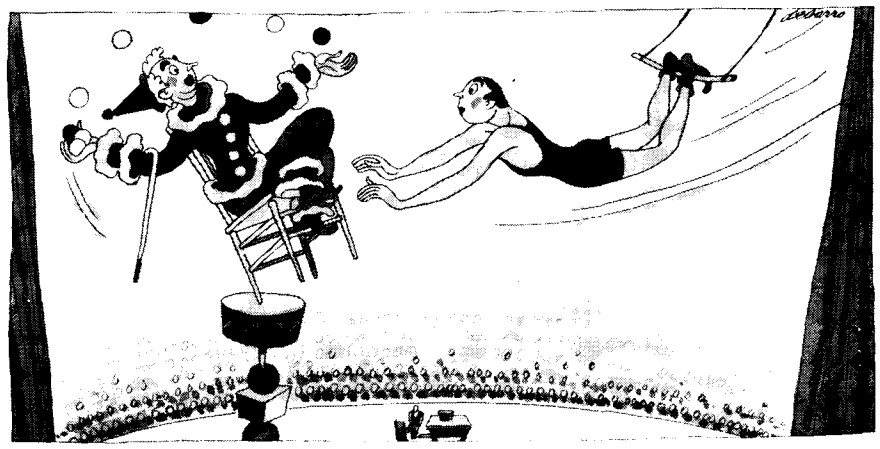

"You can imagine the tenseness of the situation with our opponents holding all the spades!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North
S. A-4-3-2
H. 8-3-2
D. 8-5-2
C. A-8-4

West
S. K-10-6
H. Q-10-9
D. K-J-9
C. K-J-7-3

East
S. Q-J-9
H. 6-4
D. A-Q-10-7-4
C. Q-10-9

South (Dealer)
S. 8-7-5
H. A-K-J-7-5
D. 6-3
C. 6-5-2

THE above hand was played in a Duplicate Contract game in a Philadelphia club. There were many variations in the scores due to different bidding.

At some tables South started with one Heart. When that happened, West passed, doubled or bid one No Trump. The double and the No Trump were both answered with a Diamond bid by East, but only at one table was the bidding carried as far as three No Trumps, and in no case did it reach five Diamonds. When West passed the one Heart, North's two unsupported Aces were a half high-card trick short of the minimum requirement of the Official System for a raise; he passed, and so did East.

Of course the initial Heart-bid was only made by players who followed the Official System, which requires two and a half high-card tricks (they may be all in one suit) with a total of four probable tricks.

At the table where South passed, West bid one No Trump and North passed; East then bid either three No Trumps or three Diamonds. If the latter, West called three No Trumps.

When the hand was played at No Trump after a Heart bid by South, North opened with the Eight of Hearts. South passed the first trick, and Declarer took seven tricks, North and South capturing four Hearts, and the Ace of Spades and Clubs.

Where three No Trumps was played (South having declined to make an opening bid), North led the Deuce of Spades, and all the Declarers succeeded in making three No Trumps and game. As it happened to be a vulnerable hand the difference in the score was quite large, and it was dependent upon whether South's original declaration was a pass or one Heart.

The following remarkable hand was dealt in the duplicate game at the same club:

North
S. None
H. 9
D. J-9-7-6-5-4-2
C. 9-6-5-4-3

West
S. A-K-10-8-6-2
H. K-Q-5-4
D. A-K
C. 8

East
S. Q-J-7-4
H. A-J-10-6-3-2
D. Q
C. J-10

South (Dealer)
S. 9-5-3
H. 8-7
D. 10-8-3
C. A-K-Q-7-2

North and South were not vulnerable; East and West were vulnerable; some Souths bid one Club and others failed to do so. In all cases West and East bid as high as six Spades. When South passed originally, that became the final contract and was not only fulfilled but an extra trick was made. This netted 1,460 points. When South opened the bidding with one Club, North was afforded the opportunity of making a sacrifice bid of seven Clubs over West's six Hearts. This would have resulted in a set of three tricks, a loss of 400 points, which really would have been a net gain of over 1,000 points for the sacrifice bid which was made possible by South's original bid.

The following hand illustrates the advantages of bidding originally when holding strength in only one suit:

North
S. 6-5-3-2
H. J-10-6-2
D. 8-4
C. 10-8-5

West
S. A-K-J
H. K-Q-9
D. J-10-9
C. A-J-6-4

East
S. Q-9-8
H. A-7-4
D. 7-6-2
C. K-Q-9-7

South (Dealer)
S. 10-7-4
H. 8-5-3
D. A-K-Q-5-3
C. 3-2

Once again the making of an East and West game depended upon whether South passed or on his first chance to declare bid one Diamond. When he bid, game at No Trump was not attempted by his opponents; at two tables they bid five Clubs and were defeated by one trick. When South passed originally, West and East together got the bidding up to three No Trumps; North opened a Heart and the Declarer took ten tricks; being vulnerable he scored 640.

Next week's hand:

Next Week's Hand

North
S. K-J-9-3-2
H. A-K-9-8
D. 10-3
C. 8-4

East
S. 6-4
H. 6-5-2
D. 9-8-5-2
C. J-10-9-2

West
S. 7-5
H. 7-4-3
D. K-7-6-4
C. K-7-6-5

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-10-8
H. Q-J-10
D. A-Q-J
C. A-Q-3

COOL SHAVES from the word "GO!"

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS · TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

OVER 1,000,000 men sprint through the morning shave in next to nothing flat! And there's never a scrape or a razor cut, because their running mate is cool, soothing Ingram's!

Ingram's chilly lather whitewashes the beard in record time, while you make a clean sweep on your face. It's the shave all nations run for! From starting gun to tape, you'll find that Ingram's Shaving Cream is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

We've packed the same cool cream in tubes and in jars. The tube's a container that's built for convenience. The jar may prove more economical.

Ingram's is different from all other shaving creams. For it's made with one big object—the coolness of your face. Before you shave, while you shave, after you've finished shaving, Ingram's keeps your skin cool, comfortable, and refreshed!

We planned this great cream to do a triple duty—a duty that does away with face lotions and tonics. That's why Ingram's contains three special constituents, three elements that make it act as a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic all in one!

Give Ingram's a trial! Enlist today with the followers of the tube. Or line up behind the popular old blue jar. Each has won millions of supporters. And each — remember — frees your cheek of the ugly smarts and stings, the burns and little nicks and scratches, that make shaving a nuisance and a chore!

If you don't want to buy now, try ten cool shaves at our expense. Just mail in the coupon. And treat your cheek and chin to the shave that's cool! Cool! COOL!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. C-52
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves
Name
Street
City State

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Attend Frigidaire's Spring

SUPER-POWERED

Hundreds of Dollars' Worth of Meat Each Year

The average family uses hundreds of dollars' worth of meat each year. And meat is perishable. Without adequate refrigeration the annual loss amounts to many dollars. But with the Super-Powered Frigidaire your entire meat supply will be kept safely fresh—without waste or spoilage and with no loss of flavor. And in addition, Frigidaire has the capacity to freeze thousands of pounds of ice—chill salads—freeze desserts—keep vegetables fresh and crisp.

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Showing... SEE WHY THE NEW

FRIGIDAIRE...

PROVIDES BETTER REFRIGERATION...FASTER FREEZING

Get the new low prices on all models . . . ask to see the new Moraine Model Frigidaire for only $130 F.O.B. DAYTON

You will surely want to attend the Spring Showing now being held in Frigidaire display rooms throughout the country. For you will see many things of interest to make your visit well worth while.

You will see how the Super-Powered Frigidaire sets a new standard in ice freezing capacity—in healthful food preservation—in dessert making ability—in the crisping and freshening of vegetables—in economical performance. And the Frigidaire cabinet of Porcelain-on-steel inside and out combines spotless cleanliness with beauty that lasts a lifetime.

Added to all these advantages are the name, reputation and guarantee of the world's largest manufacturer of electric refrigerators—your assurance of the permanence and reliability that mean so much in a product you expect to buy but once.

And today first cost is no longer a reason for accepting less than Frigidaire. For as a result of economies in manufacturing costs due to increased demand and large volume, Frigidaire's prices have been materially reduced. All household models are now priced at the lowest figures in Frigidaire history. The 4 cubic foot Moraine Model, for example, is now only $130 f. o. b. Dayton, O.

LOWEST PRICES *in Frigidaire history*

Take advantage of the Frigidaire Spring Showing to acquaint yourself with the many ways in which Frigidaire offers *the most conspicuous value* in all of its sixteen years of leadership.

Out pop the ice cubes

Just a bit of pressure on the patented Quickube Tray and out come the ice cubes—one at a time or the whole trayful. This is but one of the many convenient features of the Super-Powered Frigidaire.

FRIGIDAIRE *the world's best known refrigerator and the only one named Frigidaire*

Frigidaire is also the largest manufacturer of commercial refrigeration equipment to meet the specific needs of Stores, Apartments, Restaurants, Hotels, and Institutions . . . Water Coolers . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Air Conditioners.

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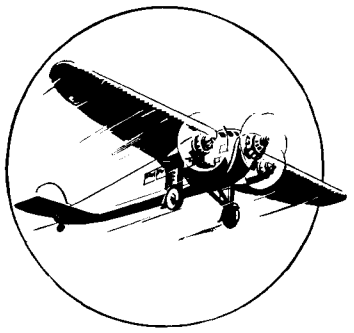
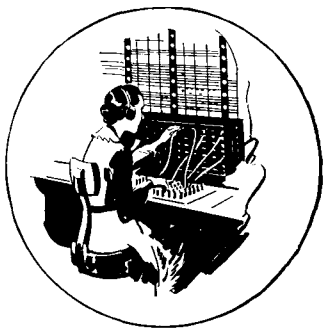
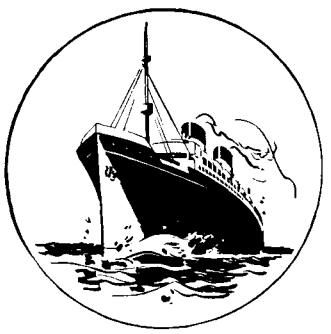


Pilots depend on EXIDES



Telephone exchanges depend on EXIDES

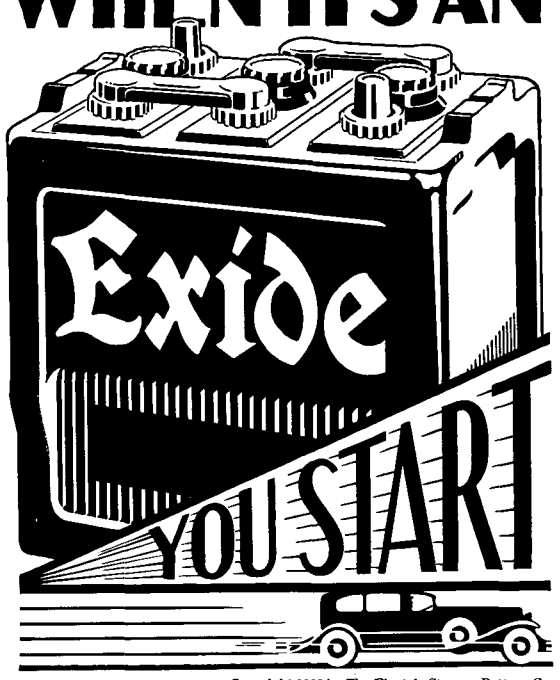


Liners, yachts and small boats depend on EXIDES

EXIDE makes batteries for every purpose. You may not realize it, but every day, in some way, *you* depend on an Exide. That's why, in your car,

YOU CAN BE SURE THAT...

WHEN IT'S AN



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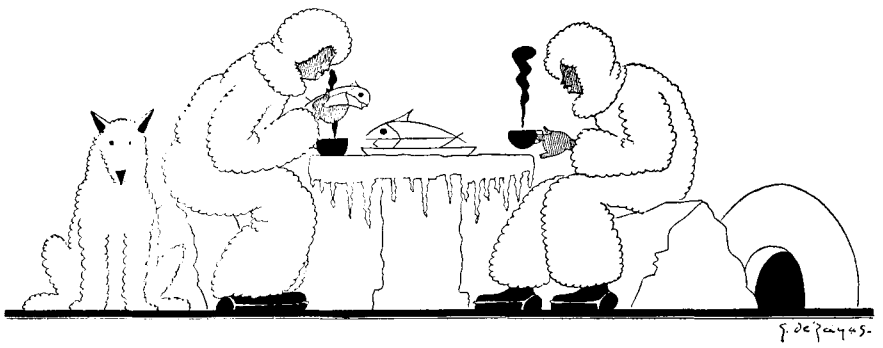
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In icy and isolated Russkoye Ustye, Siberia, the only food is fish and tea, and the only domestic animal which can live in its intense cold is the dog. Few of the citizens have ever tasted beef, milk or vegetables, or have ever seen a horse, cow or cat.

Germs which cause diseases in human beings often suffer from diseases themselves, caused by their own natural enemy, an organism called bacteriophage.—*By S. J. Diamond, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

A new and unique business in Osaka, Japan, is a chain of "message stations," each of which consists of two girls who are installed—on little stools—at important indoor and outdoor locations and act as mediums for the exchange of written messages.

Centuries ago, boys were named after their fathers by adding the word "son," which was the origination of such names as Johnson and Williamson. Today fathers in the Borneo jungle name themselves after their sons and become known as Johnsfather or Williamsfather.

Probably the only case of its kind in history is the tribute paid to the memory of Edward Colston, a philanthropist buried in Bristol, England. The schools, homes and hospitals which he founded have placed fresh flowers on his grave *every week for the past 210 years!*

When stone-cutting plants in China ship large religious statues in open freight cars, red paper is pasted over the eyes of the idols so they will not see anything which might contaminate them while in transit.

The sloth, a small bear-like creature of tropical America which hangs upside-down from the branches of trees, has four legs, but *cannot walk on the ground.*

Today in Japan, as during the past 1,500 years, a marriage ceremony consists of the passing of a cup of wine 18 times between the bride and groom.

Inventions: A photo-electric prison guard which directs an invisible beam of light along a prison wall and shoots to kill when the beam is intercepted; and an electric "frisking" device which indicates whether the person standing before it has a pistol, knife or other metal weapons concealed upon him.

Every June in Prescott, Arizona, an organization of white business men don Indian costumes and —with live snakes— stage a number of Indian dances which are attended not only by tourists but numerous real Indians.—*By Frank Condon, Prescott, Arizona.*

The average human body loses weight at the rate of one pound every eight hours by the evaporation of moisture through the lungs and pores.—*By F. W. Bang, Newton, Massachusetts.*

France has just passed a law which requires jurors on criminal cases, in addition to returning a verdict, also to participate in a secret ballot—with the judge—for determining the extent of the sentence.—*By Jean Hawthorne, Paris, France.*

Criminologists, using powerful micro-cameras, have been able to identify and convict burglars through fingerprints left by their wet *gloved* hands.

Ironically, man's ingenuity has perfected mechanical equipment which performs many functions of the human eyes, ears, nose, nerves, hands, muscles and brain more accurately and dependably than these faculties themselves.

Some great world cities are smaller at the present time than in past centuries. For example, Rome has fewer citizens today than it had 2,000 years ago.

Dentists are baffled by a recent medical examination of the white inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha, the little island in the south Atlantic. Although they have never owned toothbrushes and eat only very soft food, 84 per cent of them have perfect sets of teeth.

Pagan, Burma, although deserted for 600 years, still possesses today the greatest collection of temples in the world. From 300 B. C. to 1,300 A. D., it built about 5,000 of them within its 16-square miles. In all history, they have never been equalled in number, variety and such architectural magnificence.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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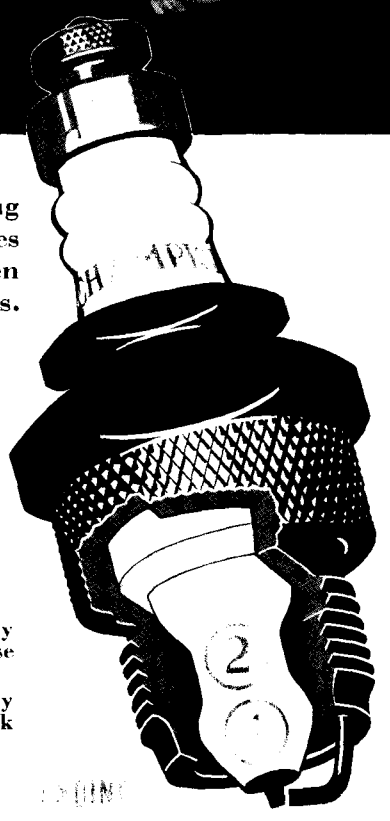
CHANGE SPARK PLUGS [illegible] MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

CHAMPION

NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK - May 9 to 16



The Champion Spark Plug Tester, shown above, enables you to see why and when you need new spark plugs.

1 Note scientifically proportioned nose

2 Note scientifically proportioned neck

This year, Champion National Change Week is more important than ever before, because it brings the first real opportunity to motor car owners everywhere to change to the sensational new Champion Spark Plugs.

In any case and with any spark plugs, the 10,000 mile change is vital to maintain engine performance and economy.

But here are Champion Spark Plugs so new in principle and design that they give extra power, smoothness, economy, and speed hitherto unrealized—this regardless of the make, age or condition of present spark plugs.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists will change to these newest and finest of all Champions because they have learned the wisdom of changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles; and because this year they place higher value on engine performance than ever before.

There is no other spark plug like the new Champion. There are no results like the results it gives. Your engine richly deserves a complete set of new Champions now.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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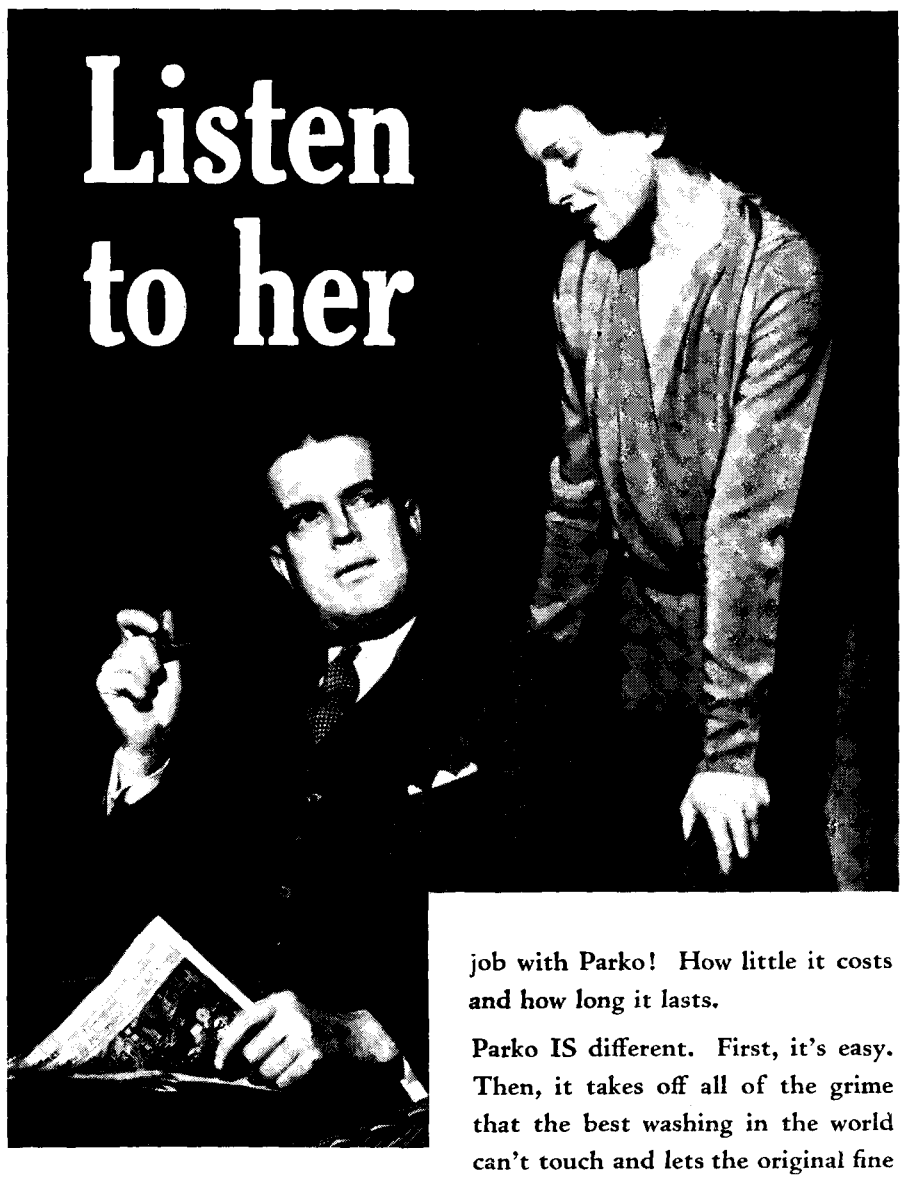

WHEN your wife tells you it is a shame the way the car looks, listen to her—and then treat it with Parko Gloss Polish and Cleaner.

The car may need a lot of things, but you want it to look well as much as your wife does, and Parko is made to work wonders in bringing back the finish on body and fenders, in brightening metal-work and windows.

How new they look in their glitter and shine, after you've done the easy job with Parko! How little it costs and how long it lasts.

Parko IS different. First, it's easy. Then, it takes off all of the grime that the best washing in the world can't touch and lets the original fine finish shine out again. Last, it costs so little, and leaves no oil film.

You can get Parko at the nearest dealer, garage or filling station. Your car needs it right now and from now on, no matter how old or new it is. The difference will not only delight you—it will amaze you.

• • •

Park Chemical Company also manufactures and supplies to the trade, Parko Eze Wax, Eze Cleaner, Rubbing and Polishing Compounds, and Masking Material.

IT IS DIFFERENT!

Parko GLOSS POLISH & CLEANER

Try Parko for a Dime

PARK CHEMICAL COMPANY, 8074 Military Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Ten cents enclosed. Send me enough Parko to prove on my car how different it is and how easily it polishes.

Name_____

Address_____

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 26

into that room today and found him there."

"I know," I replied, squeezing her reassuringly; "it's the sterling quality of the man. All the same, darling, I shan't feel happy until we're clear of Ispahân."

"Nor shall I, Shan. If only Uncle weren't so infernally mysterious. What on earth are we staying on here for?"

"I know no more than you do, Rima. What was the object of this afternoon's expedition? I'm quite in the dark about it."

"I'm nearly as bad," she confessed. "But at least I can tell you where we went. We went to Solomon Ishak. You know—the funny old jeweler?"

"Solomon Ishak is one of the greatest mysteries of Ispahân. But I understand he gets hold of some very rare antique pieces. Probably the chief is negotiating a deal."

"I don't think so. I had to take along the negatives of about forty photographs, and Uncle left me wandering about that indescribable, stuffy shop for more than an hour while he remained locked in an inner room with old Solomon."

"And what became of the photographs?"

"He had them with him but brought them away at the end of the interview. They are back here now."

"That may explain the mystery," I said. "The photographs were of the relics of the Prophet, I take it?"

Rima nodded.

"THE workmanship on the hilt of the sword has defied even the chief's knowledge," I added. "He probably wanted Solomon Ishak's opinion but didn't care to risk taking the sword itself."

Rima slipped a slender bare arm about my neck, and snuggled her head down against my shoulder.

"Oh, Shan!" she whispered. "I have never felt so homesick in my life."

I stooped and kissed her curly hair, squeezing her very tightly; then:

"Rima, darling," I whispered, my lips very close to one half-hidden ear, "when we get to some place a little nearer civilization, will you come and see the consul with me?"

She made no reply, but hid her face more closely against me.

"If the chief still insists on a spectacular wedding, that can come later. But . . ."

Rima suddenly raised her face, looking up at me.

"Next time you ask me," she said, "I'm going to say 'Yes,' Shan. But please don't ask me again until we're out of Ispahân."

"Why?" I asked blankly. "Is there any special reason for this?"

"No," she replied, kissing me on the chin and nestling down against me again. "But I've promised. And if you are good, you'll be satisfied."

I STOOPED and nearly smothered her with kisses. I suppose my early training was to blame, and I didn't know, or even seek to find out, Rima's views upon the subject. At that moment the great voice of the chief came from the window above:

"Break away, there!" he roared. "There's more serious work afoot than making love to my staff photographer!"

I jumped up—my blood was tingling—and turned angrily. But in the very act, I met Rima's upcast glance. My mood changed. She was convulsed with laughter; and:

"The old ruffian!" she whispered.

"Come hither, my puritan friend," Sir Lionel continued. "Two cavaliers would have speech with thee!"

A conference took place in the chief's room at the end of the long corridor on the first floor of that queer old house.

The place was untidy as only Sir Lionel could make it. There were riding boots on the bed, and strewn about on the floor were such diverse objects as a battered sun helmet, a camera case, odd items of underwear, a pair of very ancient red leather slippers, a number of books—many of them valuable; the whole rising in a sort of mound toward an old cabin trunk, from which one would assume they had been cast forth as by an eruption.

There was a long, high window on the right, through which I could see sunshine on the yellow wall of the Ghost Mosque. A low, shallow cupboard oc-

(Continued on page 36)

"Madame, give me your foot in a sandal anytime!" *B. Shermund*

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SAFE BEHIND SAFETY GLASS

Today you see *Free Wheeling* all around! Soon you'll see *free Safety Glass* all around!

WHY WAIT FOR OTHER CARS TO FOLLOW *STUDEBAKER?*

STUDEBAKER led all America to Free Wheeling . . . and Studebaker now leads all America to a new conception of safety by making Safety Plate Glass standard equipment in all windows and all windshields of all models *free of charge!*

This Studebaker Safety Glass is identical in quality with that used by Pierce-Arrow and other cars in the higher priced field. And yet, the Triumphant New Studebakers have left nothing out to put Safety Glass in. With 32 outstanding betterments, including vastly finer Free Wheeling plus *fast-action* Synchronized Shifting, Automatic Ride Control, Automatic Starting and Full-Cushioned Power, they are by far the finest cars Studebaker has ever built.

These Triumphant New Studebakers are the 4 great "buys" of 1932. And they lead every other complete line of cars in their price field in considering the safety of your family! Why wait for other cars to give you complete Safety Glass protection without charge when Studebaker gives it *now!*

Studebaker's 4 Great "Buys"

PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . . . $1690 to $1990
122 horsepower, 135″ wheelbase—*Reductions up to $560*

COMMANDER EIGHT . . . . . $1350 to $1560
101 horsepower, 125″ wheelbase—*Reductions up to $235*

DICTATOR EIGHT . . . . . $980 to $1125
85 horsepower, 117″ wheelbase—*Reductions up to $115*

STUDEBAKER SIX . . . . . $840 to $985
80 horsepower, 117″ wheelbase—*Prices f. o. b. South Bend*
Bumpers and spare tires extra

THE TRIUMPHANT NEW **STUDEBAKERS**

give you *Safety Glass at no extra charge* in all windshields ··in all windows··in all models ·· *as well as 31 other Betterments*

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WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs?

Nobody! Why do it?

Use

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

INSTEAD!

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

CAN you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn't any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

Much more healthful

If a soiled handkerchief is unpleasant to wash, think how dangerous it is to *use!* Soiled, germ-laden . . . any doctor would tell you to keep it from your face.

Nor should a dirty handkerchief be stowed away in clothing or laundry bags. It is fit only to be destroyed...and that is just what happens, when you use Kleenex. You use a tissue once, then destroy. Germs are destroyed. Each time, you select a fresh, clean, safe tissue.

For removing face creams

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as beauty authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery. Motorists like to keep a package in the car.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Regular 50c size now 35c

KLEENEX COMPANY, CO-5
Lake Michigan Building
Chicago, Illinois

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 31

cupied the space below this window. Set left of this cupboard was a big table on which lay piled an indescribable litter. There were manuscripts, firearms, pipes, a hatbox, a pair of shoes, a large case containing flasks of wine of Shirâz, a big-scale map, a beautifully embroidered silk robe and a fossilized skull.

On a low stool, at the foot of the bed, stood the grim green iron box.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith was standing staring at the box. The chief had thrown himself into an armchair.

"GREVILLE," said Nayland Smith, "have you ever explored the mosque across the way?"

"Yes," I replied, to his evident surprise. "But I didn't find that it possessed any features of interest. Does it, Sir Lionel?"

"According to Smith," was the reply, "it does!"

"Had you any special reason for exploring the place?" Sir Denis asked.

"I had," I admitted. "I made my way in this morning through a window on the north side. You see, I imagined—it was probably no more than imagination—that I saw someone watching us from there on one occasion—"

"What occasion?"

"The inquiry into van Berg's death—when Mr. Jean and Captain Woodville were here—"

"Never mentioned this to me!" the chief began, when:

"All I wanted to know," said Nayland Smith rapidly. "Be quiet, Barton." And now, he turned. His face had grown very stern. "I want to make it perfectly clear to you both that we three, and Rima, and Ali Mahmoud, are in greater peril of our lives, at this present moment, than any of us has ever been before."

"That's putting it pretty strongly, Sir Denis," I said; for I recalled other experiences which I had shared with him.

"Not too strongly," he replied. "I rarely say what I don't mean, Greville. But apart from Rima—I sincerely wish she were a thousand miles from Ispahân—there's a further and a graver consideration. Sir Lionel here—inadvertently, I admit—has stirred up a thing which at this particular stage of world politics is calculated to sway the balance in the wrong direction.

"I know all the facts, Greville—" he threw a quick glance in my direction—"and I assure you that what I say is true. The blowing up of the tomb of El Mokanna revived the tradition of that minor prophet and brought into unexpected prominence certain living believers in his doctrine, of which accident they were not slow to take advantage. I have the names of several men in Afghanistan, Khorassân and Persia whom I know to be associated with this movement—whether as legitimate fanatics or seekers after power remains to be seen. But the spread of the thing is phenomenal."

The chief had begun to walk up and down the room in that caged-bear fashion of his; and since Nayland Smith was also addicted to promenading in moments of intense thought, the latter checked his own restless movements at the first stride, and dropped into an armchair which Sir Lionel had vacated, tugging reflectively at the lobe of his left ear.

His words had chilled me. All my fears, which throughout had centered around Rima, came to a head now. I had known for more than a week past that our little party was the focus of malignant forces. Now, chance or divine Providence had sent us the man best equipped to deal with such a situation. But his words held no comfort.

"The way in which this cry of 'El Mokanna' has swept through the East," he continued, speaking in his rapid, staccato fashion, "points to organization. Someone has seized this mighty opportunity. Don't glare at me, Barton. You, and you alone, are responsible for the position in which we find ourselves. Captain Woodville has already told you so, I believe."

I don't think the chief would have remained silent under such treatment from any but Sir Denis. He was certainly glaring, and he continued to glare. But the steely gray eyes met his unfalteringly; and Sir Lionel merely grunted and continued his promenade.

"Our chief enemy," Nayland Smith went on, "recognizes the importance of possessing the New Creed, the Sword of God and the gold mask. This was why poor van Berg died."

I heard Sir Lionel groan. He halted, and stood with his back to us for some moments.

"The first attempt failed," that cool, even voice went on. "It was attended by very peculiar features; they were not insignificant. But—" he paused for a moment, impressively—"the attempt will be repeated. Our enemy knows that the method by which he obtained access to van Berg's room has so far defied all investigation. He knows that the green box is no longer in that room—but is here."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because Barton has advertised the fact," Nayland Smith returned savagely. "Two Persian officials were present at the inquiry, here, in this house. And they know that the box now rests in Sir Lionel's room. Don't answer, Barton—just listen. And you, too, Greville."

IT WAS hard going for Sir Lionel to swallow his words, but he succeeded in doing so. And with the brief clarity which was one of his peculiar gifts, Nayland Smith outlined his plan of defense.

That he seemed to take it for granted that there would be an attack positively terrified me, since Rima was in the house. But what I did not understand at the time was an underlying anger which appeared to be directed against the chief. . . .

"I hope that my presence may be unknown to the enemy," he concluded. "But frankly, in spite of all the precautions I have taken, I doubt this. I am almost certain that I was covered. The man Amîr Khân, originally your guide, has deserted to the other side. This, to me, is particularly, in fact dreadfully, significant. My object, Greville"—evidently he detected bewilderment in my expression—"is this: I mean to bring things to a head."

"What d'you mean?" Sir Lionel demanded, with a sudden angry outburst. "Bring things to a head! Haven't they come to a head already?"

"Listen, Barton," Nayland Smith spoke unusually slowly. "You have taken some risks in your time. But this time you have stirred up something too big for you. Forget that I'm here, but go to work without delay, and instruct Ali Mahmoud accordingly, to prepare for departure in the morning. Do everything that occurs to you to make it known that tonight is the last night you will spend under this roof.

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Upon your success, Barton—I include you, Greville—my plan for discovering the murderer of poor van Berg will depend. . . ."

THE extraordinary events of that night brought me nearer to a belief in supernatural agencies than I could have believed myself capable of approaching.

Nayland Smith's program was perfectly definite. Clearly enough he had formed a theory covering the singular facts of the death of Dr. van Berg. This theory he bluntly declined to reveal to the chief.

"I'm going to handle this thing, Barton, in my own way," he said firmly. "For once in your life you'll take orders or stand aside, whichever you please."

In consequence, we were disposed in what seemed to me a very strange manner. My own post was in the chief's room, in which our long conference had taken place. I was seated upon a pile of pillows and other odds and ends, screened from the observation of anyone in the room by a large, upstanding trunk, the property of Rima.

Through an opening between the wall and the side of this trunk, I could see practically the whole of the room, which, as I have already said, was a large one. The shutters of the window above and to my right were closed; only a glimmer of moonlight showed through the slats. In consequence, the place was in semi-darkness to which, however, after a time my eyes grew accustomed.

I could see all the objects there very clearly. The window at the farther end, that overlooking the street and the side of the mosque, had the shutters closed, but not latched. Through the slit between them, I could see reflected light on the ancient wall beyond.

The bed, which jutted out along to my left, showed the outline of a heavy body under its sheet. A gray army blanket was rolled across the foot in accordance with Sir Lionel's custom—a provision against the chill of early morning; and the sheet was pulled up right over the pillow so as entirely to conceal the head of the sleeper—another characteristic trick of the chief's in insect-infested countries.

That mound of odds and ends still remained upon the big table, and garments were littered about the floor. On a low stool at the foot of the bed, an object now associated in my mind with murder, stood the long green box. An automatic lay beside me and I had a flashlight in my pocket.

I anticipated a dreary vigil, nor was I by any means satisfied that the enemy would fall into the trap laid for him by Nayland Smith. Our preparations for departure in the early morning had been almost too ostentatious, in my opinion.

The room was silent as a tomb.

Ali Mahmoud, in the lobby below, would be watching the street intently through the iron-barred grill of the house door. Rima was in one of the rooms above, from which she also commanded a view of the street. Of Sir Denis' position I remained in ignorance, except that definitely he was not in the house. . . .

Time wore on. I grew very restless and cramped. Smoking was prohibited as well as the making of the slightest sound.

I watched the shutters of the window above the cupboard so long and so intently that my sight became blurred. This, I felt assured, would be the point of attack. I formed dreadful mental pictures of the creature heard many nights ago by poor van Berg—the thing which had alighted with a sound resembling that caused by the alighting of a heavy bird, in his own words.

What could it be—this flying thing? I conceived horrors transcending the imagination of the most morbid story tellers.

For the keen weapon which had pierced through van Berg's back and reached his heart, I substituted a dreadful kind of beak—the beak of a thing not of this world; a flying horror, such as the Arab romancers have conjured up—a ghoulish creature haunting the ancient cemetery just beyond the city walls. . . .

It was the cry of this creature, I told myself, that moaning, wailing cry, which had given rise to the legend of the Ghost Mosque, which had led to this little street becoming deserted and had made the house in which we lived uninhabitable for so many years.

At which point in my grisly reflections a sound caused me to draw a sharp breath. I crouched, listening intently.

Footsteps!

Someone was walking along the street below. The regular, measured steps paused at a point which I estimated to be somewhere just in front of the door of the house. I anticipated a challenge from Ali Mahmoud, but recalled that Sir Denis' instructions on this point had been explicit.

THERE was no challenge. The footsteps sounded again, echoing hollowly now, so that I knew the walker to be passing that out-jutting wall of the mosque and approaching the dark, tunnel-like archway and the three steps leading to the narrow lane which skirted the base of the minaret.

I heard him mount the three steps; then again he paused. . . .

What would I not have given for a glimpse of him! A passer-by was a phenomenon in that street at night. I dared not move, however. The footsteps continued—and presently died away altogether.

Silence descended again upon this uncanny quarter.

How much time elapsed I had no means of judging; probably only a few minutes. But I had begun to induce a sort of hypnosis by my concentrated staring at the slit between the shutters, when—from high up and a long way off—I heard *the sound*. . . .

It brought my mind back in a flash to those horrible imaginings which had absorbed me at the moment that footsteps had broken the stillness. It was coming! . . . the flying death!

A sort of horrible expectancy claimed me, as, automatic in hand, I watched the opening between the shutters.

SILENCE fell again. I could detect no sound either within the house or outside.

Whereupon it happened—the thing I had been waiting for; a thing seemingly beyond human explanation.

There came a faint pattering sound on the narrow ledge outside and below the shutters. A dull impact and a faint creaking of woodwork told of a weight imposed upon the projecting window. Something began to move upward—a dim shadow behind the slats—upward and inward—toward the opening. . . .

The tension of watching and waiting grew almost too keen to tolerate. But my orders were definite, and wait I must.

Beyond a faint straining of woodwork, no sound whatever was occasioned by the intruder. No sign came from below to indicate that Ali Mahmoud had seen anything of this apparition, which indeed, since it had apparently flown through the air, was not remarkable.

Then—the shutters began very silently to open. . . .

(To be continued next week)

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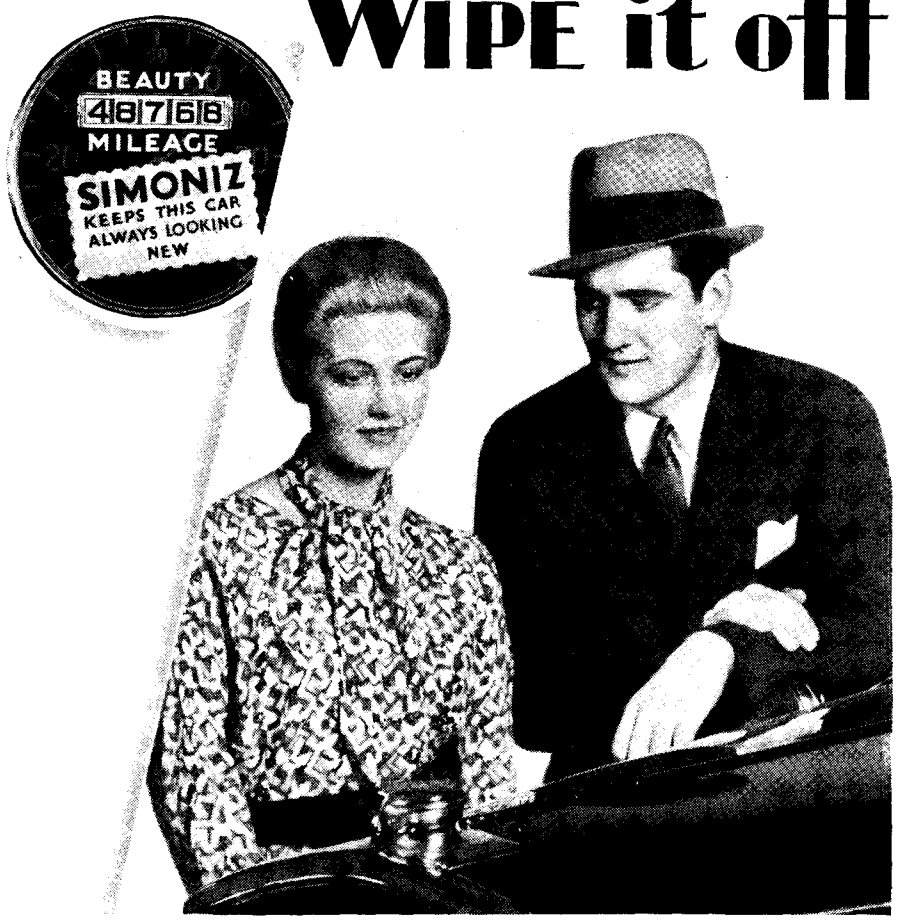

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Water Hazard

Continued from page 13

When she retired, it was still pouring; each time that she awakened during the night it seemed to be coming down harder.

"Dog-gone them!" she said; and dropped off to troubled sleep, to finally awaken . . . to find the sun streaming in through the window.

At first she wouldn't believe it; told herself that she was looking at a picture of the sun, and that in reality it was raining, pelting down. Then she was up, and the sun was the sun, and she was looking out upon a clean-washed world, proclaiming its joy at being sparklingly alive.

"Oh!" she cried, and got into clothes with almost the speed of light. "Oh, what they must be saying!"

WHAT they were saying, when she reached the front porch, was plenty:

"Outrage!"

"Free board I'm going to get somehow!"

"Bet that course isn't fit to play on; bet a man would bog down right out of sight!"

"If that isn't reason enough for not being able to play, then what is?"

"Say!" and the chuckling old mossback of the night before, no longer chuckling, darted down the steps. "I'm going to . . ." And after him steamed Randolph Clayton.

When they returned, the looks on their faces were not pleasant to see.

"Sandy soil!" cried the mossback.

"Fairway's just as though it hadn't had a drop!" furthered Randolph.

At which point young Mr. Barry put in a personal appearance.

"Well, good morning, gentlemen!"

The gentlemen didn't reply like gentlemen. It was only at length that young Mr. Barry was able to get in a word.

"All right," he said, and he spoke like a small boy among his elders; "if you think that I reached up and turned the rain off, then the eats are on me!"

Try as the elders wanted to think it, they couldn't bring themselves to it, and stumped in to a breakfast that they would have to pay for themselves. Which left the porch to young Tom Barry and to Barbara Clayton.

"Oh," he said, "I didn't see you with all this . . ."

"Hardly to be wondered at." Her eyes were dancing. "I don't know how you did it, but you did. I told you that you were a magician. They'll stay here all winter, trying to get even with you. Oh, I think it's wonderful!"

He followed her look.

"Do you think they will? Lord, if they only would, and . . ." He hesitated. "If only everybody'd stay." Then, meeting her eye, he crimsoned. "I mean . . ."

"Some of them are sure to stay," she said quickly; then added, more slowly: "Of course, our own plans are for staying at La Esmeralda."

"Of course," he swiftly agreed. "La Esmeralda's a wonderful place. It's got everything." And he burst out: "It's got everything that I'd like to see this place have!"

He looked out across the valley, with the beauty of the morning upon it, and began to talk; began to tell of all that he would like to do. She looked out across the valley with him, envisaging all that could be done.

"It would be wonderful to take hold of a place like this and build it up, wouldn't it?" She spoke as though half to herself.

"Sure would! But when a man doesn't know whether he's afoot or horseback . . ." He abruptly brushed his hands together, then dropped them like one giving many thoughts dismissal.

She sensed the gesture, and they were silent.

"I know that I shouldn't ask," she finally said, "but . . . what happened to the mine?"

He grinned ruefully.

"Simple. Silver mine, and the bottom fell out of silver. Before that, in the dear dead days when everybody had money to throw away, or thought they had, I loaned some to a friend. Say, there was nothing halfway about him! He shipped me a hatful of legal papers, which I didn't read any too carefully, and when things finally went to glory for everybody, I found that I was the owner of this hotel—mortgages and all. *Well*, a man's got to eat, and have some place to sleep, and so here I am . . . and they can't keep one from throwing punches until the last bell."

Once more he made abrupt gesture. "But it's too fine a morning to talk business! Do you like saddle horses?"

"Love them!"

"We could have a ride later in the morning. . . . But I'm forgetting! You'll be going along to La Esmeralda Inn."

She made an odd little mouth.

"I'm wondering. Father's like the rest of those in there—awful hard to drag him away from the chance of something for nothing. If he thought he could work a free day's board out of you . . . I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't fixing up a game of golf right now—chiseling something awful about his handicap—and would be out on the course within the hour. So . . ."

"Gee!" breathed a small-boy Tom Barry.

A LITTLE redder of face than usual, Randolph Clayton sank into a lobby sofa. For a while he puffed like an engine letting off dangerous superfluous steam. Never, he told himself, had he been through such a damnable two weeks.

He had been taken into camp at golf at least a dozen times. If ever a man had lied about his handicap it had been the old mossback, playing on the Happy Valley course. Happy Valley—hah! And golf course—two hah's! *Called* a golf course. . . . A flat thing, possessing not a single natural hazard—no ravines, no woods, no ponds, no Sahara stretches of sand; merely a few low earthwork obstructions that a child with a seashore pail and shovel could have made and unmade in half an hour.

And it hadn't rained. That is, hadn't rained in any way to warrant free board. To top it all off, his daughter had apparently fallen in love with this hotel man, and he—of course he would!—had fallen in love with her. Any number of times they had gone horseback riding; probably would have gone oftener if the fellow wasn't always around pretending to manage the hotel, or putting in and getting long-distance calls that made him look more and more worried.

Well, Randolph Clayton would make him look worried, all right! Nobody could put over a shell game like that free-board sign on Randolph and get away with it. He didn't know just how he was going to square things, but he'd square 'em, all right. Right now he was plumb tired, and was going to sit and rest and read the city paper.

(Continued on page 40)

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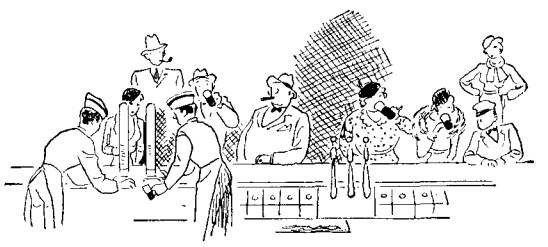
No strangers' lips ever taint a DIXIES brim



WHEN you drink at any soda fountain from a vessel others have used, you may needlessly risk your health. Any one of a dozen previous users may have left the germ of a cold, grippe, or other more serious contagion. Casual rinsing, or even ordinary washing, can not remove the danger. Such vessels must be sterilized, yet few fountains can or will take the time to do this.

To guarantee you the cleanliness and safety you demand, leading soda fountains all over the country are using Individual Dixies. For "Individual" is more than a name for Dixies — it is a fact for your protection. You can rest assured that no stranger has left his tainted kiss, laden with germs, on the Dixie you drink from. Once used each Dixie is thrown away.

Dixies, with their smooth sides, rolled brims and dainty decoration, delight your eyes as well as your lips. They are made in beautiful shades of rose and gold, in addition to the familiar snow-white with blue decoration.

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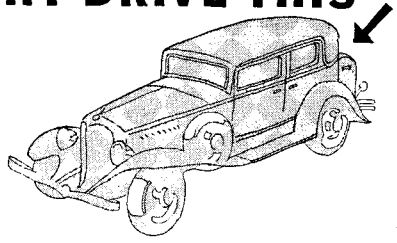
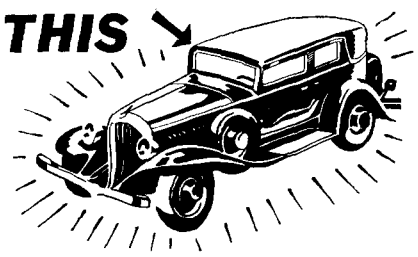


WHEN THIS

QUICKLY GIVES YOU THIS



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Water Hazard

Continued from page 38

He began to read. Listlessly he read, turning page after page, and then suddenly he sat up, held a page close, studied it . . . studied it again. Breathing quickly, he sat in concentration. Then, with happy, fighting snort, he took his penknife and made swift cutting of the page. He put the cutting in a pocket and folded up the paper. He went to the hotel desk.

"Put this paper in my box," he crisped to the clerk. "Get my chauffeur. Tell him to be ready with the car in twenty minutes."

WHEN Barbara Clayton returned at noon from a ride with Tom Barry she stopped at the desk and got her room key, her mail and the paper. In her room she read the letters, glanced at the paper, and started to put it down. She paused. Part of a page was missing. It had been cut out. She studied the rest of the page . . . advertisements. Some advertisement, then, that her father had seen and taken an interest in. She dropped the paper, changed, and went down to lunch.

Her father wasn't in the dining-room. Well, he probably hadn't come in yet. She ate, looking out across the valley; looking . . . and remembering how silent and preoccupied Tom Barry had been; riding with his gaze fixed ahead, answering only in monosyllables. When they had returned he had gone straightway into his private office.

She finished lunch. Once more she paused at the office desk.

"They seem to be making a long game of it today."

"Why, no, I don't think so," said the clerk. "Your father was in here before noon. He had me get the chauffeur, and then left in the car."

An odd little sensation went through Barbara Clayton. "Thank you," she said, and started away. This was the first lunch that he had missed. She told herself that he had merely gone for a drive, yet she knew that she was wrong. Halfway across the lobby she remembered the newspaper from which the clipping had been cut. She returned to the desk.

"I'm wondering if you have an extra copy of the morning paper. Thank you."

In her room, color mounting, she turned the fresh copy to the same page as the one from which the clipping had been taken. And words, large of type, rushed at her:

RAINMAKER!

Let Parched Lands Rejoice!

Rainmaker Killingsmith is home again, ready for business. Home again, after a triumphal demonstration of his work in Bolivia.

The Ancient Aztec Mystery of the Chemistry of the Sky — Rain at will. Yours for the asking, and a modest fee.

Barbara Clayton was on her feet; was looking out upon a sunshine-and-blue-sky day.

"Oh!" said Barbara. "Oh!"

Dawn was as yet but pale in the east; pale through a murk of gray sky. The feel of oncoming storm and rain was heavy in the air; had been, for the past twenty-four hours.

Out from the slumbering Happy Valley Hotel slipped Randolph Clayton, wearing a rough suit, a hard-shelled hat and stout walking shoes. Under an arm he carried a rolled-up waterproof, and when he had gone some little distance from the hotel, he put it on, buttoning it up to his chin. He glanced at his watch, and looked toward the bulking western hills, now almost lost in lowering clouds.

He beamed, and began to stroll across the Happy Valley golf course.

Out from the hotel came a second early riser—his daughter. She crossed the porch, and there hesitated, as though trying to decide whether or not to follow. Finally she took up a seat on the porch railing, one eye on the diminishing figure, and the other on the darkening heavens. And concern was on her face.

The figure of Randolph Clayton became smaller and smaller . . . disappeared. The heavens grew darker and darker. A drop of rain came plopping down, large, portentous. Another, and another. A hundred. Then, as though somebody had kicked over a gigantic bucket, the heavens opened. The world became a thing of falling, raging water. All else was blotted out.

Barbara Clayton gave one frantic look toward the engulfed golf course and dashed indoors.

She collided with a racing figure—Tom Barry.

"He's . . . out there!" she cried.

"I saw him go!" he said. "Whatever made him . . . You stay here!"

"Stay here nothing!"

TOGETHER they raced down the steps. Together they struggled and gasped through the torrent. They came to the course; to the first fairway . . . to what had been the first fairway.

Slushing across it, knifing deeper and wider into the sandy soil each second, raged a yellow flood—a flood that told of earlier and even more gigantic bucket-tipping among the hidden hills. Even before their eyes it became a bank-full ravine; became impassable.

On its far side loomed a figure, dimly seen through the downpour like someone trying to walk at the bottom of the sea. The figure put a foot into the flood—drew back.

They cried out at him. "Wait!" shouted Tom Barry, and was gone.

In seemingly no time he was back, a coil of rope in hand.

"Tie . . . it . . . around . . . you!" he fought out the words, and cast one end.

The figure tied . . . was dragged through the flood. Wetter than ever Noah was wet; wetter than a seal or a fish. He was lifted to his feet.

"I saw you start!" cried Tom Barry. "What did you do it for, with the storm coming?"

"Ga-flaw! Ga-whoosh!" gurgled a redder-than-red Randolph Clayton. "Leggo me! I'll get my car . . . go kill him! Promised me a six-day drizzle and . . ."

Tom Barry shot a glance at Barbara. "Out of his head," he muttered.

"Out of my head nothing!" roared old Randolph. "Guess I know! Tried to drown me . . . to leave no evidence. C'mon!"

He began to run for the hotel, the others beside him. Slosh, slosh went the water in his shoes as he ran. "Kill him!" he cried over and over. "Pay a thousand dollars the way I did and have him double-cross me. . . ."

"Who you talking about?" demanded Tom Barry.

"Killingsmith . . . Rainmaker! The one who . . ."

That's an idea!

EVERY time I give a party, I always call up Helen. She's a dietetics teacher and has the cleverest ideas for making everything you serve look and taste different. "What shall we have to drink?" I asked her. And she said, "Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. There's nothing like a good cup of coffee at night—*if* you make sure it won't keep you awake."

• • •

You have no idea how many people will compliment your thoughtfulness as a hostess if you serve "the coffee that lets you sleep."

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is guaranteed pure coffee with 97% of the caffeine and the indigestible wax removed. No fear that caffeine will keep you awake — affect your nerves — or digestion. Yet experts say Kaffee Hag has as fine a flavor as any other coffee.

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Tom Barry gave a short, mirthless laugh.

"Oh, so it was you. Rainmaker, hell! Cloudburst. Damndest cloudburst ever!"

Old Randolph sputtered.

"Listen," said Tom wearily. "Just for your benefit. The government people ran him and his fake apparatus out of the hills days ago."

In the end, Randolph Clayton managed to get back his speech; managed, noble Roman that he was, to save something out of the catastrophe.

"Cloudburst?" he finally articulated, standing on the hotel porch and staring back through the now lessening storm upon the wreck of a golf course. "Well, no matter what you call it, it's free board today!"

"Right you are," said Tom Barry, looking out upon the wreck. "Only, you'd better eat hearty. Because it won't be free board tomorrow."

"What?" flared old Randolph.

"New owners," said Tom. "Foreclosing tomorrow. Now you'd better get along in and put on some dry things."

He turned to a white-faced, wide-eyed Barbara, and he conjured up the ghost of a smile. "Washed up. Like that," and he indicated the course. "And now, I probably won't be seeing you again. But I've got to tell you one thing before I go . . . I love you."

She caught him by both arms.

"And did you think," said she, "that I would let you go?"

AN HOUR later, a reclaimed Randolph Clayton went out upon what had been a golf course. Now that he had attained his desire, in a manner of speaking, it seemed like no desire at all. To his amazement he found that what he really wanted to do was to play a game of golf. He stood on the first tee. Beyond lay the cloudburst's legacy, the new-gashed ravine. Beyond this, a stretch of fairway. Again, another ravine, and then, in the distance, the first green, apparently undamaged.

He looked and looked. All that a player would have to do would be to drive a good ravine-carrying ball, land on the fairway, pitch across the second ravine, and there you were. Just made for the style of play of one who hit a ball into the air instead of along the ground.

The Clayton face suddenly became very red. He surged down into the ravine and up its far side; set off along the fairway. In time he returned, plastered with sand, his face beatified. He broke into a trot toward the hotel, and as he trotted he began to call; to sound out the name of the old mossback whose shots had heretofore rolled so victoriously, so payingly, along the table-flat ground.

"Ooh," breathed Randolph Clayton, "let me get him out here! Just let me get him out here. Most perfect golf course I've ever seen! And say, I want to speak to that young Barry, too!"

YEARLY, Randolph Clayton journeys west at the approach of winter. Daily he plays golf on the Happy Valley course, choosing as opponents those whose game is based on low, running shots. Evenings, he sits about the lobby, and talks.

"Yes, sir," he will say, "I play golf every day. Wonderful course; sportiest ever. Built just right for a man who knows his stuff." Here he will rattle money in his pockets and smile complacently. Then he will continue, glancing around a busy lobby:

"Mighty fine hotel. Had a chance to invest in it, and I did just that. . . . That sign down at the highway . . . and the weather? Let me tell you. Been only three days that I haven't been able to play. Yes, sir!" A pause. "The first one, the day my daughter was married. The others, the days my grandson and my granddaughter were born."

Job Lottery

Continued from page 15

entirely apart from the fact, as stated by Ramsay Macdonald, that if they hadn't had social insurance they would have had a revolution instead—has been that no British worker has ever had to stand in a bread line, and that neither has industry ever been encouraged, as it has been in the United States, to run around all over the country shaking a pitiful tin cup in the face of every charitably disposed person in the land.

Answering the Critics

England, Scotland and Wales have a population of, roughly, 45,000,000 people, of whom 16,009,000 are earning wages or small salaries. Of this 16,009,000 people 12,094,000 are covered by unemployment insurance.

On the straight unemployment fund—and remember that the 1920 mistake made by the English politicians when they mixed up the out-of-work donation, or the dole, with the contributed funds has never been corrected by them—the record shows that for the year ending March, 1931, the receipts and expenditures were as follows:

RECEIPTS

Contributed by employers and employees	$144,705,000
From the state, including a transitional fund of $107,000,000	172,615,000
Other sources	122,000
Total	$317,442,000

EXPENDITURES

Benefits	$448,789,000
Administration	30,999,000
Interest and other costs	13,344,000
Total	$493,132,000

Clearly there is a deficit here, which was cared for by a treasury loan charge, of about $175,000,000, but when we look at a complete summary, covering the operation of the English unemployment insurance plan from its inception in 1911 up to and including March, 1931, and see that the *total outstanding debt* of the fund on that date was only $358,271,730, and that up to January, 1932, including the tremendously heavy payments of the past year, it is only $550,000,000, it furnishes us with food for a good deal of deep thought.

On what basis can its critics attack social insurance when for twenty years, operating under it, England has not pauperized a single one of its citizens and is now able to open its books and show us that the price which it has paid for thus maintaining its manhood and self-respect for two decades is only about one-third greater than the charity sum of $400,000,000 which our national administration told us we should have to raise to care for our unemployed for *one single winter?*

Frederick H. Ecker, President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, told the members of the Academy of

(Continued on page 42)

ROBERTA ROBINSON

Permanent Loveliness
this season's wave must look natural

The success of the flattering, natural looking permanent so important this year depends largely upon a healthy condition of the hair. Why not put yours through a course of training for your wave? It's a smart idea, and very effective.

Before you get your permanent wave, give yourself regular "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatments before each shampoo. Brush the hair thoroughly to remove surface dirt. Then apply the Tonic generously, being careful to cover the entire surface of the scalp. Massage gently with the finger tips, working round and round until the scalp feels alive and loose. If you can leave the Tonic on over night, so much the better, but spread a towel over your bed pillow to protect it from becoming soiled by the loosened dust and oil from your hair. These regular Tonic treatments will inject new life into your hair, impart a lovely lustre, and make it much more receptive to a soft and natural looking permanent.

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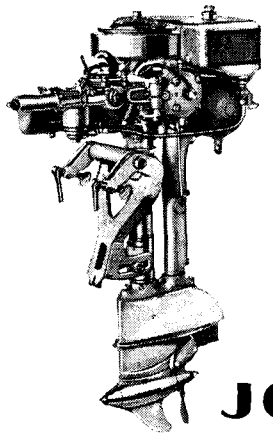
Johnson motors are refined motors. There is the famous release charger for easy starting (electric starting equipment, too, if you wish)—water cooled underwater exhaust for quiet operation—rotary valve for high power—full tilting propeller for beaching anywhere—anti-friction bearings for long life and greatest efficiency.



There are other important features—but see your Johnson Dealer. Ask him for a Johnson Ride. You'll like the pick-up and power; the steady, quiet, thrilling speed; the economy in first cost and upkeep. Outboard motoring *is* inexpensive. The family will vote "yes" with you. They, too, know it's a wonderful, healthful sport.

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SEA-HORSE SERIES
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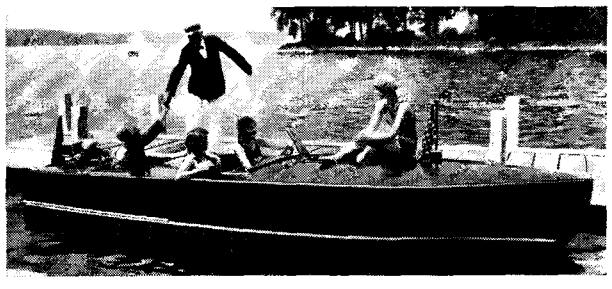

(*Continued from page 41*)

Political Science that "many very substantial British employers now realize that had they had the vision and the wisdom to proceed voluntarily on a wide scale with plans of their own they might have avoided complications and difficulties and would thereby perhaps have made the present compulsory unemployment insurance system unnecessary."

State Assistance Important

Mr. Ecker then adds this: "The valid doubt as to the *extent* to which insurance against unemployment is practical makes it imperative that the field of private experimentation should be so extended that out of it a plan may be evolved that will lend itself to general application.

"The problem is so important, and so wide, that the interest of all should be enlisted and experiments should not cease. Its solution should not be left entirely to private initiative. General education, information, and guidance are needed.

"The state can be of the utmost assistance in acting as a clearing house for information and in preventing the adoption of plans which are doomed to fail. If the state will point the way, pressing vigorously for the creation of private plans, and if industry will undertake the initiation and operation of various of these plans, it is not too much to expect that the extent to which insurance is practicable in the event of unemployment will ultimately be determined. With industry striving in this manner, there need be little fear of overemphasizing the possibilities of unemployment benefit plans, or of understressing the more important side of the problem, namely, removal of some of the underlying causes of unemployment."

These remarks by Mr. Ecker are worthy of very careful consideration. Undoubtedly when insurance is the subject under discussion he knows what he is talking about.

One of the economists recently returned from Europe told this writer that if every employer in the United States would but study the subject from the proper angle and with sufficient foresight, he believed that ninety per cent of them would immediately agree to enter into some voluntary plan of unemployment insurance. But this estimate, as indicated by the return received by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on a referendum ballot which was sent to all its members, is a little too strong. Out of 2,603 employers who voted on the question as to whether or not "aided by increased opportunity for stabilization, employers, individually and collectively, should provide adequate reserves for unemployment and other benefits for their employees," 2,110 registered approval and 493 disapproval of the proposition. Thus, in so far as the theory of unemployment insurance is concerned, it seems that the overwhelming majority of employers, although not quite ninety per cent, are already educated in favor of it.

When it comes to the practical application of that theory, however, there may not be nearly so much agreement. There has not been in Europe. For out of the seventeen systems which are in operation over there, no two are alike; and yet the employers of not a single country on that side of the Atlantic are discouraged with the experiment. On the contrary, they feel sure, as the experts' report shows, that eventually a plan will emerge which will bring about the desired results. Of course, Europe understands—just as we must understand—that unemployment insurance is not a cure for the malady with which industry is at present afflicted. The very use of the word "insurance" indicates that the plan is not intended to deal with a present crisis but with a future contingency involving loss.

Non-Political Leadership Necessary

No man can insure his house when it is already on fire, and neither, therefore, can a man already unemployed expect to secure unemployment insurance. Hence the object to be attained is one that deals with the future and provides us with a means whereby the recurrence of such conditions as prevail at present can be prevented. That this can be done is not doubted by anyone who has given the matter careful thought. But at the same time it is clearly apparent that it must be done under a leadership that is non-political and hence has its economic sights set for a longer period than a mere four or eight years.

Logically, then, this leadership must be industrial, and certainly it is not too much to expect that American business men, who have been able to develop our industries to their present marvelous point of productive efficiency, will be able—with Europe's experience to guide them—to work out some plan whereby that same efficiency can be turned into a national benefit and not remain, as it now is, an international menace.

"Would you gentlemen mind signing my autograph album before you leave?" *George Shellhase*

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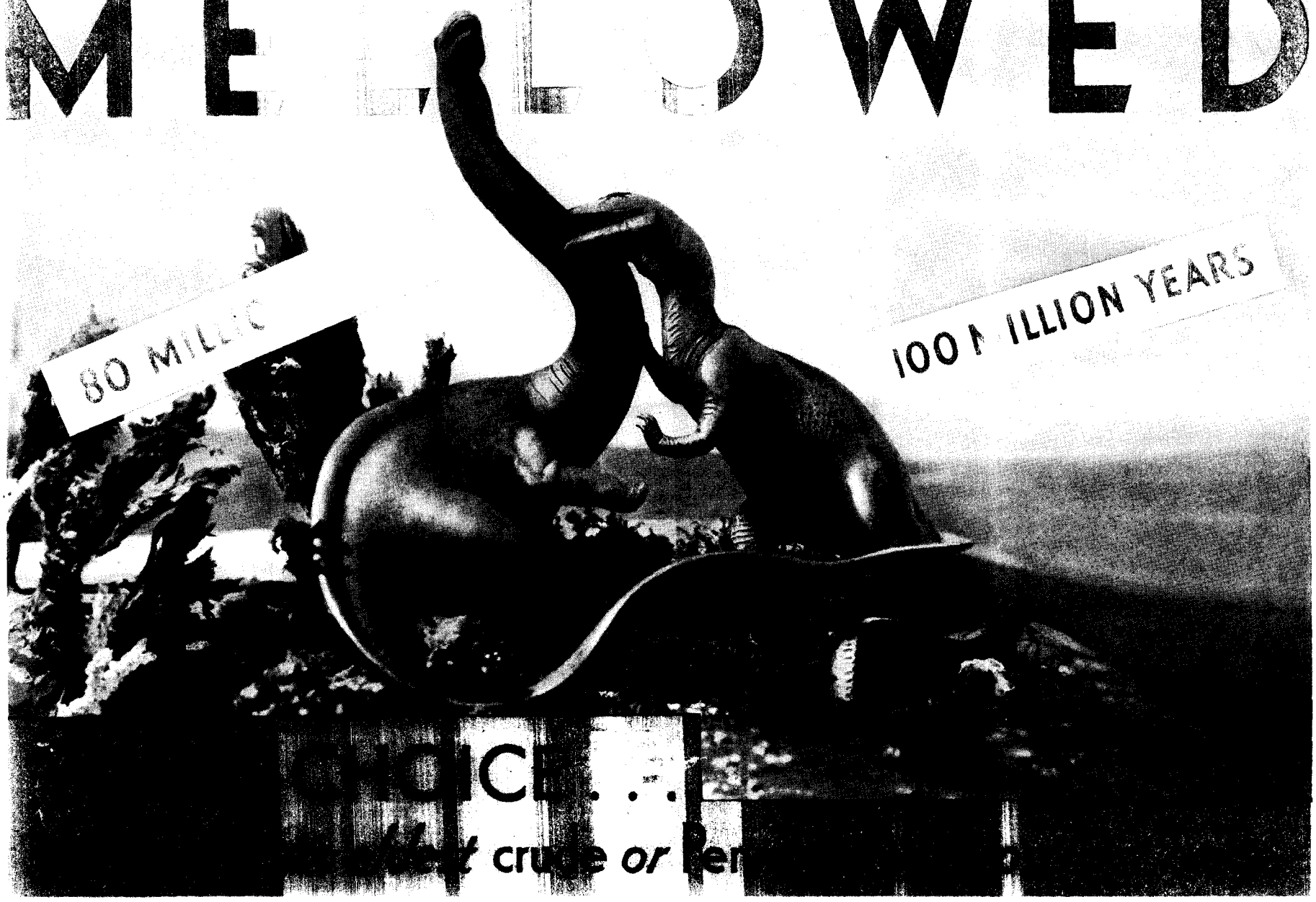

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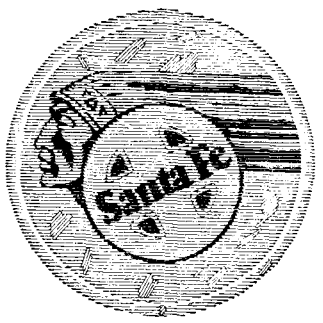

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The Wife of the Party

Continued from page 19

"That's what I'm scared of. Or else—"

"Thing for you to do, Joe, is sit tight. And lay off Babe."

"I always told you there wasn't no reason to be jealous. I wish I hadn't never set eyes on her. I wish you was still classy enough to dress the act. I wish—"

"Take it easy, Joe. Maybe you're exaggerating things. We'll just keep our eyes open."

"You said it. You said it plenty."

JOE DOYLE did keep his eyes open; he kept them open at night and on the streets. He kept them open in the theater during the performance. Once Babe pointed out Nick, and Joe shivered.

Not that Nick was an impressive person, but his very expression of meekness sent a chill down the spine of Mr. Joseph Doyle. Nick was short and slight, and he had long black hair and a rich complexion. After that one glimpse Joe stared into the man's face at every performance.

Nick always sat down front, near the center aisle. All through the act he would stare tensely at the stage, and his interest did not add to the hilarity of the performance. In fact, Joe was frequently compelled to resort to the stereotyped act inasmuch as his mind wasn't functioning very well.

House managers complained that Joe was getting stale, and Joe couldn't tell them that he was worried—and why.

Then Babe commenced to slip. The persistence of Nick was making her nervous and affecting the pace of the entire act. For five interminable weeks things drifted from bad to worse. Uncomplimentary reports were sent to New York from the house managers; Babe became a shadow of herself, and Joe Doyle's professional expression of absolute blankness was supplanted by one of colossal misery.

Mr. Doyle knew all about gangsters, and since the advent of Nick, the eminent comedian had taken to visiting picture houses which featured gangster talkies. He decided unanimously that the milder the gunman, the more vicious he was—and by that token Nick was the most ferocious of them all. It was very well for Babe to protest that he was merely a racketeer; Joe knew better.

"There ain't anything to be frightened of, really," explained Babe.

"Except having my head blown off."

"I don't believe he'd do nothing like that."

"You're scared, ain't you?"

"Sure, I'm scared. Not of being hurt, though. I'm scared he won't never let me alone. He was wrecking my work in that New York night club, and he's hurting it in this act."

"Why don't you marry him, Babe?"

"I wouldn't marry him if I was killed for not."

"You mean you wouldn't marry him if I was killed for not." Joe was pensive. "He's awful persistent, ain't he?"

"Yeah. . . . I been hoping he would leave. I'll go crazy if he sticks around much longer."

Joe hoped vainly for the best. He was moody and depressed, a comedian whose stock in trade had been spontaneity but who now mooned pallidly through a conventional act.

He considered a conversation with Nick, but discarded that idea almost before it was born. Given the premise that Nick was enamored of Babe, the conclusion inevitably was that he was jealous of Mr. Doyle. Joe nowadays jumped at sight of his own shadow. He turned corners wide and did calisthenics at night—though he wondered morosely what possible good setting-up exercises would do a man who was on the visiting end of a bullet.

He familiarized himself with gang jargon and one expression—more graphic than esthetic—stuck in his mind. He was constantly beset by the term "belly gun." He believed that Nick would some day use one of these terrible weapons on him and the thought gave him an uncomfortable feeling in the abdominal region. He was nervous and on edge.

And then—suddenly, savagely, and without warning—it happened. Mabel was out of town, having gone to a nearby city to visit relatives. Back-stage there was the usual hum of idle conversation and scrape of furniture. From out front the voice of the talking screen drifted back in snatches—with sound effects. The picture that week had for its climax a thrilling battle scene, and the insistent gunfire roused no enthusiasm in the breast of one Joseph Doyle. He sat forlornly at his dressing table smearing a bit of make-up on his melancholy countenance. The door opened.

Nick entered!

Now, actually, Nick was a mere five feet two inches in height and somewhat narrow across the shoulders. His face was pleasant enough and his eyes bright and shiny, but at sight of him Joe rose instinctively and his lip framed the horrific words "belly gun."

For the first time in his life Joe Doyle understood the cornered-rat theory. He looked into the brightly shining eyes of Nick and discerned a shadow of the hereafter. Certain highly dramatic scenes from gangster pictures flashed through his brain, and instinct came to his assistance.

JOE DOYLE never knew from what source he summoned his courage and efficiency. He acted—swiftly and surely. He stepped forward. With a howl of terror, his right fist flashed out and crashed against the jaw of the visitor.

Nick swapped ends with gratifying abruptness; one moment he was standing on his feet and the next instant he was on his neck.

Joe leaped upon the prostrate form. He fumbled for Nick's belly gun, but didn't find it. In fact, to his own amazement he discovered no evidence of an arsenal. He blinked, rose and backed off. He grabbed his heavy cane—bought several weeks ago and carried earnestly against some such emergency—and stood looking down on the little man who was making valiant efforts to recover consciousness.

Joe knew better than to take chances. These gangsters were always dangerous, habitually producing guns from unexpected spots and drilling their enemies. Mr. Doyle saw Nick blink and heard him moan. Then Nick's eyes fluttered up to those of his attacker and the fallen gentleman made a most undangerous request:

"Please don't sock me no more."

A warm glow suffused Joe. Without doubt, Nick was frightened.

"Don't make a move," threatened Joe. "I got your gat."

"Mister, I wouldn't fool you; I never had no gun."

"You mean you come back here to have it out with me and didn't pack a rod?"

"I tell you I never carried a gun in my life. I only come back friendly-like to tell you the bad news."

Fussy Stomach?

Not Since I Discovered "TUMS"

YES, I used to think I had a "Fussy Stomach." Couldn't eat fried foods, or cucumbers, in fact many of the foods I liked best, without getting a sour stomach. After a hearty meal I often was troubled with gas, heartburn and belching. After drinking coffee at night I could not sleep.

But all that is ended now. I've discovered TUMS. I eat, drink, smoke whatever I like without even a fear of acid indigestion. This is my secret: I simply munch three or four TUMS after meals—often one is enough.

TUMS, the delightful new antacid mints, bring quick relief for acid indigestion. Simply eat them, just like candy, after meals—and whenever exercise or excesses of eating, smoking or drinking bring on distress. You'll like TUMS—they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse, wherever you go. Learn the joy of eating what you like, when you like. Get a roll today at any drug store. Only 10c.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

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Men who are most at home with a pipe are quickest to like Dill's and tell their world Dill's Best is America's Best.

"What bad news?"

Nick made a gesture. He said: "Babe's gone!"

"Where?"

"I dunno where, Mr. Doyle, but I do know she scrammed tonight. Took a train—and she ain't coming back."

A sensation of infinite relief came to Joe Doyle.

"You mean she's quit the act?"

"Uh-huh! She says she's gonna try to get her old job in New York."

"That's great. And you'll follow her?"

NICK sat up—and somehow Joe didn't construe this as a hostile move. Nick spoke in a wheedling voice:

"Please, Mr. Doyle, don't make me do that."

"Ain't you in love with her?"

"Well, I guess maybe so—but not so very because I know it ain't no use. Anyway, she's gone and she can stay for all I care. But you're in a jam and I come back to ask you about it."

"What kind of a jam am I in?"

"Babe's gone, Mr. Doyle. Mrs. Doyle ain't in town—and you go on in ten minutes."

"Good grief!" Mr. Doyle, Thespian, seated himself abruptly—beset by this newest worry. Nick was propped against the wall.

"Can you work single, Mr. Doyle?"

"No. I never could. I tried it and flopped. I gotta have lines fed to me."

"That's what I come to see you about, Mr. Doyle. Now listen: All my life I've wanted to go on the stage. I guess why I fell for Babe in the first place was because she was on the stage—sort of—when she was in that night-club floor show. Since I been following your act around, I've got that old itch again. I know how you work, I know lots of your good lines—I could almost do the whole act, like when you say 'Why is Coolidge like Santa Claus?' and I say 'I dunno. Why is Coolidge like Santa Claus?' and you say, 'On account they have both got long whiskers except Coolidge.'"

"Wait a minute. . . ." Joe was thinking. "Whadaya mean: 'I say'?"

"That's what I'm driving at, Mr. Doyle. Babe has gone, Mrs. Doyle is out of town—and you're on in eight minutes. I'm asking you, Mr. Doyle, won't you let me go on with you? I know all the lines it don't need a woman to say, and you can't work single. . . . Aw, please! All my life I wanted to be an actor. . . ."

Joe Doyle was in the grip of a superb exaltation. Single-handed he had defeated a gangster who, although perhaps minus a belly gun, was nevertheless a gangster—or almost. Joe felt that he could do neither less nor worse than give Nick his chance.

"Get up here, Nick. I'll make you up and we'll try it."

Nick was pathetically grateful. Joe worked swiftly and before stage fright could assail Nick, they were on-stage.

Joe Doyle was treading on air and eating triumph. Each glance at the pitiful little figure of Nick made Mr. Doyle feel greater and grander. His brain was clicking as never before; wise-cracks slipped unbidden from his tongue.

But even so, Nick was astounding. The little man fed lines from the regular act and occasionally interpolated new ones to which Joe instinctively gave funny answers. The audience rocked and roared with applause. The act came back to three big hands and overstayed its allotted time four minutes. In the wings, afterward, Joe Doyle clapped Nick on the shoulder.

"You was swell, Nick. The act was a riot."

"I'm glad, Mr. Doyle. Now listen: How about giving me the job regular?"

JOE DOYLE stared hard at the now unformidable figure of Nick.

"I could make you up like you are now—only funnier," he said, half to himself. "That black eye kind of tickled them. And since the missus ain't in the act no more, it might be sensible to have a man partner. Yeah—I'll try you for a couple of weeks anyway. You got an instinct for my way of working, Nick. Them lines you fed me—the new ones—they was right up my alley. I had the laugh answers ready even before you finished saying 'em. How did you do it?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, Mr. Doyle," explained Nick: "After I'd been following your act for a few weeks, Mrs. Doyle come to my hotel and asked what was the matter. Her and I got to be friends, and I told her about being ambitious to become an actor. So she figured if I stuck around long enough, Babe would scram—and you'd maybe give me a chance."

Joe was beginning to understand. He said: "Oh! she did, did she?"

"Uh-huh, Mr. Doyle—she doped it out just that way. And as for them lines—Mrs. Doyle has been rehearsing me for almost three weeks."

Frank Beaven

"That's no alibi—I was in Dinny's speakeasy that night myself!"

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There are a number of good shaving creams on the market. Anyone of them will do a fair job. You know that as well as we do.

No amount of talking we might do would convince you that Listerine Shaving Cream is superior. That at its price of 25¢, it is a super-bargain.

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If you do, you can get Listerine Shaving Cream at your local druggist's—a great tube of it containing 177 shaves. The price is 25¢. Tear out the coupon now. Send it at once. It will bring you a new treat in shaving. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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Gentlemen: Please send me free and postpaid your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.
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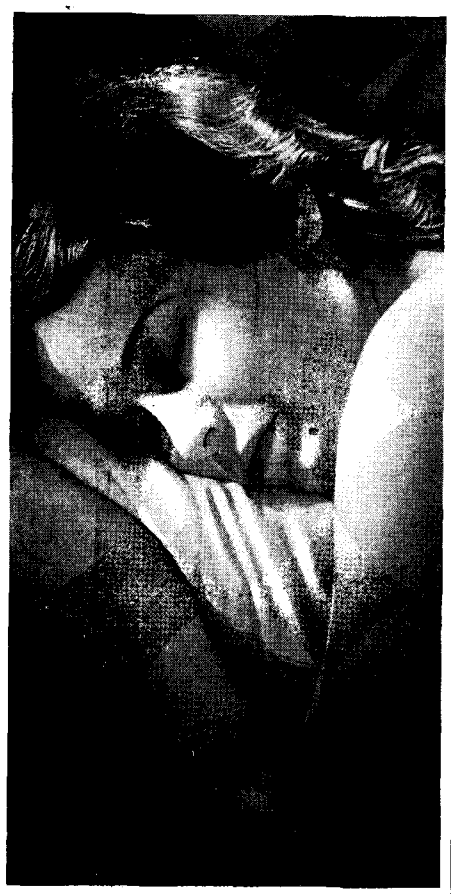

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Woman's Place

Continued from page 11

Garden. As Stella sped around the track the whole crowd arose to acclaim her. She ran like a man, with a smooth, effortless motion that just ate up the ground. Of course she won the race by a city block or two, and of course she established another record.

Now Stella Walsh promises to be the sensation of the games this summer.

Of course she will face competition such as she never faced before. She visited Germany last year and she tells of clubs composed of a thousand girls who have monthly field days and who train just as men athletes do. In the plan for rebuilding Germany, which went into effect just after the war, the wise leaders emphasized the importance of physical training. No country in the world is as healthy as Germany. Its men and women all compete in one form or another of athletics, and from those countless thousands a few great girl athletes will emerge.

A Shortage in Weights

Except for Miss Walsh and Miss Robinson, this country is not so strong in track and field events. For some reason American girls do not think that it is fun to throw a discus or to high-jump. But in 1928 Lillian Copeland, one of our discus throwers, did toss the clay pie a distance of 121 feet 7⅞ inches, which gave her second place in the event. First place was taken by Halinaa Konopacka of Poland, who hurled the discus eight feet farther.

There are many fast Canadian girl runners and there are speedy English girls, but I will back Betty and Stella to run away with the events in which they are entered.

It often takes generations to make great athletes. The Finns are great middle-distance and long-distance runners because their ancestors excelled in this form of sport. The Canadians and Norwegians are supreme in ski jumping and snowshoe competitions for the same reason.

The same is true of fencing. The rapier-scarred cheeks of Heidelberg students have long been familiar to American tourists and moving-picture audiences. You never see pictures of German girls carrying scars of collegiate warfare but it is nevertheless true that fencing is very popular among them. Perhaps they do not carry facial scars because they are too skillful, or it may be that they are too sensible. But they do go in for fencing in a big way and there are fencing clubs in every community in Germany.

Helen Meyer, a German lass, won the foils competition at the last Olympic games, and although an English girl was second, two German girls took third and fourth places. Winning three out of four places is rather a good indication of how proficient the German girls are.

Fencing is more popular in this country than is generally known but competition is confined chiefly to women's clubs and very little of it is open to the public. Many of our greatest women fencers are content to sit on the sidelines watching their sisters compete. They believe, and rightly, that fencing is fundamentally an exercise and a recreation. They do not want the spotlight of publicity to shine upon them. They like to fence in the privacy of their clubs.

The fact that the Olympic games are being held in this country may provide the stimulus that will bring many of our best fencers out of their clubs and into the competitive ranks. Marion Lloyd is our best fencer and she should give a good account of herself.

We have touched only the high lights of these sports and we have mentioned but a few of the more prominent stars. We haven't even named any of the girl swimmers and divers who will carry the American standard into battle at Los Angeles. I am happy to come to them because I now find myself on more familiar ground.

One of the greatest girl divers of all time is an American, Georgia Coleman of Los Angeles. The greatest girl swimmer ever to face the starter's gun is an American—Helene Madison of Seattle.

Looking past them, we see literally hundreds of great or nearly great girl swimmers or divers, and at first glance we might well say that the situation is well in hand and that they will have little trouble in rolling up an impressive point score in Los Angeles. But of course we are so close to them that sometimes we forget that other countries have girl swimmers who do not need water wings.

Looking back at the last games, we find that our own Helen Meany won the low-board diving title, Georgia Coleman of the Los Angeles Athletic Club was second, and Dorothy Poynton third. It is very rarely that one country wins the first three places in any Olympic event, and that made history. However, and this is significant, three German girls followed the three winners and those three German girls will be back with four added years of experience.

In high diving Betty Becker won the 1928 title. Georgia Coleman was second again and a Swedish girl third. Three American girls virtually dominated the diving events in 1928, Betty Becker, Georgia Coleman and Helen Meany. Betty has retired. Helen Meany will be present to defend her championship. She and Georgia Coleman will have to go after both the high- and the low-board title, which is quite a large assignment.

Training for both of these events is just as difficult as training for a hundred-yard dash and a marathon at the same time. Sense of balance and sense of timing are all-important in diving and once you have adjusted yourself to the low board it is not easy to do a right-about-face and adjust yourself to the high board.

Frances Meany in High and Low

A good guess is that Georgia will be able to win both titles; but, unless a few of our younger girls have improved a great deal, German and English girls are very apt to finish right behind Georgia. Frances Meany of the W. S. A. has come along fast and she may take up where her sister Helen left off. Like Georgia Coleman Frances is equally at home on both the high and low board. She is very apt to spring a big surprise next summer. Mary Hagen, U. S. A., is a newcomer who has improved tremendously during the past few months and she too may have something to say about the diving situation. Catherine Rowe of Hollywood and Dorothy Poynton, if she competes again, are two more girls who are far above the average.

In swimming we face just about the same situation. First, there is Helene Madison. On March 18, 1930, she performed a most remarkable aquatic feat, to the delight of a large audience. She was competing in the twenty-yard Lackawanna Pool at Jacksonville, Florida, in a five-hundred-yard race. In

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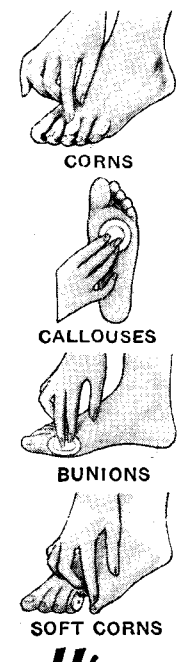

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that distance, there are included seven standard shorter distances for each one of which there was at that time a world's record. Covering the five-hundred-yard course in 6:17, Helen broke six of those seven records. Her only failure was the hundred-yard record.

She established new world's records for two hundred yards, two-twenty yards, three hundred yards, four hundred yards, four-forty and five hundred. She clipped two seconds off the two-twenty-yard mark and then she really started to speed up. By the time she had reached the four-hundred-yard mark, she had left the old record just fifteen seconds behind her. When she finished her swim, she had picked up four more seconds, completely smashing the old record of 6:36 by nineteen seconds.

That is Helene Madison, the greatest woman swimmer of them all. She outclasses her field even by a greater margin than Gertrude Ederle did a few years back. Gertrude never had to put forth her best efforts and perhaps if she had remained in competition and had been pressed closely, she would have gone on to bigger and better records.

There are, of course, a great many European girls who will be among her competitors but Helene is a standout, and unless the Europeans have improved enormously, America should win most of the swimming honors in sight.

Magda Lenkey of Hungary has done some speedy swimming during the last few months, her best performance being a 1:9⅗ hundred-meter mark. Yvonne Godard of France has done the same distance in 1:10, and young Willie Van der Ouden, the thirteen-year-old Dutch marvel, has equaled that time. There are plenty of good one-hundred-meter swimmers in Europe but Miss Madison has been the best.

Marie Braun won the four-hundred-meter European crown in 5:42, but Miss Madison has done a full second below that without ever having been pushed to the limit.

Miss Braun is also a great back-stroke swimmer and it will be a pity if she does not reconsider her earlier announcement not to come to this country. Her one-hundred-meter back-stroke mark, for instance, is 1:22, with Phyllis Harding of Great Britain just a second slower. Eleanor Holm and Joan McSheehy hold a whole flock of dorsal records and they may be expected to give more than a good account of themselves next summer.

The Beauty of Sport

Catherine Rawls is our chief hope in the breast stroke; and Marjorie Hinton of England, Gerda Suchart of Germany and Cecilia Wolstenholme, another English girl, have beaten the time of every American breast-stroke swimmer except Catherine.

The figures make dry reading and they do not mean a great deal anyway. Some girl as yet unknown may bob up with a sensational performance before the time comes to sound the call for the Olympic games.

Win, lose or draw, America is going to be well represented in those 1932 Olympic games; and win, lose or draw, the Olympic games this year will have a decidedly feminine slant. That at least should make them more ornamental than they were in the days when Helen of Troy launched those thousand ships.

Bronc Fighter's Girl

Continued from page 9

fire. "What if I'm bucked down? I've been bucked down more times than there are stickers in a salt bush. But I tell you, if I come out of the chute on Black Powder, that bronc is going to get the raking over of his life."

Unquestionably Rowdy Kate was set back. She sat for a long time blowing smoke through her nose and staring at Polly Collins. At last she said gently, "Child, maybe it might be done. Maybe there's things that can so shame a man that he'd rather take a quick die in any shape than go on as he was. I expect maybe you've got hold of one of them things. But, child, leave old Kate tell you something else. You realize that if you do this to him he'll hate you for it—hate you till the hour he dies?"

"KATE," Polly said, "it's the least I can do for him—maybe all in the world I ever can do for him."

"And make him hate—"

"I know."

"And what," said Kate softly, "if I won't play?"

Polly Collins seized both Kate's arms above the elbow. Polly had slim, wire-hard fingers that could snap tight a latigo and tie it quicker than a man's, and Kate flinched. "You've got to! You've got to fix it! I'll never—"

Suddenly the tears flooded Polly's eyes and ran down her cheeks; and she hid her face on Kate's Amazonian breast.

Old Rowdy Kate gathered Polly into her arms. "'S'all right, honey. It's murder, maybe. But I'll fix it up."

Polly Collins spent a long night, and an even longer morning. She arrived at the rodeo arena only at the last moment; and having arrived, managed as well as she could to stay apart and alone. She was hoping against hope not to meet Lee Macklin face to face.

For an hour she evaded him. They were running off the calf roping before, inevitably, he finally managed to corner her.

"Howdy, Polly."

"Hello, Lee." It was queer to see his blue gaze filled with grave concern. He was shaved now; and he looked taller and leaner and almost as competently leathery as she had ever seen him look. But nowhere in his face was there any sign of the old reckless humor, so that he was a stranger still; and it brought the same nagging lump into her throat again.

"Polly," he said, "I just got out from town. I didn't realize until just now that you somehow fixed it to ride this Black Powder. Polly, that's the craziest fool thing I suppose I ever heard of, up to now. You can't ride that horse!"

She said almost inaudibly, "Are you telling me what I can and can't ride?"

"Look here, Polly, I know that brute. I've been on him!"

"And off him!"

"And off him," Lee nodded. "I never rode a horse that's got the plain, hard power that he has—and I've rode them all."

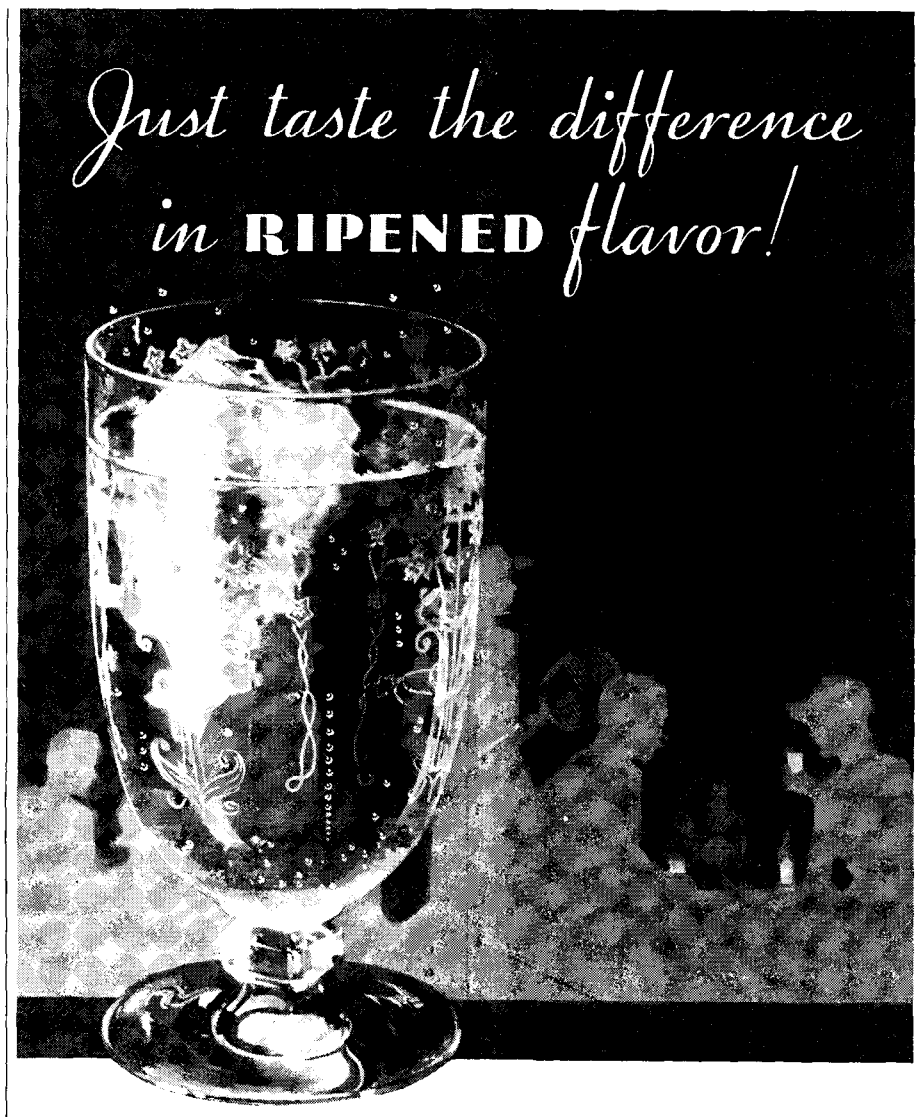
She said oddly, "You used to ride them all."

He didn't notice. "Black Powder's been ridden, and he'll be ridden again. Montana Bill rode him, before Black Powder ever saw a rodeo. But Montana Bill can't sit a horse at a common wolf-trot today—and never will again."

She said hotly, "If you think that's the sort of thing I go by—"

He interrupted her. "I know you can ride; but a woman isn't built for a

(Continued on page 48)



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(Continued from page 47)

smashing like that. There's lots of good tough men that aren't built to ride that horse and come out sound."

"And there's others—" there was a tremor in her voice, but her eyes were full of sparks—"there's others wouldn't stay it through to find out if they could."

He stared at her, and slowly all expression left his face, except for his eyes, which were bewildered. "You mean—why, look here—you mean—"

"You know what I mean, I think," she said. A bitter smile twisted her mouth crookedly, even while her lips quivered. She looked him straight in the eyes.

"Dear God," said Macklin. "I—I thought you at least knew me well enough so—"

She turned and broke away, unable to meet his eyes any longer; and headed for the chutes almost at a run. The bronc riding was already beginning, and the loud-speakers were blaring that Gil Strick was coming out on Misfortune. In the program the women riders would be interspersed among the men; Black Powder might be hazed into the chute for her any minute.

SHE went off and found a secluded spot among some bales of hay, where Bob Kennedy finally found her. His moon face was tough and dogged. "You're as good as murdering this boy—you hear me?"

"Murdering who?"

"You know damned well who. If Lee rides Matagordas—"

"Wait a minute! If who rides who?"

"Lee has took them up on that special ride proposition. The announcer's pretty near crazy over the whoopee he's going to make about it. 'Cowboy will attempt to avenge his old pal by riding out the horse that last year killed Dutch—' "

A queer, mixed emotion swept through Polly Collins. The death of Dutch Iverson was an enduring nightmare, and she despised the everlasting showmanship which seized upon his death for exploitation. But there was still a deep, sure thrill to the news that Lee Macklin was coming back to ride, unafraid to tackle anything that bucked.

But Bob Kennedy was rushing ahead: "I promised Lee to keep my trap shut. But you run him into this, and you got to haul him back out of it. If he rides—"

"Sure he'll ride!" She was suddenly exultant, blind to danger in the blessed thrill of believing that Lee was coming back—coming back like a cyclone which nothing could stop. "I know I drove him into it! And I know he'll hate me for it. But I'm glad! You hear—I'm glad!"

Bob Kennedy stared at her, his stolid moon face incredulous, astounded. "You don't know what you're saying," he decided. "You don't know—"

"I—"

Bob Kennedy took her by the shoulders, shook her once, and glared into her face. "You don't know," he growled at her again. "Lee—he's hurt. He's hurt bad."

"He—he's what? He's—"

"Lee's all smashed up inside. Nobody knows how bad he's smashed up—he won't even let them examine him right."

"But—"

"Powder done it, at Tucson. I had to talk like hell to get him to scratch off last night when he got the same horse again!"

"But then, how is it they can let him—"

"They don't know, I tell you!"

"But—" Polly's stare was dazed, bewildered.

"Last month," Bob was running on, "he was half killed by that roan cayuse, Bald Hornet, and the bronc never come halfway unwound. He liked to passed out on me when I was driving him back to town. All that night I was up with him, keeping hot packs all over his left side, and him whiter than my hat."

"In God's name, Bob—"

"The way Lee is now, not fit to ride a buckboard—look here! You done this! If Lee follows Dutch it'll be on you, you hear me!"

"Bob—oh, dear heaven—Bob, you've got to stop him!"

"Who? Me? *I* can't stop him."

"Go to Jake Hutchinson—"

"I've been to Jake. He won't step in except on a doctor's say-so. The only doctor Lee has let lay hands on him is in Tucson, and Lee won't tell what he said. You've got to stop him yourself!"

Polly Collins turned dizzy and sick. She dropped her face to her hands again, covering her eyes with those slender, wire-hard fingers. "Go away," she said. "Leave me alone a minute! I'll try—but—"

"'But' hell! *Right now, damn it!* For all I know they're putting Matagordas in the chute."

"All right—I know. But I got to figure a minute how to work it. Just a minute more."

"Well—pour leather into it! I'll go see if I can fix up any mix-ups and delays."

Polly Collins tried to steady herself and think it out. The judges, she knew, wouldn't take time now to call a physical exam on the demand of some wild-eyed girl. She had to go to Lee. She had to—

The loud-speakers were calling: "Chute Number One—Lee Macklin coming out on—"

Polly jumped like a quirted colt. Across the hay bales she could see the heavy barriers of the chutes, cowboys clustered along the top rails like roosting *paisanos*. The Yuma Kid was straddling chute number one. She saw the heave of his back as he jerked upward, tightening the bucking strap. His arms flipped up to signal "Ready," and he climbed out of the way. The lean, careless figure of Lee Macklin swung over the gate slowly, eased into the saddle. She heard the resounding crack of hoofs on wood as Matagordas let drive at the chute walls with his forefeet.

Polly Collins ran for the chutes. "Lee— For God's sake! *Hold up!*"

Nobody seemed to hear her. She sprang up the side of the chute. "Hold that gate! Lee—"

The gate was swinging; it opened slowly, as things move in a slow-motion movie, or a fever dream. Matagordas seemed to stand, as broncs sometimes do, not aware that the wall is gone. No—he was leaning, rolling out of the chute, gathering for that first whirling jump. He swayed off balance for the jump—still slowly, all in slow motion. Polly reached out and tried to catch hold of Lee's shoulder, but her own hand was in slow motion too.

Lee Macklin's face turned toward her, expressionless except for a faint surprise. She caught the quick flash of his grin. Then Matagordas jumped.

WATCHING that ride was like nothing Polly Collins had ever experienced before. She had watched a thousand rides, made scores of such rides herself; and perhaps that was why she could see and understand every detail of what was happening now. And the horrible effect of slow motion went on, so that she could miss no gather and release of the muscles of the fighting buckskin horse, no least movement of the man in the saddle.

And the Matagordas horse could fight. He was a horse that knew no tricks nor twists—he never sunfished nor shook himself nor whirled to unbalance the rider. He was a horse like Black

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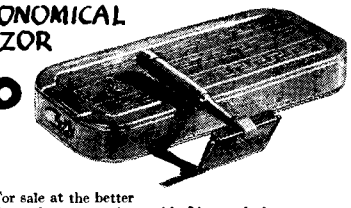

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Powder, letting go a blind, squalling explosion of nerves and a thousand pounds of hard horseflesh at the job of putting the rider down by sheer smash of impact. It seemed to Polly that the Matagordas buckskin was not made of flesh and bone; nothing but steel—heavy machinery broken wild under the drive of steam—could achieve this savagery of abrupt, unloosed force.

Lee Macklin was riding as hardly anybody but Lee ever could ride. It was beautiful, in its own way. Ordinarily you only see a rider jerking crazily on top of a horse that pitches and thrashes in the midst of dust; but that awful effect of slow motion that was upon Polly made plain the flex and play of muscle, the beautiful swing of balance, the accurate swift placement of spurs. Lee Macklin rode with muscles loose and free, in an incredible unity with the explosive battling of the horse. And he was scratching, scratching on every jump. He could have ridden tight and saved himself, maybe, at least given himself a chance; but he rode as he always rode, free-swinging and reckless, his spurs raking from neck to flank.

Dutch Iverson had been killed on the ground; but Polly knew that before Dutch left the saddle he had been blind and dazed, perhaps knocked out altogether. And now she knew the exact moment when the lights went out for Lee Macklin. As surely as if she had been in the saddle herself, she sensed by his slack, dull swing the instant that the ride was ended, for all Lee Macklin knew.

The long-experienced Vinegaroon, who had ridden them all, suddenly shouted, "Gosh, what a *horse!*"

Somehow Lee still rode; skillful muscles still fighting by habit in the dark. She saw Matagordas snap him like a rope.

THE pickup men were answering the whistle at last. Bob Kennedy, who always rode pickup for Lee, was coming up on Matagordas with the fastest pony he had been able to borrow. He got an arm about the rider and hauled him bodily out of the saddle. He pulled up his horse and lowered Lee to the ground as he swung down. Macklin lay quiet in the dust.

Polly Collins swung a leg over the chute bars; she was starting to run across the field to Lee Macklin. Then the strength went out of her. What little could be done, there were plenty of others to do, a hundred ready hands at Lee's service, now. The one thing that only she could have done was past and over with. She had been the only one in the world whose job it was to stop that ride; and she had missed out.

UP IN the hospital, the room where they had Lee Macklin was cool and shadowy, very quiet. Polly could feel the desert-country grit of the arena in her fine, soft hair, and it made her feel out of place in that clean room, with its smell of formaldehyde and ether. But she was happy, for Lee knew her now and was glad that she was there, and they let her stay.

They were going to operate on him, but it was going to be all right. Maybe he would never ride again; but even so, the quiet and the reassurance were like spring coming on, after what they had had before that. Lee had raved deliriously for an hour—knocked cuckoo; just plain knocked cuckoo—before they even found out what he was raving about. He had been obsessed with the idea that Polly was about to ride Black Powder! She had forgotten about Black Powder.

After that they had let her in, and Lee had come around all right. And now she sat beside him, and he held both her hands in one of his. They didn't talk much; Lee was supposed to keep his mouth shut.

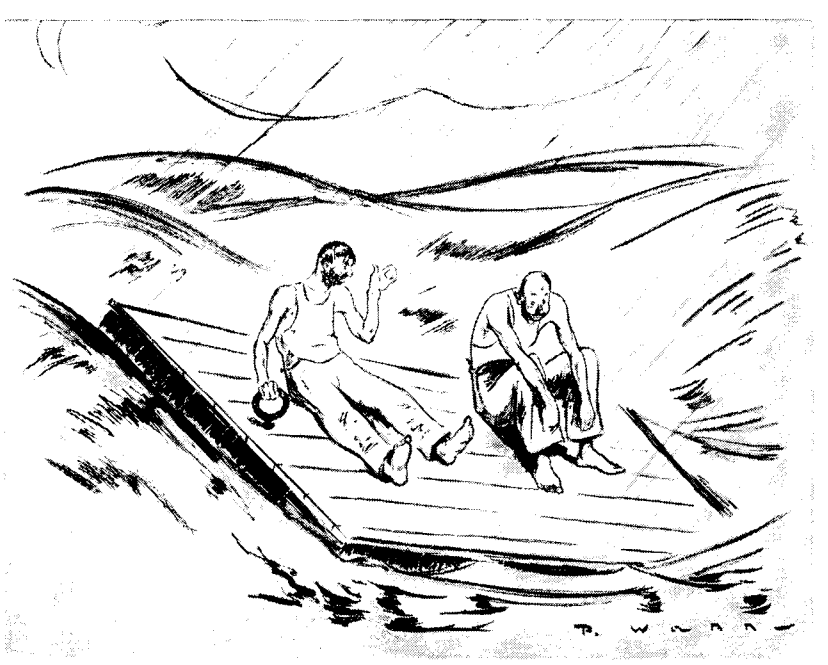
Only, he finally said, "I don't care whether you like it or not. But somebody has to stick around and keep an eye on you. Seems like nobody has been taking care of that since you turned me out on the free range. I never see anybody so crazy reckless. You got no more notion of taking care of yourself than a new colt. From here out I aim to stand by and ride circle on you; and I aim to keep it up until you get somebody that suits you better to take my place."

Polly marveled; he might have taken the words right out of her mouth, so accurately they fitted the thought that was running in her head. How was it that he couldn't see he was the crazy, reckless one, whom someone had to ride circle on? You could hardly dare leave him out of your sight, lest he dive headlong into his come-uppance. He had no more notion of how to take care of himself than a—but those were his words.

"Whether you like it or not," he said again, doggedly.

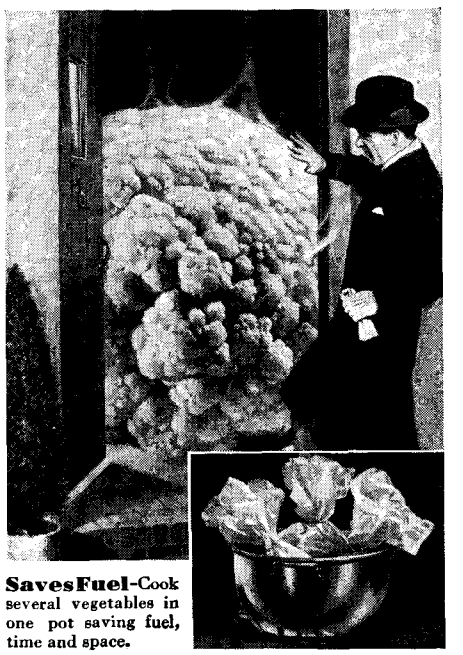
She bent her head, and pressed her eyes against his hand. "I guess I can make out to put up with it, Lee."

•



"You guys from the Pacific coast is all alike—you're all prejudiced against the Atlantic Ocean, that's all" *Paul Webb*

Is Cauliflower *the biggest thing in your home tonight?*



SavesFuel-Cook several vegetables in one pot saving fuel, time and space.

You can't mistake that odor! And how it lasts! Yet it isn't necessary!

Cook vegetables in Patapar and keep your home free of all cooking odors. Best of all, this new method makes foods taste infinitely sweeter and richer. Wrapped in Patapar, they cook in their own juices. Try it this week. Just an ordinary pot and a sheet of Patapar.

There are many other advantages of Patapar. It saves fuel because you can cook several vegetables in one container. And it saves you the trouble of scouring pots afterward. You can use each sheet many times. Just rinse and dry.

Ask for Patapar at your favorite housefurnishing, hardware, grocery, department or ten cent store. *35¢ for a month's supply or 10¢ for the trial size. Use the coupon if your dealer is not yet supplied.

When Buying Foods—The commercial form of Patapar—Paterson Vegetable Parchment—protects the popular brands of butter, ham, bacon and fillets of fish. Insoluble, grease-proof, odorless and tasteless.

Look for this Keymark symbol of identification on food wrappers or store signs. It is your guide to the best food protection money can buy!

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* slightly higher Denver and West.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Paterson Vegetable Parchment

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WHEN a banker thinks of a home, he also thinks of the future... he realizes that the purchase of a place to live is the largest investment that most families make, and he wants that investment to be *sound*. And the architect is in complete agreement . . . he believes in durable construction . . . he wants a home built for permanence.

The Banker declares—"Cheap construction is false economy. Build your home to last."
GEORGE V. McLAUGHLIN

The Architect advises—"Copper and Brass equipment would be an extremely worth while investment for the man who is building a home. Experience shows that in the long run they are the most economical materials."
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Rust in your home takes money out of your pocket. When you buy, build or remodel, save yourself trouble and expense by demanding equipment that *cannot* rust . . . provide clear, rust-free water through Brass or Copper for plumbing . . . give your roof real protection with Copper flashings, gutters, downspouts . . . add lasting distinction to the place where you live with Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures.

Equipment of Copper and its alloys is moderately priced—a small further investment of only $270 will improve the average $15,000 house with Copper, Brass and Bronze in all vital parts.

Analyze the table below . . . and write for free illustrated book which explains how Copper, Brass and Bronze will help you avoid trouble and save money in your home.

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RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
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This table shows how little more of each building dollar you pay for the durable service of Copper, Brass and Bronze

For Copper or Brass Plumbing . . .	3/8 of a cent
Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings	1/3 of a cent
Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures . .	1/2 of a cent
Brass or Bronze Hardware . . .	1/2 of a cent
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Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	**1 4/5 cents**

BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

You'd Never Know Me Now

Continued from page 10

cameras came out of their booths, incandescent lights replaced the old hissing arcs and collateral noises were absorbed. In fact, at the present time cameras have become so silent that they are even discarding their "overcoats" and blankets and can be moved around as easily as in the old days.

All of which has restored the director to his ancient position of responsible artist. When the monitor was king, everybody—including the director—took orders from him. Last week I heard a monitor call down, "Say, Miss Blank's voice is bounding off that screen to the right. Can't you—?" The director phoned back, "Well, that's your business. We'll shoot it my way." Two years ago that would have been blasphemy.

Furthermore, with the booths gone, directors are again using one or at most two cameras, moving them up for the close shots and lighting each scene individually. Thus the studios are recapturing the photographic beauty of the old silent days.

Revolutionizing the Make-up Art

Another great help toward pictorial beauty was the general adoption at this time of panchromatic film, which had been made exceptionally "fast." This remarkable emulsion preserves color values in a degree impossible in the old film. Cloud forms in outdoor scenes are retained, light blues no longer wash out white, nor do light reds go black, but each registers in its true value. The new film has therefore completely revolutionized make-up, which has now become a major art ranking with the art of the cinematographers.

Harryot Handsome, pretty young extra girl, receives this call:

Climax Film Company.—George Whoosis, Director.
Stage 4. Report at wardrobe 8:30 A. M. Panchromatic 24.

That last instruction is the number of the grease paint determined upon by the make-up man for the particular shooting of the day.

Realizing that panchromatic make-up is not easy on the eye of the beholder, a smart young extra girl will apply for work in street make-up, hoping to win the favor of Mr. Assistant Director. If he finds her acceptable, she straightway beats it to the make-up department, pops into a barber chair, and has her face done all over—right. Should she remain "on call" for succeeding days, there being no further need to allure the assistant director, she will make up "pankrum" at home. In fact, many extra girls, realizing how important beauty is to their success, make up better than the stars.

Cameramen tell me there is only one perfect face in Movieland—Billie Dove's. Right, left, or from any angle, it is photographically beautiful. Obviously such good fortune is rare. In the plastic molding of the most favored children of the gods, the Potter's hand was bound to slip occasionally. And it is to correct these slips that the make-up artist addresses his attention.

Valentino had his bat ears operated upon, but the same effect can be obtained by fastening ears back with fishskin. This tough, translucent and semi-elastic material is also used for face-lifting—for beauty on women and for character on men.

Suppose, for instance, Clive Brook is cast as a boy of twenty in the opening sequences, growing to forty for the remainder of the story. He can achieve a juvenile appearance by tightening his cheeks with fishskin and twenty years will fade away instantly. In Eternal Love, directed by Lubitsch, Jack Barrymore cheated the almanac by ten years in the same manner. Fishskin is also used to lift the outer corners of the eyes for oriental characterizations.

Curiously enough, Japanese girls making Japanese pictures in Japan are having the cords on their inner eyelids cut so that they will look like American movie stars. The results are really very pretty.

Dorothy Mackaill has only one bad photographic feature—her lower lip is too heavy. To correct this defect the lip is entirely covered with grease paint and a new lip painted on top. Here the problem of the cameraman is to avoid cross-lights lest the lip stick out like a cold-sore.

John Bowers' broad face narrows the eyes, which are widened by bluing the sockets close to the nose. And Richard Dix achieves an Indian nose by painting a high light down the bridge and shadowing the sides.

Doug Fairbanks effaces a double chin by a heavy, stock-like shadow. The cameraman must therefore be careful

(Continued on page 52)

"The master says will you please send someone around to show me how to work this fire extinguisher?"
Crawford Young

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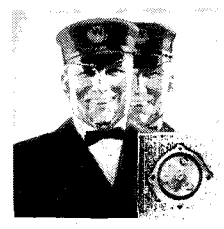
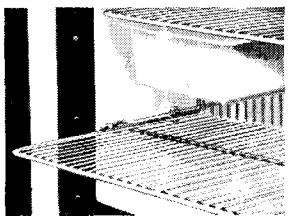
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

dual-advantages in the Westinghouse



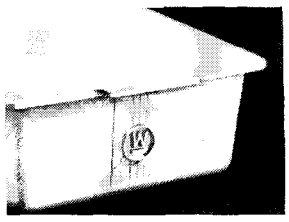
The Built-in Watchman, a million-dollar invention, assures never-failing Dual-automatic performance.

ROLLING SHELVES



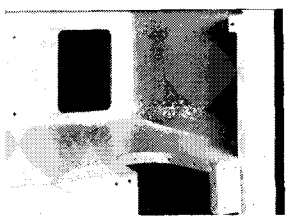
For your greater convenience in food arrangement, Westinghouse now provides in new models a shelf that *rolls* forward on steel rails. Brings food within easy reach. Nothing else like it.

BUILT-IN CRISPING PANS



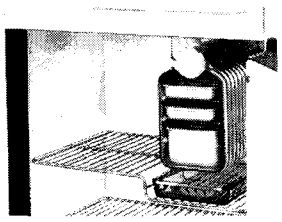
To keep your vegetables crisp and tasty, Westinghouse includes a new *built-in* porcelain Crisping Pan. Takes up a minimum of shelf space. Slides out easily for instant use.

ALL-STEEL CABINETS

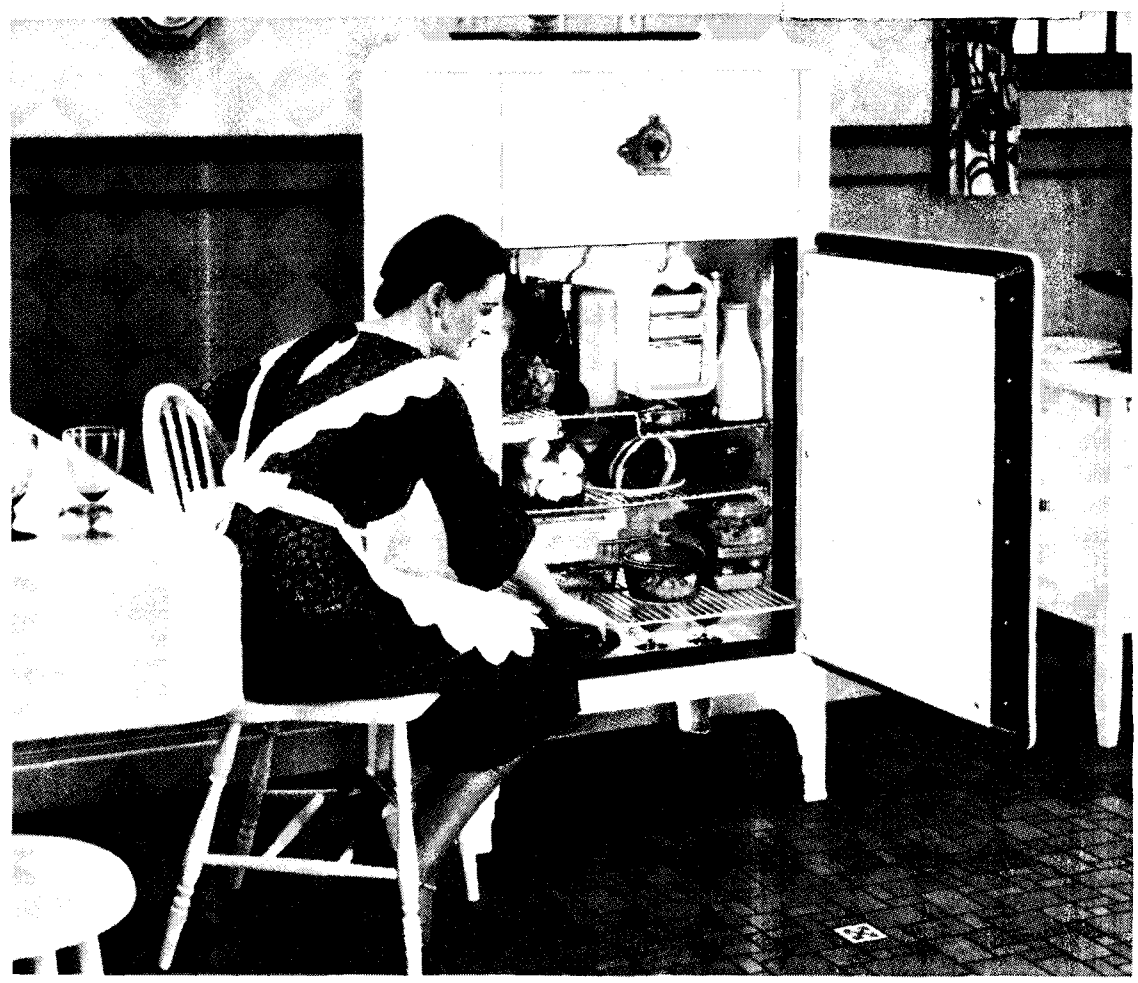


Now . . . Westinghouse introduces amazing one-piece all-steel cabinets, *completely* insulated from the seamless porcelain interiors. Rugged life-time endurance . . . *plus* new-day efficiency.

ELECTRIC-LIGHTED MODELS



Just open the doors, and the interior of your new Westinghouse is instantly flooded with brilliant light. You put your hands instantly on what you want. Light switches off when door is closed.



NOW the modest budget which puts a Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator in your home purchases NEW dual-advantages to give you *extra* helpfulness, life-time food protection! For *in addition* to the desirable features originally embodied in the Westinghouse, these new models offer you *at no extra cost* the endurance of all-steel cabinet construction PLUS the convenience of *rolling* shelves . . . a *built-in* Crisping Pan PLUS electric-lighted interiors . . . all combined in the "most beautiful refrigerator in the world!"

New Standards . . . New Values . . . Mail Coupon for Details

Check carefully the advantages of every leading electric refrigerator — then compare them with Westinghouse *dual* advantages. You will find in Westinghouse every worthwhile feature that you want . . . PLUS the *exclusive* Dual-automatic feature which is your guarantee of *completely* automatic operation under all conditions. For complete information and interesting facts on refrigeration economies, mail the coupon below without obligation.

IT PAYS FOR ITSELF!

Make us prove it!

This remarkable refrigerator will actually pay back every penny of its cost and more, through the economies it effects in your home. Let the nearest Westinghouse dealer show you the figures in black and white. Ask him, too, about the liberal terms—a nominal payment, and two years to complete the investment. Prices start at $180, F. O. B. factory.

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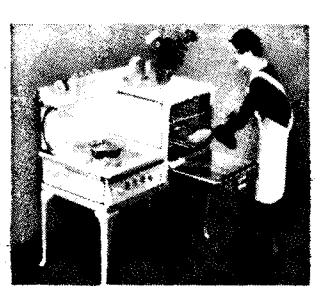
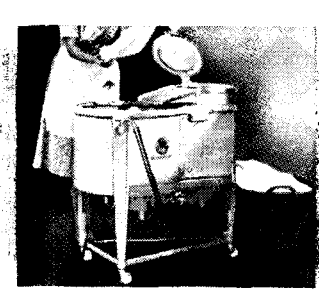


For every room in the house, the Westinghouse complete line of electrical products represents up-to-the-minute design and development in homecraft . . . guaranteed by one of the greatest names in electricity.



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Send copy of Westinghouse Refrigerator Book describing Dual-automatic Refrigeration and money-saving features.

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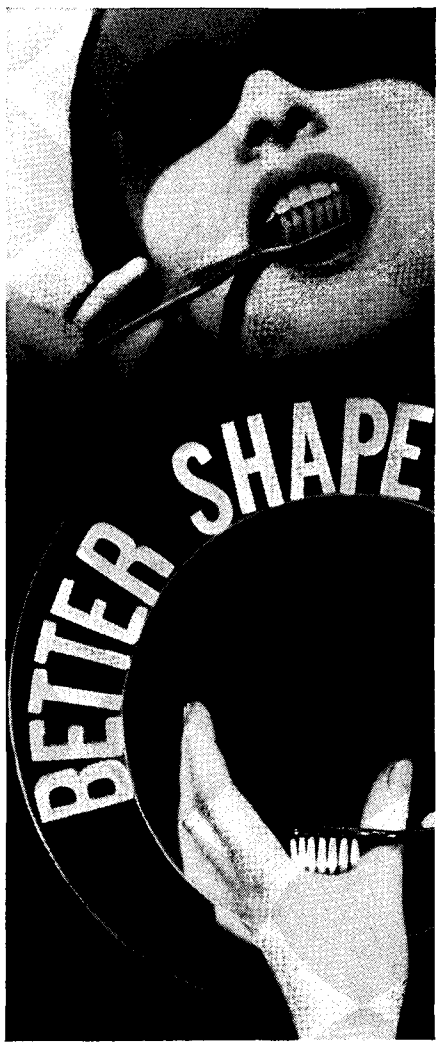

FREE BRUSHING . .

Prove it by hand. See the curve formed by the thumb and forefinger above. That's how Tek fits behind your front teeth. It means Free Brushing—no crowding even in the narrow spaces. And Tek massages your gums with every easy, cleansing stroke. There is no substitute for natural resiliency and positive purity. Tek Bristles are not subjected to artificial "doping." They are laboratory-selected for purity, quality and long life. Tek stands for BETTER SHAPE and BETTER BRISTLES—A double value at no extra cost. For your protection Tek is sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. Tek, 50¢; Tek Jr. for the children and dainty mouths, 25¢.

◆ ◆ ◆

Your Druggist is More Than a Merchant—Try the Drug Store First.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

You'd Never Know Me Now

Continued from page 50

not to let his chin show in profile against a light background.

Lips give the cameraman his greatest trouble. Men, of course, rarely use a lipstick, but women are incorrigible addicts. The recent fashion for heavy rouge repeats itself on the screen and whereas its only purpose—cinematically speaking—is to give definition to the lips, women insist upon piling it on until their mouths look as though they were plastered with asphaltum. The panchromatic color for lips is a dirty brown, which is O. K. until Brighteyes sees herself in a mirror. Then she can't resist her dear old everyday lipstick with the disastrous black results that give critics the jitters.

No "out" has yet been discovered for bloodshot eyes, the red causing a gray filament that kills their brightness. If a male star appears on the set with morning-after eyes, the director will send him home to rest and then shoot other scenes. Not so in the quickies where time is precious. "Bloodshot, eh?" explodes the director. "All right, then shoot him in the ear!" Which, translated, means they will photograph the fellow at angles that won't show his eyes.

Sometimes, however, a long stretch of shooting will tire the eyes, so that during rests and camera set-ups the star will sit and bathe his poor tired lamps with collyrium.

If a girl wishes to achieve what is called "tender sweet" she paints the eye sockets with vaseline, which gives them the effect of radiant, flower-like delicacy!

Aging Ten Years in Ten Hours

The terrific heat of the enclosed sound stages also adds to the problems of the make-up man. In summer time, under the glare of the lights, the temperature of these stages often goes way above a hundred degrees, causing grease paint to run and necessitating a new make-up every hour or so. Also, it is very rough on the morning-after boys and girls, as the excess gin simply boils out through the pores.

Under high temperatures the make-up man must watch carefully to see that the powder used is the same number as the grease paint. If a girl should use a No. 24 paint and a No. 27 powder, the darker powder will settle in the facial creases and emphasize the lines. It is no uncommon thing to see an actor thus age ten years within ten hours.

With the advent of singing, new problems of lighting arose. In one of Lawrence Tibbett's first pictures a close-up of him caroling forth his vagabond love permitted the audience to look so far into his gullet that his soft palate was revealed hanging down like a huge stalactite in the Mammoth Caves. Nowadays the cameraman sees to it that the song comes forth from a dark cavern.

When a new star from the stage is getting ready for her first screen test, she is confronted by a cameraman, a make-up artist, and—a dentist! Why the dentist? Well, she is quite as surprised to find him there as no doubt you are to learn about it. Her teeth are all right—to eat with. But not for old Pankrum. They may be too yellow or too blue; the color will be rectified by the make-up fellows. She may have a gold filling; she may have a buck tooth or a slight irregularity that will cast a shadow on the next tooth and make it look like a hole. These must be fixed—at least for shooting purposes—by a dentist.

Discolored or wrong-colored teeth are easily fixed by giving them a coat of collodion enamel paint that will last through the day. Gold and defective teeth are rectified by "shells" that can be slipped on and off like thimbles.

Certain stars have taken the heroic measure of having all their teeth pulled and replacing them with perfect, shining crockeries.

Hair is another factor that presents especial problems of lighting, make-up and photography. Jet black hair is the most difficult of all, for shadows also are black and the only way form can be obtained is by a heavy gloss that can be high-lighted. Before the days of panchromatic film, red hair looked black. A few years ago this didn't matter, for the brunettes were invariably the heavies and beauty was concentrated on the blond heroines. It was Jean Harlow, a platinum blonde, who in Hell's Angels changed the fashion. Now the blondes, having lost their innocence, are likely to be heavies and brunettes heroines.

Then there is the problem of changing hair color. Bebe Daniels, a half-Spanish girl, with deep black hair, suddenly turns up blond. A whole new make-up must be devised. The fans squawk; she turns black again; in the meantime panchromatic is adopted, which means new tests.

Billie Dove's hair is turning gray. If she dyed it the hair would lose value, so very wisely she is letting Nature take its course with the result that it photographs beautifully.

But blond and brunet coloring are also carried to the skin and this is the most difficult problem of all. In brunettes the blood surface is deep and in blondes it is shallow, often giving the skin a heavy pigmentation that is not always visible to the naked eye. In fact, only elaborate tests will show what grease paint is necessary for the best effects.

In the case of Phyllis Haver, when enough light was pumped into her face to erase the surface lines, her eyes washed out. A heavier make-up and panchromatic film saved her.

Mae Murray has to this day a perfectly beautiful blond skin, but even before panchromatic it was said that she used her heavy-light make-up to conceal her wrinkles. Not at all; she did it to conceal the surface blood that would rush to her face with every emotional change, causing her face suddenly to photograph almost negroid.

Few Beauty Winners Survive

Perhaps you remember in the silent films how a light background like a sky would become scratched and flecked full of specks. In an old film that had done heroic duty in the grind-houses it would often look as if it had been tramped on by a bunch of Swedes in hobnailed shoes.

Now that darker make-up is possible with panchromatic film, cameramen are going after light, white-walled interiors so that they can get the reverse silhouette of flesh tones against a luminous background.

But this presents new troubles. With so much light around them, the blue eyes of the blondes wash out. They are saved by a heavy strip of black velvet held so that they look into it while the face is cross-lighted from the sides.

It is the cameraman, however, who compensates most for Nature's eccentricities. If a star has a snub nose, he lengthens it by shooting from above. If the nose is too long, he shoots up in

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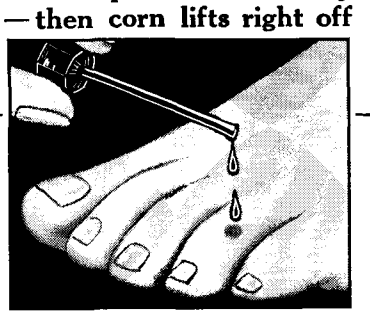

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

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order to foreshorten it. If a fellow is heavy-jowled, the cinematographer can give him estheticism by shooting down and emphasizing the forehead. Reversing the process he can take an intellectual type of high forehead and refined chin like William Powell's and brutalize his face for heavy parts by shooting up. Pop-eyes must also be shot at from below. If not, the possessor may look like a codfish.

So much for individual features, but how about the body as a whole? The New York office is constantly sending out pretty faces that may photograph like the proverbial million dollars, but very often the beauty ends at the wishbone. This has been particularly true of the beauty-contest winners, some three hundred of whom have come to Movieland, while only three or four ever went through the hard screen tests successfully.

Yet within limits even body defects can be cheated by costuming and trick camera work.

In the case of men, "lifts" in the shoes and high heels will increase the height a few inches, but always with the danger of interfering with a graceful carriage.

Fat Parts

When an actor or an actress is too short or too tall the usual stunt is to cut the long shot to a quick eyeful and then, coming to the semi-close or the close shot, the figures walk on different levels.

A few years ago when the boyish figure was the fashion, fat, or even plumpness, was out, and the only way to beat it was by diet and starvation. Now that the tide has turned and the male likes 'em plumper, the girls are permitted an occasional nut sundae. However, when the chocolate bars were let down, some of the former starvees became so excited that they ate the bars. Marie Prevost, one-time Sennett bathing beauty, fortunately is clever enough to cash in on her increased weight and now permits herself to be cast in fat parts.

Bowlegs and knock-knees are simply hopeless. No padding is permissible beneath these mosquito-net stockings. So all that can be done is to let the victims walk in profile or show them in three-quarter-length shots.

There are also tricks for correcting one's carriage. For several days George O'Brien tried his darnedest to "walk heavily" in Sunrise. At last Murnau, his director, loaded his shoulders under his shirt with forty pounds of sand and had him wear weighted shoes, after which he *had* to plod.

Talking pictures have introduced another problem—dialogue shots. These are easy enough when the dialoguers are the same in color value, for they can then be photographed in the same set with the same lighting by simply crisscrossing two cameras. But how about a little blonde playing opposite a swart hombre like Warner Baxter? Well, in his particular case, when he was working with Mary Duncan he noticed that the cameramen were having hard sledding in setting up and lighting the scene. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Well," said a cameraman, "if we get *you* right, Miss Duncan washes out, and if we get *her* right, you look black." "In which case forget me and shoot for her," replied Baxter.

But most stars are not so chivalrous. So that in a case of contrasting types each person must be photographed separately, the one not in the picture standing by to speak his half of the dialogue, which of course is cut out of the film. Then the other one is photographed, with the first one speaking his lines outside of the camera angle. These are also cut out. The two shots are then pasted together so that we get on the screen alternate shots of each one speaking his lines.

There are many other stunts invoked by which certain excessive physical defects are camouflaged by make-up, trick-lighting, and clever camera work, but to tell them would not be kind to the victims.

Now that you know all these exciting secrets they become rather ridiculous in view of the fact that physical pulchritude doesn't excite the fans as it used to. The biggest box-office attractions at the present moment are—who do you think?—Marie Dressler, Mickey Mouse, and Jackie Cooper!—not one of whom ever won a beauty contest!

A make-up miracle: Camera test showing (below) straight lighting with no make-up, and (above) friendly lighting with panchromatic make-up

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Makes Pens Self-Cleaning—Start Every Time

—contains secret solvent that dissolves sediment left by other inks

We paid $68,000

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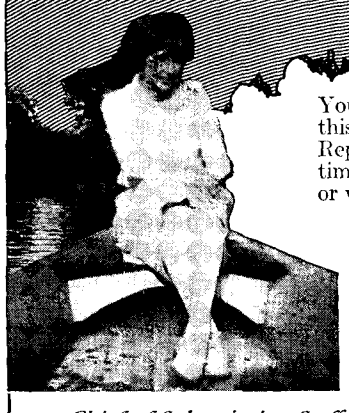

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 20

"Get up!" ordered Radescu.

Sloat was shaking so that his muscles refused to act. He attempted to rise but slumped back into the tub. Radescu took him by the collar and jerked him to his knees again.

With his hands on the edge of the tub Sloat climbed out; then turned, his face distorted by fear.

"Gimme a ch-chance!" he stammered.

"I'll give you halfway across the room! Now run!" Radescu raised his pistol. "Run, you insect!"

BRENT had looked on, fascinated. No harm giving the little worm a good scare. Then, seeing the look in Radescu's eyes, he stepped forward.

"Hold on, Paolo! You've gone far enough! Hand him over to the guard!"

"Run!" yelled Radescu.

Sloat took a step towards the door.

There was a flash—a report. The little man staggered, pitched to the floor, twitched spasmodically, lay still. Radescu, the smoking pistol in his hand, leaned over and poked the body.

"Heart failure!" he announced curtly. "I didn't shoot him. But I would have!"

Brent walked on to the royal suite. Queen Valeria's portrait—her royal face shot full of holes—had been carried in and was leaning as formerly against the wall. As Brent entered he saw a figure slip from behind it and dart through the door leading to the viaduct.

Stephanie had remained in the War Office throughout the engagement, numb with anxiety lest Brent lose his life on her account, picturing him at every volley as the victim of a Moslem bullet.

The firing outside had increased: the yelling had become a pandemonium. She was steeped in self-reproach. What a fool she had been—was! The fighting must stop. She would insist upon it. She was Queen; they would have to obey her orders. Drintyre came in.

"The palace has been retaken, Madam! Milan's men are surrendering! Everything is over but the shouting."

"Have you seen Colonel Brent?"

"He has just gone into the palace. Count Radescu was with him. There's a clever fellow for you! He flew to meet the Tsernagorans and brought two companies through the old goat hole into the piazza just in the nick of time."

He pulled half a dozen sandbags from the window and let in the light. The volleys had stopped, but shouts and an occasional shot still came from the parade ground and from inside the palace.

As she leaned out to inhale the fresh air her eyes followed the street beside the palace to where a barrier of dead marked the ineffectual effort of the Moslems to reach the piazza. Everywhere bodies sprawled as they had fallen. The horror of the sight almost destroyed her relief at the knowledge that Brent was safe.

"It was jolly sharp while it lasted," Drintyre said. "But it's over. The Tsernagorans are here. The citadel is still ours. You have won, Madam!"

What had she won? Anyhow, murder had ended, for the time being. Then her heart stopped beating as against the golden glow of the sunset she saw that the figure of a man had come out of the palace and was standing irresolutely upon the open viaduct not twenty feet away—Milan!

Brent, pistol in hand, appeared in close pursuit.

"Throw up your hands!" he ordered.

The viaduct was at this point at least thirty feet above the ground, the sides the height of a man's waist. To leap from such an elevation was out of the question. Milan slowly raised his arms.

"I will surrender only to an authorized officer—which you are not!" he growled.

Stephanie saw Brent lower his pistol slightly.

"Follow me! Keep your hands up!"

He backed cautiously down the opposite slope of the viaduct, toward the palace, with Milan in his wake.

SHE watched tensely as they proceeded thus, step by step, then she screamed as Brent, miscalculating the grade, stumbled and Milan sprang upon him and struck him down. Against the sky the long, curved knife was raised for a second blow, but before it could descend Radescu had leaped forward, brandishing a battle-axe in both hands. Next instant it had crashed down upon Milan's head, splitting it from crown to chin. The body of the former Crown Prince slumped across the balustrade

(Continued on page 56)

"Fire!"
"Huh, old gag!"

Joe Easley

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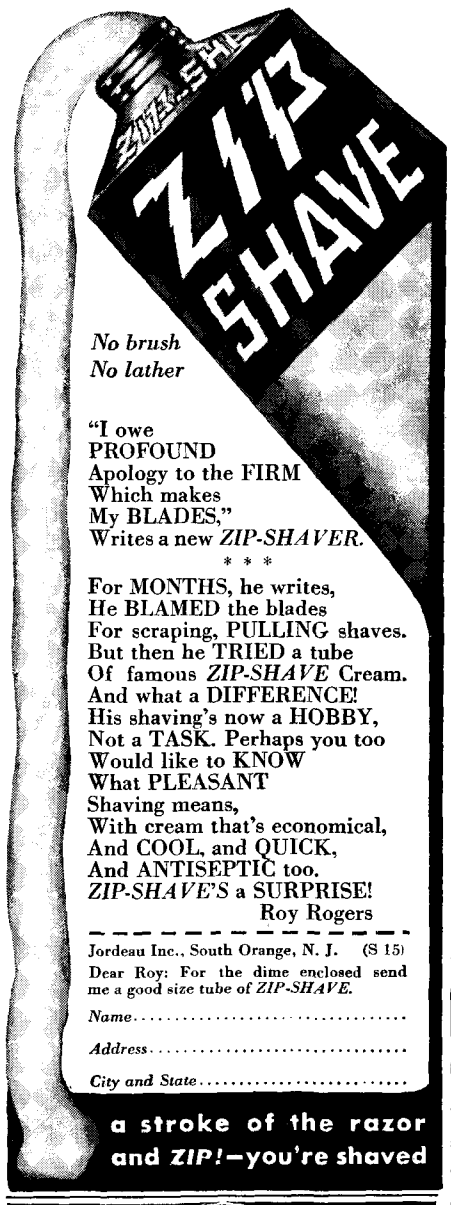

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The Unguarded Queen

Continued from page 54

against which Brent lay and, with the axe still fastened in its skull, plunged to the pavement below.

For an instant the world went black and she thought she was going to faint. Then she heard Radescu saying: "All right, old chap! Got him! That evens things for what you did for me at Kakrew!"

Drintyre flung open the door leading out upon the viaduct and they both rushed to where Brent lay unconscious, with Radescu bending over him. There was a slash in his tunic, edged with red, just above the green ribbon of the Order of St. Stephan.

STEPHANIE followed while the two men carried him back to the royal apartments. Her eye caught a vacant space in the rank of weapons under Korlinovitch's picture of Stephan the Great.

"I'd used my last cartridge, so I grabbed the first thing I saw," explained Radescu to Drintyre, as they took off Brent's coat, bound up the wound, and forced some brandy between his lips. "He got a nasty crack, but he'll be all right. He's just done in and lost a little blood. He ought to have air!"

There was no couch in the anteroom, so they took him into the King's chamber and laid him upon Stephan's bed. Drintyre threw open the window. The pink light of the afterglow was reflected from the thousands of bayonets upon the parade ground. Over on the Diplomats' Hill a band began to play:

"Illyria! Illyria!
Mother of Eagles among the high mountains."

On every hand it was taken up in a thunder of voices. The cool night breeze brought the sound in with it. Brent opened his eyes, saw the group about him and smiled.

"Everything all right?"

"Fine and dandy, old chap," answered Drintyre. "Just take it easy for a while."

"Milan?"

"Gone coon!" Drintyre answered.

Brent closed his eyes again.

Stephanie sat down on the bed and put an arm around Brent's shoulders.

"I'll take care of him!" she said.

Radescu looked at Drintyre.

"I think we ought to report to the general, don't you?"

"At once!" answered the Englishman.

They went out.

"Oh, my beloved!" she said, when the door had closed behind them. "Oh, my beloved!"

He looked up at her with such pathetic adoration that she could not keep from crying.

"Do you really love me?" he asked.

"I've always loved you! Always!"

"Then, why on earth—" he began.

"Don't worry, my sweet!" she interrupted, bending over and kissing him. "Just lie still. I'll explain everything—if you are able to hear it."

"Do that again, please!"

She did.

"Listen, darling," she said. "I know you think I treated you unfairly, but I didn't. I wasn't engaged when I met you on the boat. I'd never seen my grandfather or heard a word from him in my life until he sent for me last April. I didn't expect to be a princess or want to be one—any more than I want now to be a queen."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely! I wouldn't be Queen of Illyria even if I could have you for my consort!"

He grinned.

"A fat chance you'd have of that!"

The bell of the cathedral began to toll. A procession of carts was carrying away the bodies of the dead from the foot of the garden. She shivered and he put his good arm around her and held her close.

"You seem ever so much younger now than you did on the boat," he said.

"I am, John! They can't *make* me be Queen, can they? Please take me home!"

They were interrupted about an hour later by Shepard, who arrived with two waiters from the Hotel l'Orient, each carrying a heavily loaded tray.

Shepard handed Brent a folded yellow sheet.

"Read it aloud," directed Stephanie.

"Reports of political situation in Illyria highly confusing hence unable to make direct offer as you suggest. You are therefore authorized to close contract outlined in your cable fourteenth instant terms of which are hereby approved and to guarantee such further cash advances as may seem desirable. We have full confidence in your discretion and leave matter entirely in your hands. WASHBURN."

"Isn't that great!" she said. "Now you'll get the concession and Illyria will have plenty of money. Do you feel strong enough to eat, darling?"

"Do I? I haven't had a bite for fourteen hours!"

With her assistance he sat up and took the tray on his lap.

He had just finished and Stephanie was about to remove the tray when Kosovo came in.

"I congratulate Colonel Brent upon his escape," he said. "The Council of Nobles is about to convene, and I expect to announce Your Majesty's succession to the throne at once. Is it your desire to appear in person?"

"You must not announce my succession. I do not intend to be Queen."

KOSOVO stared at her in amazement.

"What is that, Madam? Is it possible that you contemplate refusing the throne, now that the battle is won? Both Marko and Milan are dead. You are the last of the Stephanovitches!"

"In more senses than one!" she murmured, with a glance at Brent.

The general's face flushed. He looked earnestly at her—then at his watch.

"The Council has already convened. I must not keep them waiting."

"Let 'em wait!" remarked Brent. "Got a cigarette, Bill? Sit down, Uncle Michael, and let's talk things over quietly. You told me to look after Her Royal Highness and so far I've made a fair job of it. I don't want to spoil my record."

Shepard produced a crumpled package of Turmacs and brought in a couple of chairs from the anteroom.

"Now," continued Brent from the bed, after Stephanie had held a match for him, "first about the succession. Is the army solidly behind you?"

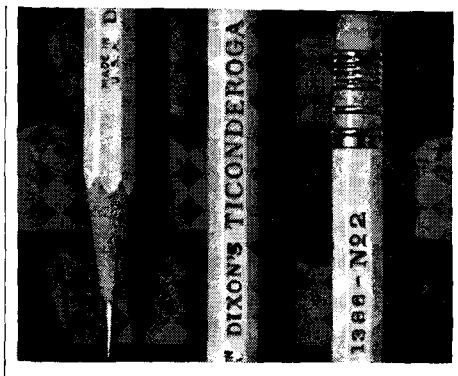
"To a man!"

"Can you guarantee the stability of the political situation?"

"Absolutely."

"Then," said Brent, "I guess we can talk business."

"This is no time to talk business!" replied the general. "You've got to have somebody in authority to talk



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business with. We must first announce the accession of Her Majesty."

"Listen, Uncle Michael," answered Brent. "Will you take a message from Her Royal Highness to Their Excellencies, the Council of Nobles?"

"If she does not wish to appear before them in person."

"She doesn't. Instead she wants you to make them a speech. If you can't remember it all, Bill Shepard here will take it down in shorthand and read it to them. You can say it any way you like, so long as you give 'em the gist of it."

KOSOVO looked inquiringly at Stephanie. She nodded.

"Very well."

"Put the scallops on it to suit yourself, but lay it on thick!" admonished the assistant executive manager of the Consolidated Petroleum Company. "Tell the Council of Nobles that the 'children of the eagle' are too great a people to be ruled by kings unless they are kings by virtue of their own valor and wisdom, like Stephan Stephanovitch, who would have been a king wherever he was; that there is no one of them whose family is not as old as the Stephanovitches, and that there is no reason why, where all are noble, one family should be elevated above the others."

"But this is treason," stammered Kosovo, aghast.

"Then make the most of it," said Brent. "Tell them that in her Royal Highness' opinion royal families are no longer necessary—'old stuff'—and are merely a menace to peace. That what Illyria needs is not an absolute monarch—or any other sort—but a competent business executive to reorganize it from top to bottom; that instead of any royal court with its soldiers and bands and uniforms it needs cash for schools, hospitals, bridges and highways, to develop its natural resources, to introduce improved sanitation and visiting nurses, and to prevent typhus, smallpox and malaria."

"But!—" gasped the general.

"I know what you are going to say," continued Brent with a Rooseveltian gesture. "They will want to know how this is to be done, when Illyrian credit has sunk to two cents on the dollar. A good question. Well, tell 'em to give me a decent government to deal with and I'll finance their blooming country and put it on its financial feet—but not otherwise. We're willing to commence work immediately and to coöperate with any properly appointed commission in reorganizing the government and finances—on one condition only."

He looked at the old man affectionately. His tone of banter changed to one of intense seriousness:

"There has been but one ruler of Illyria since the King fell ill—Michael Kosovo. The message that Her Royal Highness wishes you to convey to Their Excellencies—the people of Illyria—and to the Army, is that it is her wish that they declare Illyria a republic with General Michael Kosovo as dictator until the proper elections can be held. That is also the condition I impose if they wish to do business with my company."

The tears were streaming down Michael Kosovo's face. He wiped them away with the back of his hand.

"What would Stephan say!" he muttered.

"He'd say, 'Go to it, old man, and God bless you!'"

Stephanie was wiping her eyes. Old Bill was already beating it to the telegraph.

"Da bome! It's you who should be king!" quoth the old man.

"I'm going to be much too busy during the next few years," answered Brent. "Do you think you ought to keep the Nobles waiting any longer, Uncle Michael?"

"That was a beautiful speech, darling!" said Stephanie, as she sat on the bed with his head on her shoulder.

"Because it was about the two people I love best in the world!" he said.

"You must be feeling a lot better!"

"Better? I'm feeling fine—finer than I ever did in my life!"

"You would make a wonderful king!" she said, gazing at him.

"You'd make a beautiful queen! But you'd look ever so much better with a tennis racket in your hand than with a scepter!"

THEY sat in silence for a long time. Suddenly a tremendous hubbub arose from the piazza—the discharge of muskets mingled with shouts and prolonged cheers.

"What are they saying?" she asked.

"'Hurrah for the Illyrian Republic—Mother of Eagles among the high mountains!'"

"Then it's all right?"

"I'll say it is!"

She pressed closer to him.

"Do you know what I'd like?" she asked.

"No. What?"

"I'd give anything for a great big glass of ice-cream soda."

THE END

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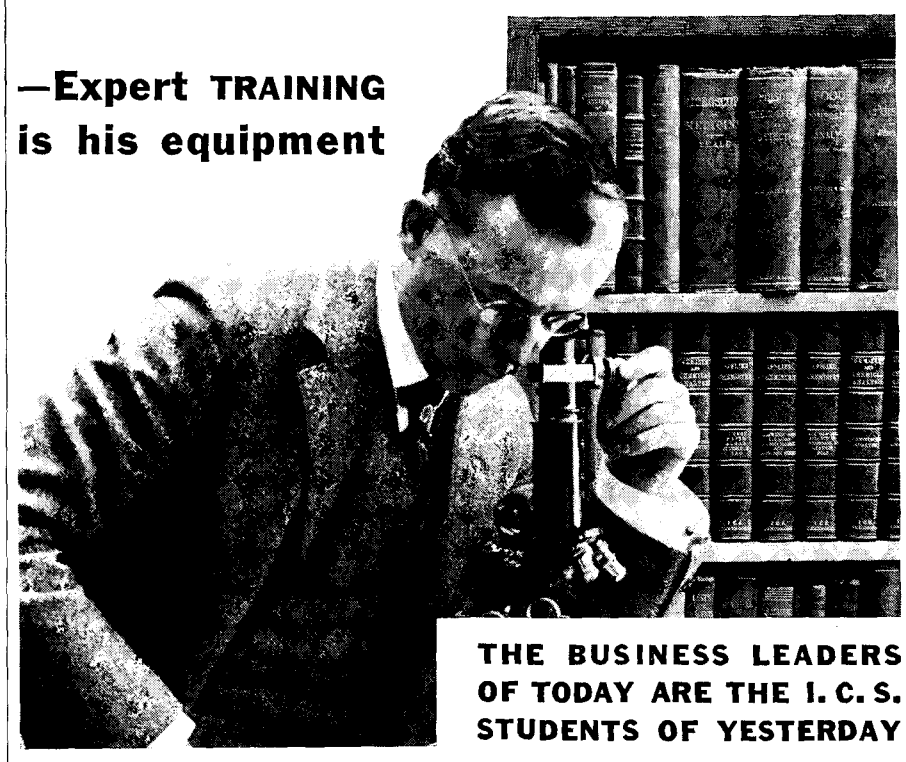

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Steady Ahead!

NOW, if ever, is the time for courage and common sense.

So far as anyone can foresee the future, we are near the end of our troubles.

The tax bill caused a momentary flurry of alarm. In its final form, however, it will unquestionably be less burdensome than appeared at first. The days of frenzied finance in Congress passed quickly. There are reasonable men in the Senate as well as in the House. When we finally reckon the cost, heavy though it be, it will be less than our excited anticipations.

Europe, too, is settling down and this is important for us. Britain already is well along the road to recovery. Before many months have passed, some kind of settlement is probable. We shall be benefited, even though we like to say that reparations are not our business.

Presidential elections are not disturbing factors. We choose between men and not between sharply contrasting principles.

In truth, it would be hard to find the important principles which separate our political parties. Factions within both parties are further apart than the rival parties themselves. Whoever is elected, there will be no great change in governmental policy.

As a people we have stood well the strain of the past three years. They have been difficult and no class has wholly escaped. No one is depression-proof. We have confronted great difficulties and we have conquered some of them. We shall manage the rest if we keep our heads and our courage.

Our greatest danger now is ourselves. Hard struggle and fatigue sharpen tempers and fray nerves. Excited, foolish talk has been heard and will doubtless be heard again. Fortunately, it is not acted upon.

We should know, however, by this time that we cannot lump the blame and responsibility for adversity upon any man, group, class or country. Of course mistakes were made, wrongs done and sins committed. But who was perfect? Where did he live and when?

Everybody everywhere wants a return of prosperity. Prosperity means full employment at good wages based on profitable prices. All any government can do is to remove obstacles to a resumption of business.

Business won't be benefited by class legislation or by laws conceived in prejudice or misunderstanding. An unemployed veteran or a farmer struggling with low prices can be permanently relieved only by business revival.

Some members of Congress seem to think that Uncle Sam has a secret strong box from which endless riches can be extracted. Every penny the government has or can get comes out of the pockets of taxpayers. Taxes are derived only from profitable business. When profits stop, taxes stop. Essentially, this is as true in Bolshevist Russia as it is in the capitalistic United States.

It is silly, therefore, to pretend, as some have done in Congress and out, that there is a fundamental conflict of interests between different classes of citizens. There are minor conflicts, of course, but fundamentally our interests are the same.

Every man, woman and child in the United States is, for example, interested vitally in the well-being of American railroads. Besides providing transportation so essential to everything else, railroads directly and indirectly give employment to millions. Then, too, every other man in this country owns, through his insurance company, railroad securities. How absurd, accordingly, to argue, as Senator Couzens has, that the railroads are especially favored by government loans!

Again, the Stock Exchange is unpopular just now. So Congressman LaGuardia induced his colleagues to impose a burdensome tax on the sale of securities. The immediate result of that was to diminish the value of securities and everybody, directly or indirectly, was poorer.

We cannot conquer our difficulties by prejudiced or ill-considered legislation.

No greater injury could be done the veterans of the country than the adoption of the proposal to issue two billion paper dollars through the Federal Reserve and give them to the veterans.

All Central Europe traveled that road in the years immediately following the war. It leads nowhere. We won't repeat that folly. The veterans deserve more intelligent friends.

Congress won't pass silly and disastrous laws unless congressmen think that we, as voters, want folly. The sober, sensible majority of American citizens want nothing of the sort. What is desired is careful, well-thought-out legislation which will enable us to employ our energies at full capacity.

Not in a generation have our representatives been more eager to discover what we want. Their object is to win approval and reëlection. Let them know what you desire. Insist upon sane and fair consideration of whatever is proposed. Let them see that the people of this country are facing facts with courage and reason and there will be little to fear from Washington.

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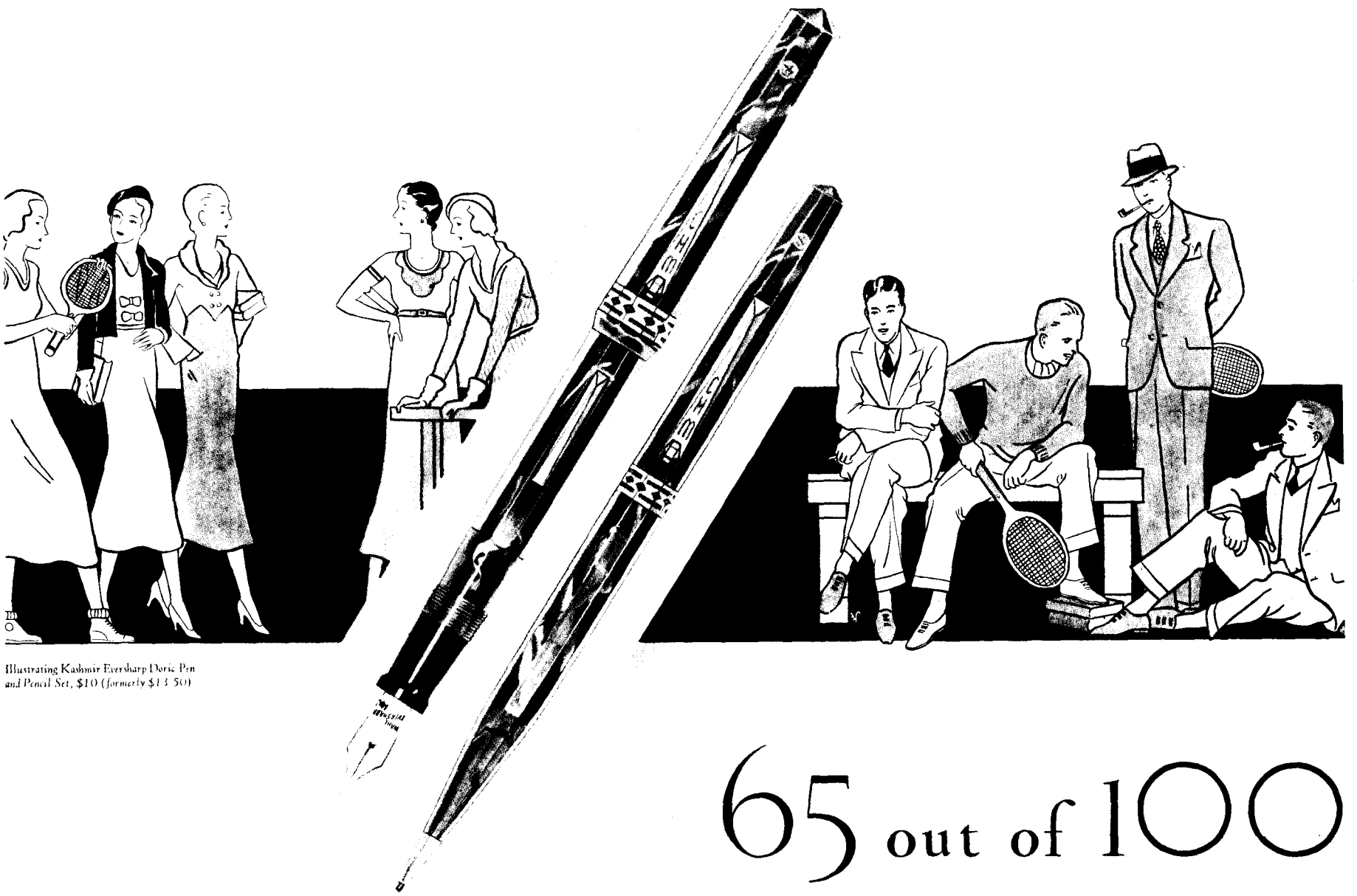

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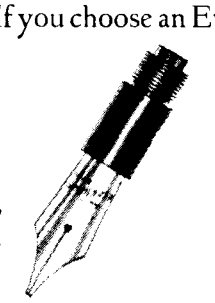

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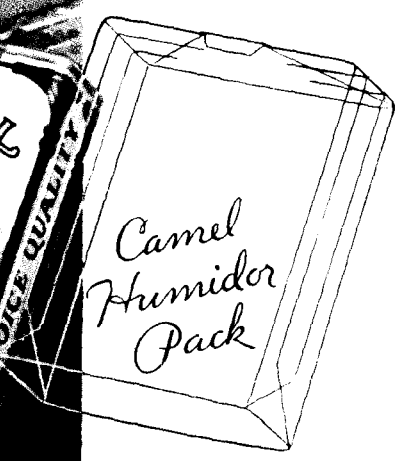

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